

January 1919

THE REDBOOK

M



The
Mystery
of a
Very Amazing
Murder

*The fascinating life
of today told by*

Vina Delmar · Sophie Kerr · Sam Hellman
Rupert Hughes · Mary Hastings Bradley
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan · Frank R. Adams

By RUFUS KING

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Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year, it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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25c

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today!

A LITTLE tinge of "pink" upon a tooth brush may be a trivial and unimportant thing. But more likely it is a pretty broad hint that somewhere in your gum wall is a tender, spongy spot . . . one which you can quickly restore to normal with Ipana and massage . . . or one which, if neglected, could easily result in more serious and more stubborn troubles.

* * *

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It does not give to the gums the stimulation they need to remain in health. It causes them to grow flabby and soft . . . to bleed easily.

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In half a minute, every time you brush your teeth, you can remedy the damage that your all too soft diet is doing to your gums.

For a light massage with the finger or the brush will restore to your gums the stimulation which they need so much. Thousands of dentists recommend it, for they know the good it does.

Thousands of them, too, recommend that the massage be effected with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, because of its content of ziratol (a recognized anti-septic and hemostatic) has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gums fully

as important as the massage. It will make your gums sturdier, stronger, more resistant to disease.

Make a month's trial of Ipana

The coupon offers a 10-day sample, gladly sent. But the better way is to get a full-size tube of Ipana at the drug store today. Start to use it tonight. Brush your teeth and gums with it, faithfully, twice a day, for one month.

You will find it far more than a pleasant dentifrice — more than a good cleaning agent. With its regular use will come a sense of oral cleanliness you have never before known . . . and a firm and healthy gum structure that will defy the ravages of gum diseases.

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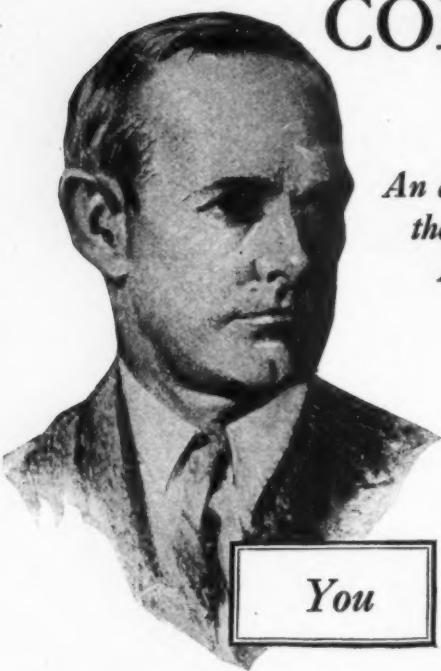
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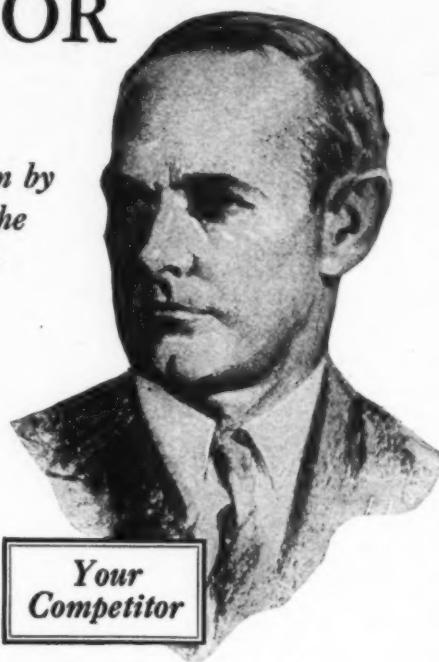
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*An advertisement written by
the Vice-President of the
Alexander Hamilton
Institute*



You



*Your
Competitor*

THE very personal and intimate letters which men write to me about their business problems make my daily mail as interesting, I suppose, as that of any man in the world.

I have been persuaded to write this advertisement—the first I have ever written—because of a conviction that grows stronger with almost every letter I receive.

Men tell me about their difficulties, their handicaps, their disappointments—the things that hold them back from the larger positions and the larger incomes. And between the lines of almost every letter there is evidence that the man has only one real problem, only one real business competitor, *and that one is himself*.

Does that sound contradictory? Let me make the direct application.

You are in business. You want to make more money. You want every year to feel that you are occupying a more important place. Many men are competing against you for the same goals. But what is your real competition?

It is the fight you have to wage with yourself to overcome the habit of procrastination and the habit of self-indul-

gence. The temptation to linger over the luncheon table; to talk politics and philosophy during the business day; to visit friends; to do the job as quickly as possible because it is not an interesting job; to fritter odd moments away.

I tell you that the competition of living a really useful life in the face of all the allurements to waste time and energy is a tremendous competition. And I tell you too that when you find a really successful man you find one who has sacrificed everything to some definite purpose.

This is the real secret of what we do for men with the Alexander Hamilton Institute Service—we make business so much more interesting to them, so much more fascinating, that it is easy for them to concentrate. We open the road ahead so clearly that they are not diverted into side paths. We show them a picture of what they can be, and how surprisingly easy it is to realize that picture, and the competition of their easy-going selves drops away.

If this advertisement should bring me ten thousand letters from business men, I should be only too glad to answer them all. If you feel like writing me

freely and confidentially about your own problem, sit down and do it right now.

I shall be glad to give you the full facts about the Institute Service—facts which explain the remarkable success of Institute men and make clear how inevitable it is that larger earning power must follow such training. But the even more important thing that I'd like to tell you about is how we can put a new thrill into life for you; how we can make work a game, and money not merely a payment but a prize. How, in a word, we can help you get more actual fun out of your business progress than you can get in any other way. How easy it is, when you can feel yourself jumping ahead, to overcome the competition of your other self.

I attach a coupon for those who would like to read a very fascinating little book about business progress. For those others who would like to write me more fully, and confidentially, I extend the most cordial invitation to do so at once. Simply address the Vice-President of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

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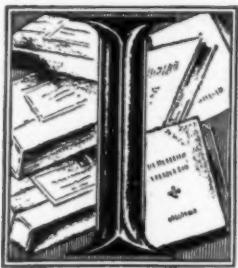
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The Nurse As Interpreter of Life

By ANNIE W. GOODRICH

WHATEVER the past may have offered to stimulate interest in the adventure of life, it pales before the promise of the new sciences bearing upon nature, and preeminently upon human nature. For man, having set up a complex machinery of life, has now turned the scrutinizing eye of science upon himself, with a resulting revelation of defects, it is true, but also of possibilities of creative achievement heretofore undreamed of. Never was so intriguing a program conceived; never were there goals of such import as those to which these new sciences,—Biochemistry, Psychology, Sociology, and new findings of the older sciences,—are leading us.

Within a century, almost phenomenal changes have been brought about. Diseases, relentlessly persistent, have been tracked to their lair and will soon be eradicated. Mental deviations, the curability of which was not conceived to be within the range of rational thought, have responded to new understanding. A veritable mosaic of means has been evolved for the study and development of each aspect of that intricate, dynamic creation,—the human machine.

In this program, woman is destined to play a leading part. There is now a growing understanding of the fundamental importance of health, that composite term for man's best physical, mental and spiritual expression, in building an efficient society. It is accepted that environment is a more potent factor in the individual life than heredity; and that ineradicable impressions are stamped upon the mind in the early months, even weeks, of the child's existence. In the light of these facts, the roles of mother, nurse and teacher assume almost stupendous potentialities. The age-old tradition of the sacredness of motherhood is imbued with deeper significance; greater insight and modern methods of education are required of the teacher; and a less sentimental and more comprehensive interpretation of her function is demanded of the nurse. For all, if the role is to be sustained, the rich soil of a liberal education is needed.

Says Chancellor Lindley of the University of Kansas, — "A liberal education will lift any ordinary job from the level of a task to the level of an art, and from the level of an art to the level of a religion,—through the leadership of artists, not merchants of art." To be less than artists in this field of human engineering is to betray the greatest cause upon which man has yet embarked. Above all others, the nurse, as counselor to the mother and precursor of the teacher, should so interpret her function.

To appease the great hunger for life of mental satisfaction, young women are, in increasing numbers, turning to the college. But the function of the college should be to stimulate, not appease this urge. One of the great scholars of the day, in discussing the purpose of the colleges and universities, calls attention to the influence of the universities, at the time of their inception, upon European life. "Here," he says, "the adventure of thought met the adventure of action."

To the nurse, working in the different levels of the social structure, in touch with the fundamentals of human experience, is given a unique opportunity to relate the adventure of thought to the adventure of action,—this to the end that the new social order to which we are committed by our forefathers may be realized. To effectively interpret the truly great role that has been assigned her, neither a liberal education nor a high degree of technical skill will suffice. She must also be master of two tongues, the tongue of science and that of the people.

To the eager army of youth, with its aspirations, its zeal, its new understanding of the reason for things, the world looks for its new undertakings. To no field does the call for the finest expression of womanhood come with greater insistence or greater justification than that of nursing,—a call that cannot be denied.



Dean, Yale University, School of Nursing

The RED Book Magazine

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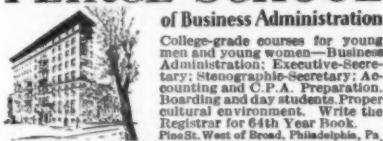
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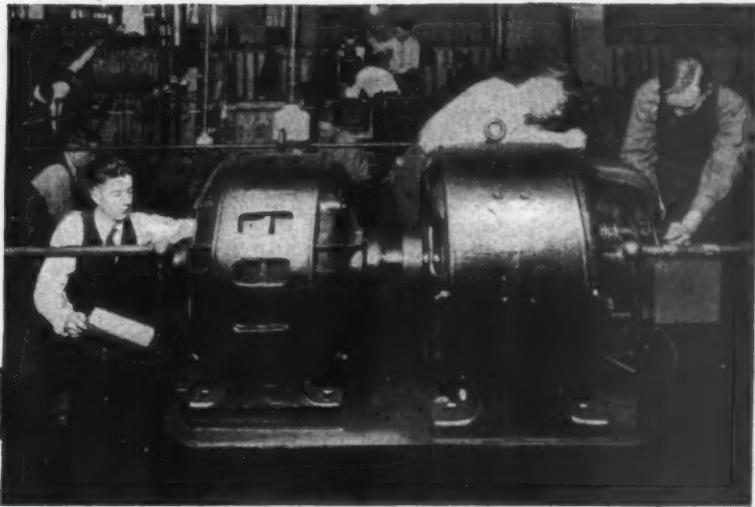
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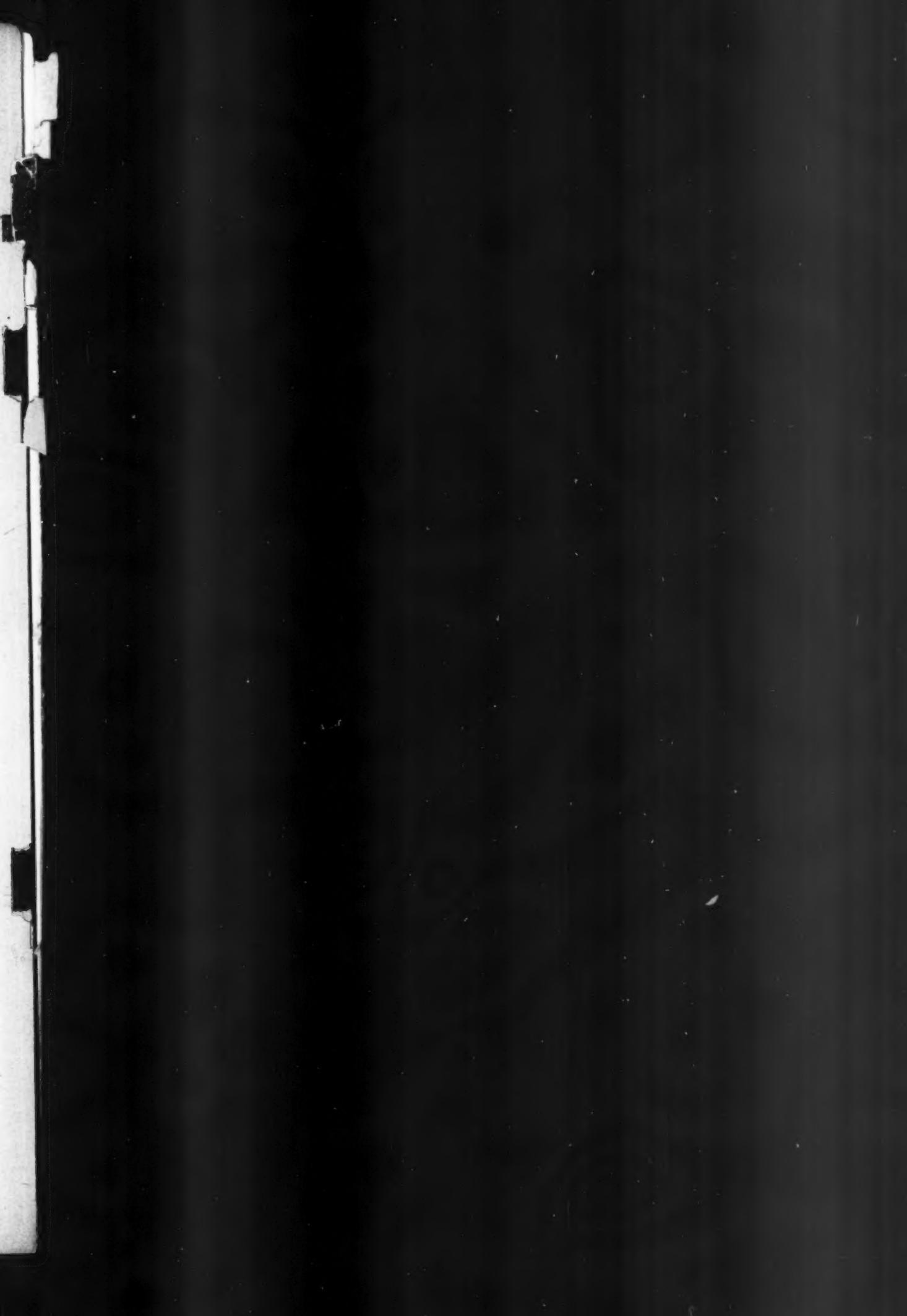
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THE SPARE HOUR

Decoration by Franklin Booth

By Angelo Patri

LIFE holds nothing else so precious as time; yet how we waste its in-between hours! Unless we can see a long stretch of free time ahead, we decide we have none and sit down to sigh. "If only we had time!"

Meanwhile the fruitful hours dribble through our childishly inert and feeble fingers, drift off into eternity, bearing with them the very essence of life. Dimly sensing our loss, we protest our misfortune, crying aloud by the wayside to all who, idle as ourselves, have the time to listen.

The wiser man snatches at each fragment of time that touches his waiting spirit and packs it full of the inner cores of life: a bit of labor that will further some cherished end, a scrap of melody stored for a day of need, an act of friendliness to tie a bond of love, perhaps a time of searching meditation. Time will ripen it all for the day of the harvest.

When the flood swept the beautiful valley of Vermont, it laid a heap of tortured earth and stone upon a farmer's garden spot. "Now, how are you ever going to lift that heap of stone?" asked a doleful neighbor.

"Well, I don't calculate to lift it all to once. I'm going to build me a retaining wall out of it in my spare time." Wise man!

Time in which to do the things we desire to do rarely comes to us in long, smooth stretches, day following day and year merging into year of rhythmic progress and harmonious accomplishment. Life fills time in odd patches, seemingly regardless of the ticking of the clock.

Children are born, flowers bloom, people live and die at any hour, any minute of the twenty-four, at any time of the year that meets the event. We are scarcely aware of the process until the pattern is complete.

Each hour offers gifts of opportunity to those wise enough to grasp and use them. The man who reads his favorite books for fifteen minutes daily because he cannot read for an hour, the woman who gathers bits of furniture wherever she can find them for the home she hopes to build some day, the farmer who uses the odd minutes to lay up a retaining wall, are far wiser than those who stand by hiding smiles behind their hands. He who, though unable to see down the long slant of the years to his goal, makes use of each vagrant minute, is a prophet and a seer whose vision shall come true.

The calendar of the new year lies in your hand, a chunky little pad, tightly sealed about the edges, one sheet only showing, truly symbolic of the year to come. You may not know what it brings to you until time writes across the scroll, but in each day there is one shining instant dedicated to your deep desire. Seize it. Use it. Only so can you hope to bind time to your purpose and round out your day in that perfect proportion which is beauty—no broken threads, no loose ends, no aimless gestures to mar its close. Only so can you know the quiet peace of timely evening that sends you to your "resting bed, weary and content and undis-honored."





Second Speed

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

I once was a sheik with a torrid technique—
I was slick-haired and sleek as a seal is.
I was right on the spot with a line that was hot,
And I showed the world what sex-appeal is.
I was Whoopee and Zip with a flask on my hip,
And the pace I could trip was a wow;
I was all Flaming Youth—and that's telling the
truth—
But I am a workingman now!

I met a gay frill who seemed jazzy and sil,
But she necked me, with skill, to the altar.
Then this hot little dame grew domestic and
tame,

And she keeps me the same—under halter.
For she tells me: "Old kid, all that sheik-stuff
you did

Will be put on the skid, so I vow;
And my 'hot mamma stuff' was a bait and a
bluff—
I've got me a workingman now!"

I once was a sheik, but that sort of technique
Wont support you a week when you're
married.
So the pace that we go is old-fashioned and
slow,

And the parties we throw are quite arid.
Do I look with regret on my days wild and wet?
As I toil in the sweat of my brow?
No, I'm glad I could junk all that Flaming
Youth bunk—
Thank God, I'm a workingman now!

The Red Book Magazine Models and Artists Series



GEORGE GIBBS: Who on earth could have recked that Mr. Gibbs, who came from New Orleans to the U. S. Naval Academy, would have turned out not a middy but an artist? Not only that, but also an authority on maritime history and a writer of novels? Yo-ho! But he did! And the knowledge gained in the school-of-the-sea served him so well that his stories of maritime affairs are an important, because accurate, contribution to American naval history. After his days in the Naval College he studied at the Corcoran School of Art, Washington, and the Art Students League, New York. Readers of *The Red Book Magazine* will remember with pleasure the many stories and illustrations Mr. Gibbs has contributed. He lives in Rosemont, Pa.; his studio is in Philadelphia.

ELIZABETH DELK: Mr. Gibbs counts the day a lucky one when seventeen-year-old Miss Delk came into his studio. He had minutely visualized the heroine for one of his stories, and had long and ardently sought her prototype in real life, to pose for his illustrations. Now here she was, and not only did she prove an ideal model for the work in hand, but had an admirable faculty for living herself into any other woman-part assigned her by the artist. Since the day Mr. Gibbs first beheld her she has posed steadily for him, and rendered invaluable assistance with his illustrations and paintings. She is a Philadelphia girl.



Photo by
De Barron Studios
New York City

THELMA DELEVANTE: No one in the wide world could compare with Mrs. Delevante as a model for her husband. One look at her picture convinces anyone of that. Of the tasks poetically called grueling, posing is certainly one. So the ordeal is humanely cut into twenty-minute periods with five-minute rests between them. Mrs. Delevante uses the rest periods in giving the keen, censorious, artistic eye to husband's progress, cutting here, correcting there. That's why nothing shoddy and spurious issues from Maison Delevante. When not posing and directing, she keeps her husband in the right temperament by her excellent piano-playing, as is done in film creating.



Photo by De Barron Studios, New York City

SDELEVANTE: The weather prevented Mr. Delevante from realizing a strong ambition to be a contortionist. In Kingston, Jamaica, where he was born, and in the Isthmus of Panama where he grew to man's estate, the thermometer is always rising. In such climatic conditions anatomical contorting is too perspiring to the most aspiring. But his desire to record physical displacement remained strong, and he hit upon caricaturing as a closely akin vocation. He had a job in a bank, and his dignified chief clerk was a wonderful subject for the efforts of the budding artist, though not a willing one. Came the day of discovery, and the peremptory firing of Señor Delevante. However, his case came to the ken of the bank's president, who seemed to like to look at the chief clerk as the youngster saw him. So Delevante got his job back, and was told to continue on his evil way. Soon afterward he arrived in New York. . . . Fifteen years have passed. There now are three Delevantes, he, she and Edith Marie, aged four—and all have prospered. He still thinks he might have been a very prominent contortionist.

Models and Artists Series

FORREST C. CROOKS: When the New York Central's crack train *The Century* broadly sweeps through the station at Gothenburg, Indiana, the Goshenites have a distinct feeling of slight and insult; and, if the truth were known, many's the fist that is clenched in impotent rage in the charming Hoosier city at such a time. For fifteen or twenty years Mr. Crooks suffered this contemptible performance—then made up his mind to hie him hence. Also, he was an artist; also he needed training; also the art buying power in the home town was decidedly paralytic. Despite its soot, Pittsburgh had arranged a fertile footing for art. Mr. Crooks had heard of that; so he went there, and in a year or two, a satisfied art-school customer, he left for New York. Success as an illustrator practically met him at the station, but his love for Pennsylvania was stronger than all the attractions of Broadway. In search for some place to settle, he came to Philadelphia, Pa., and presently found Solebury. There he acquired a farm, renamed it an estate, and transformed its big stone barn into a studio. The Colonial-built farmhouse was right as was. He loves antiques, especially wrought-iron ones, and being possessed of a fine anvil and a workable forge, can make his own if he wants to.



MARIE LYNCH: Some fine day you are going to hear of Marie as a dancer of ability. And on that day there will be gnashing of teeth and bitter regrets in Solebury's colony of artists. For it is Miss Lynch whose services in posing have been a veritable boon to the town, ever since she was discovered in the adjacent village of Doylestown. She has been a great help to Mr. Crooks. There is something political about a model's job, inasmuch as she has to stand squarely and firmly upon a platform; and young ladies able to do that are not frequent in rural districts, but Miss Lynch, native Philadelphian, does it naturally and beautifully. But she is already a mighty good dancer.

Photo by
Kirkland Moran
New York City

ELIZABETH PAUS: Love of landscaping and gardening is natural to Philadelphians, and Mrs. Paus has more than come into her part of that inheritance. Fair enough to say that such an inclination presages a distinct aptitude for decorative arrangement of any sort, and so it is no wonder that this lady is an accomplished deviser and designer of costumes. The wearing and draping of clothes amount to an art with her, and you can imagine what an inspiration she is when posing for her husband. Indeed, she provides an ideal complement to his profession of decorator. The Pauses own three acres in Westchester County, New York, which they are making into a "miniature" estate. What a time they have building a manor on it—gardens, ponds and everything!



HERBERT PAUS: Everybody in the twin capitals of the great wheat country is expected to do something for agriculture. Mr. Paus, native of Minneapolis, having reached his eighteenth year, decided to do his bit by amusing the agrarians with pictures. Hence he became cartoonist for the St. Paul Pioneer Press. He did very well, but felt that his forte lay in the field of decoration. So he enrolled as a student in the local school of fine arts, and eventually was engaged by a studio in Chicago, which provided an excellent outlet for his new product. Proud of what it could do, and intent upon showing it to the East, the Chicago concern invaded New York, and Mr. Paus was one of its exhibits. What has become of the invading enterprise is a mystery, but Mr. Paus continues to show them, prominently, prosperously. Long ago he became a free lance, and the range of his work is amazing. His contributions to illustration, theatrical decoration, advertising, applied art, and so forth, are lavish and of a very high order.



ine
Models and Artists Series



Photo by R. R. Daigle, New York City

ELIZABETH PATTERSON: From out of many of Mr. Thrasher's creations the likeness of Miss Patterson looks upon the beholder. TWO years ago she left her school in Tucson, Arizona, intent upon visiting New York. She liked Gotham, prolonged her stay again and again, until now the Western wide-open spaces and the Tucson school have diminished attractiveness compared to the less wide-open metropolis. When she arrived upon the Eastern scene the model profession was unknown to her, and the idea of posing came to her by chance—viz: while dining in a restaurant, some one gave her a pencil sketch and, being a discerning young lady, that was sufficient hint to go in for posing. So far no other ambition has lured her; but then, she's only nineteen.

LESLIE THRASHER: The Thrashers lived in Piedmont, West Virginia, when Lealie was born. His art-loving mother early discovered that her son found pleasure in artistic expression, and she carefully fostered and encouraged his inclination. As soon as he could be admitted, he was enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and, sure enough, at the end of his term he secured a European scholarship. Great doings for a whole summer in Europe, studying and touring galleries, and a generous amount of loafing; yet with time out for an occasional job for the publishing folk of Philadelphia. Home again, he got down to real work, as evidenced by the astounding number of cover designs that bear his name. With Mrs. Thrasher and their daughter, who to his everlasting delight are both red-haired, he lives in New York. He loves horseback riding and wood-carving, but has so far never done either.



Washing the Face...Your most important beauty treatment

OLIVE OIL, in this facial soap, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combatting sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

MANY of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come through abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to create beauty, remain to destroy it. How? By clogging the pores! By imprisoning dirt, dust and oil secretions that must be removed thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the women who think "this cannot apply to me" are even now abusing their complexions, inviting skin troubles dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin

Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, twice every day, with this olive oil soap treatment! The facial oil in this remarkable soap softens and gently eliminates tiny masses which form in the pores, thus banishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden color, bringing out radiant freshness.

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To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an unfailing way to enduring loveliness:

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

Retail Price 10c



In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

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ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

A College Education

By BRUCE BARTON

I ASKED a great scientist, who is also a great business man, what was the most valuable thing that he took away from college.

"Two ideas," he answered; "and both of them came from outside the classroom.

"The first was in a speech delivered by a railroad president at the college chapel. He said: 'You boys are wondering whether there will be any place in the world for you. Never forget that by the time you are capable of carrying responsibilities, I, and all the men of my age, will be dead, and our jobs will have to be filled. Youth is needlessly apprehensive. Youth forgets that Time is always working on its side.'

"The second idea came from the great actor Joe Jefferson," my friend continued. "I was a member of the college band, and one night we played for Jefferson's performance of *Rip Van Winkle*. Afterward he invited us to supper.

"Somebody asked him how long he had been playing *Rip*. He pulled a little notebook out of his pocket. 'I was here in this town just twenty-seven years ago,' he answered, 'and with the exception of two seasons, I have been *Rip Van Winkle* constantly for thirty-seven years.'

"'Don't you ever get tired of playing the same part?' he was asked.

"He said he would like to have a dollar for every time that question had been put to him. 'I always make the same reply,' he continued. 'After I had been playing *Rip* for a few years, I did get tired of it and thought of making a change. Then I came to another point of view. I began to realize that the real business of the actor is not to please himself. It is to afford pleasure to the audience. I stopped thinking about myself and began thinking about the people out in front. Tonight I had just as much thrill from their laughter and response as I ever had in my whole life.'

"The old actor paused a minute, and then added: 'Until a man is old enough to lose the idea that the purpose of life is self-entertainment, until he quits trying to entertain himself and begins trying to entertain other people, he is bound to be restless and unhappy. You must forget yourself in order to please yourself.'"

These were the two acquisitions which my great and successful friend brought back from his four years at the university. Many learn them without going to college; many never learn them.

They are a college education.



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Choose your Christmas candy (and do it early) at the selected Whitman agency near you.

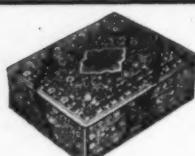
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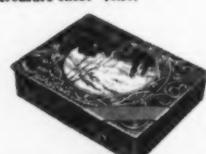
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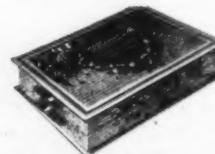
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ANCIENT man seems to have regarded them complacently, disturbed by no challenge to conquer the heights. He used accessible mountain-tops for refuge, posts of defense, and look-outs, or made them holy places.

Trajan climbed Etna to see the sun rise—no great feat of mountaineering. Peter III of Aragon ascended Canigou in the Thirteenth Century; and in the year when Columbus sailed into a new hemisphere, Charles VIII of France ordered the ascent of Mt. Aiguille; but it is distinctly a modern impulse for man to take rope and ax and scale, at whatever risk, the highest and sheerest rock. The first attempt to ascend Mt. Blanc was in 1775; it was climbed in 1786; and the Jungfrau in 1811.

For fifty years more the steep sides of the Matterhorn scraped the sky, defiant of man and rope and ice-ax.

"Anything but the *Matterhorn*, dear sir!" exclaimed the guides, when Edward Whymper, the English climber, came to Zermatt to attempt that spectacular peak.

Eight times, in four years, Whymper attempted the ascent—and failed. In July, 1865, he determined to try the side which seemed most sheer and utterly impossible. He found at Zermatt Sir Francis Douglas—nineteen years old—come to try the ascent; and there arrived one of the best English amateurs, a clergyman, Charles Hudson, with his friend Hadow. The four joined for the ascent, engaging the great Swiss guide Michel Croz of Chamounix, and the Taugwalders (Peter the father, and Peter the son).

In two days the seven scaled the "utterly impossible" side! They

MOUNTAINS

Illustration by David Hendrickson

flew a flag of triumph at the top, then roped themselves again together and started the descent. Just below the summit, nearly

three miles in the air and four thousand feet steeply above Matterhorn glacier, was the most dangerous spot. Croz, the steadiest, led; Hadow was roped next him, then Hudson, Lord Douglas, Peter Taugwalder (father), then Whymper and Peter the son.

One only moved at a time; the rest clung and braced. Hadow was moving; and Croz, to aid him, was grasping his legs when Hadow slipped, struck Croz and knocked him over. Falling, they dragged Hudson from his holds and, instantly, Lord Douglas.

Old Peter and Whymper hugged to the rocks to hold against the shock; young Peter clung above them. The great strain came on the rope between old Peter and Lord Douglas; the rope snapped; and the four fell to Matterhorn glacier.

For some time the remaining three could barely sustain themselves, high on that sheer rock, never scaled before—and their comrades fallen! Even Croz! That Croz could fall!

To descend, they had to pass over the exact spot where their companions had fallen. At last young Peter moved, and Whymper and old Peter, lower on the rope, could descend; but old Peter stopped and whispered, terribly: "I cannot!"

"We must!"

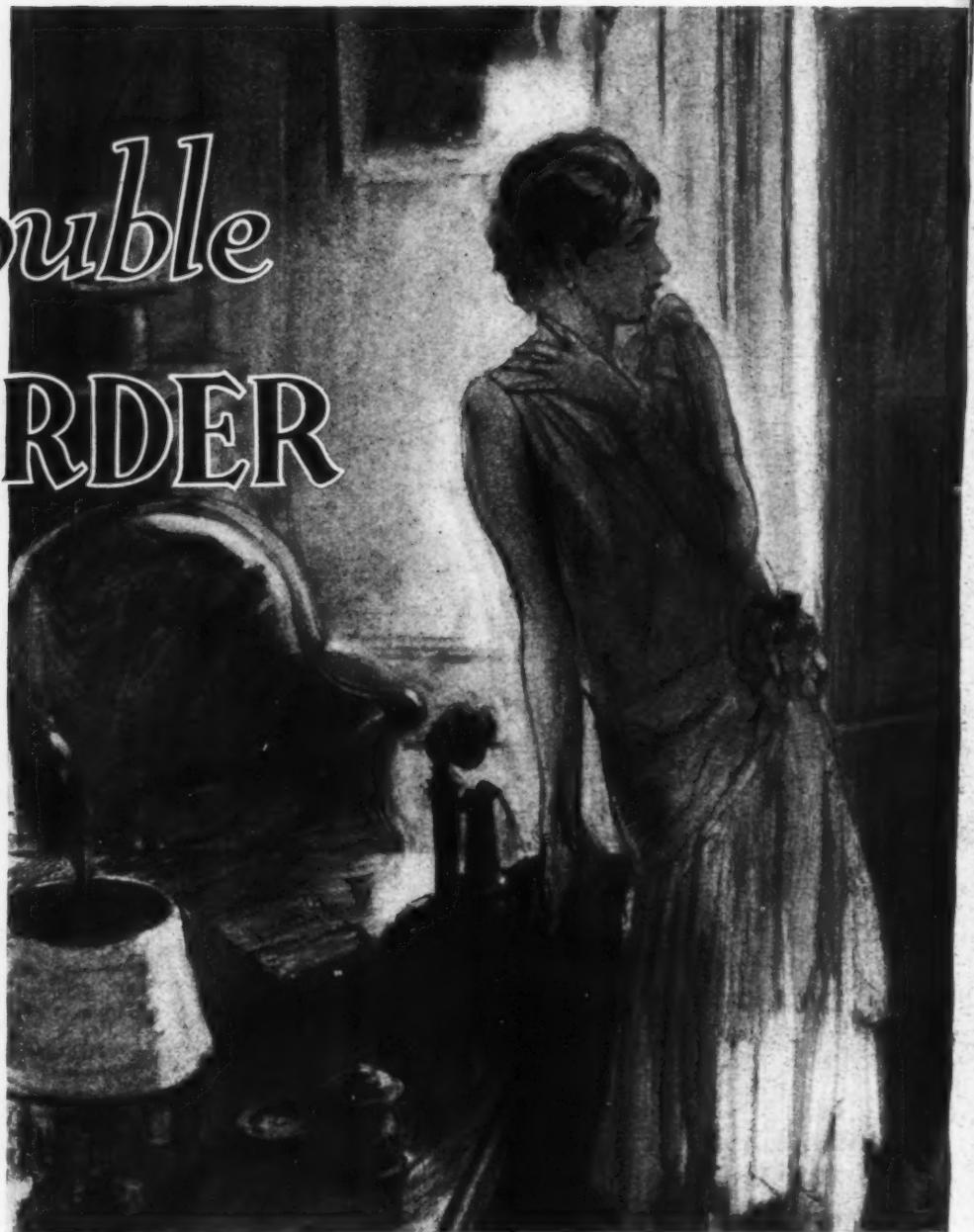
At nine, that night, they reached a ledge where they rested.

The fallen lie forever in the valley; the three returned to Zermatt. So modern man added Matterhorn to his trophies—and turned to other heights.

Double MURDER

By
*Rufus
King*

Occasionally occurs a crime of startling and unique interest. Mr. King, after wandering the world, found in New York this extraordinary story of a murder done by strangest method and motive. You step into the Endicott household with the first call to the police, and into the midst of sensations.



An electric light was automatically turned on in the ceiling. The large hulk

Chapter One—8:37 P. M.

YOUNG Mrs. Endicott thought for a moment of simply dialing the operator and saying: "I want a policeman."

It was what the printed notices in the telephone directory urged one to do in case of an emergency. But it wasn't an emergency exactly, nor was it exactly a policeman she wanted. She wanted a detective, or an inspector, or something—a man to whom she could explain her worry about Herbert, and who could do something about it if he agreed with her that Herbert was in danger.

Mrs. Endicott had never had any personal contact with the police. Whenever she thought about it at all, she thought of the force as an efficient piece of machinery, the active parts of which one observed daily from one's motor in the shape of healthy and generally good-looking young men who controlled traffic.

She wondered momentarily whether the police characters she had seen in various plays, while at the theater with Herbert, were true to life. Most of the characters had been brutal, in spite of a pleasant tender-heartedness reluctantly betrayed toward the final curtain; and just at present she wanted quiet, competent understanding—not brutality.

It occurred to her that a private investigator might be better, but she was uncertain as to the extent of their official powers. She decided to rely on the police because the police could do something if they agreed with her that something ought to be done.

Mrs. Endicott dialed the proper number.

"This is Mrs. Herbert Endicott speaking," she said, when an undeniably masculine voice answered. It was an impersonal, efficient voice with no overtones about it. "Will you please connect me with your detective department? . . . I beg your pardon? . . . Oh." She gave the number of her house on East 63rd Street between Fifth and Madison avenues.

"This is Mrs. Herbert Endicott speaking," she began again, upon a second voice saying hello, "and I am worried about Mr. Endicott. I wonder whether you could send some one up to talk it over with me. . . . No, he hasn't disappeared. I know exactly where he has gone, but I have reason to believe that something might happen to him. . . . Yes, it's the Mr. Endicott who has been in the papers recently in connection with Wall Street. . . . Around in a few minutes? But I thought police headquarters were down on Center Street. . . . They transferred the call to the precinct station? Really. . . . Oh, thank you."

Illustrated by

Dudley Gloyne Summers



of a man crumpled into one corner gave him a severe shock.

Mrs. Endicott replaced the receiver on its hook. She felt distinctly impressed at the efficiency with which her request had been so instantly transferred to the place where it could be handled competently and with dispatch.

The living-room where she had been telephoning was on the second floor of the house. She left it and went to her dressing-room, which was toward the rear of a corridor on the same floor. She gave her appearance a preoccupied inspection before a pier-glass. The soft and uneven lines of the jade chiffon of her dress would offer a satisfactory mask, she felt, for the nervous tenseness of her body. She renewed the red on her upper lip where she had been biting it. She returned to the living-room, lighted a cigarette, and picked up a novel which she did not read.

She smoked three cigarettes.

Her sense of loneliness became stifling. She moved restlessly to one of the draped windows and stared down on the silent street. About her stretched the city of New York, and yet her environment could not have been quieter in some cabin in the woods. Not as quiet! Her memory swerved to that hellish week with Herbert in the forests outside of Copenhagen. . . .

A maid opened the living-room door and came in.

"A lieutenant from the precinct station, madam."

"All right, Jane. Ask him to come up here. Did he give his name?"

"Lieutenant Valcour, madam, I think he said."

"Try to be more careful in the future about getting names."

"Yes, madam."

Mrs. Endicott lighted another cigarette. Her sense of having done the proper thing began to desert her in a rush. The police had a habit of finding things out—unexpected things, irrelevant to any matter on hand. She would have to be careful. . . . He was standing in the doorway.

"My maid," she said, "wasn't sure of your name. Is it Valcour?" She noticed with a sense of relief that he was not in uniform and that he had left his hat and overcoat downstairs. Mrs. Endicott had an aversion to discussing things which fringed on possible intimacies, with people who were hatted and coated. He was a mild, elderly man with features that were homely but not undistinguished, well dressed in tweed, and not smoking a cigar. He affected her with a quieting sense of reassurance.

"Valcour is correct, Mrs. Endicott. I happened to be leaving for home when your call was put in, so I stopped in personally instead of sending a detective as you suggested."

The faint trace of cultured precision in his speech made her suspect foreign origin.

"You are of French origin, Lieutenant?"

"French-Canadian, Mrs. Endicott. I became naturalized twenty years ago."

She offered her hand. They sat down. She wondered how it would be best to begin—just where to plunge into the foggy mass that composed her worry.

Lieutenant Valcour accepted a cigarette and lighted it. He was agreeably impressed with Mrs. Endicott and with the room. Both were unusual, and the competent foundation in culture he had acquired at McGill University in his youth enabled him to place them at a proper evaluation. The furniture, low-set in design, was severely simple, the general ef-

fect one of spaciousness and repose, oddly marred by a muted undertone of harshness. Mrs. Endicott herself had the startlingly clear perfection of features one occasionally finds in blondes. He decided that her age centered on twenty-five. Beneath her authentic beauty,—her face seemed planed in pale tones of pink ice,—there would be a definite substratum of metal. He noted that several cigarette-butts crushed in the vermillion lacquered tray on a small table beside her chair had not been smoked beyond a few puffs each. A clock standing on the broad-shelved mantel of the fireplace struck nine.

"My husband," Mrs. Endicott said abruptly, "has been gone now exactly two hours."

Lieutenant Valcour smiled amiably and settled himself a little less formally in his chair.

"He left here at seven o'clock this evening," Mrs. Endicott said, "to go to the apartment of a woman whom he thinks he is in love with. Her name is Marge Mylen, and her apartment is on the Drive."

Lieutenant Valcour's smile seemed to offer both consolation and an apology.

"I'm afraid there isn't very much we can do for you," he

said. "It's always private inquiry agents who handle work of that—well, of that rather delicate character."

"No—I haven't made myself plain." Mrs. Endicott's indeterminate thoughts began to crystallize. "I'm not looking for evidence to secure a divorce. This woman is nothing of any permanence, but I'm afraid of her—of what she might do to Herbert." Then she added, as if the simple statement in itself would insure his comprehension: "You see, I've seen her."

"With him?"

"Yes. They were lunching at the St. Regis. Herbert always was a fool about those things. She's foreign-looking—the Latin type." Mrs. Endicott felt the need of being meticulously explicit. "Her eyes are like the black holes you see in portraits of Spanish women. They're the entire face; everything else blurs off into a nonessential whiteness. This woman's eyes are like that—like weapons. I know she's the sort who would kill if she got stirred up over something—got jealous of something. People do get jealous enough to kill," she ended.

"Frequently." Lieutenant Valcour stored away in his memory the broken nail on the little finger of Mrs. Endicott's left hand. The uniform perfection of detail in the rest of her appearance made it stand out jarringly. "This is all most unfortunate," he said sympathetically, "but I still doubt whether there is anything we could do. If there were only something definite—say a threat, for example—we'd be very glad to investigate it and to offer Mr. Endicott suitable protection."

MRS. ENDICOTT stood up. The abruptness of the movement spread the folds of chiffon that streamed from a bow on her left shoulder, and Lieutenant Valcour's deceptively indifferent eyes lingered on bruise-marks that showed blue smears upon white skin before the chiffon fell back into place.

"Would you come with me to my husband's room?" Mrs. Endicott said.

"Certainly."

"There's something there I'd like to show you—to ask you what you think about it."

Lieutenant Valcour followed Mrs. Endicott along the corridor that led past her dressing-room. A door beyond this opened into her bedroom, and directly across the corridor from it was the door to Endicott's room. The blank end of the corridor served as a wall for the bathroom which connected the two bedrooms and turned them into a suite which ran the width of the rear of the house.

Lieutenant Valcour sensed a difference in the furnishings of Endicott's bedroom which set it at sharp variance with the other parts of the house that he had seen. It was done in heavy mahogany that were antiquated rather than antique, and methodically centered in each panel of its gray-toned walls was a print of some painting by Maxfield Parrish. After a comprehensive glance around, he felt as if he had already met Endicott.

"That is his desk."

Mrs. Endicott indicated a flat-topped desk which was placed before one of the rear windows. A lemon-jacketed book with crumpled pages was lying on it as if it had been slammed there. Near the book was a scrap of paper. Lieutenant Valcour leaned down and stared at the paper without picking it up. On it was printed in pencil:

By Thursday or

He looked at Mrs. Endicott. She was evidently waiting for him to speak.

"Today is Thursday," he said. "Might it not be simply a memorandum?"

"My husband doesn't print his memorandums; nor is it likely he would use a piece of paper torn from a paper bag." She added, to clinch her belief: "I can't imagine Herbert ever having a paper bag."

"Perhaps he bought something at some haberdasher's."

"The paper is too cheap. It's more like the sort they use at grocers' or small stationers'."

"So it is."

"And there's a crudeness about the printing. It's almost an intentional crudeness." Mrs. Endicott stared fixedly at Lieutenant Valcour. "It's the sort of printing you'd expect to find in a threat," she said.

"I have learned to find almost any sort of writing or of material used for purposes of conveying a threat," Lieutenant Valcour said. "People who threaten are invariably unbalanced emotionally, if not actually mentally, and there is never any telling just

what they will do. There was a case that recently came to my attention where a woman received a threat which had been engraved on excellent paper and enclosed in the conventional inner envelope one uses for formal announcements or invitations."

"Really."

"I'm not, by that, questioning your judgment in the matter of this note, Mrs. Endicott. It might quite well be a threat, as you think."

"There is nothing else apparent that it could be."

"When did you find it, Mrs. Endicott?"

"After my husband had left."

"Lying just about where it is now?"

"Exactly where it is now."

"I see. You didn't touch it, then—just read it. I wonder why your husband left it there."

She looked at him almost impatiently. "I don't imagine he did leave it there—that is, purposely. It probably fell out from between the leaves when he slammed the book down."

"Has it occurred to you that we might call up this Marge Mylen? But that's foolish. Of course you'd have thought of that."

He observed her obliquely as she answered.

"He'd never forgive me." Her gesture was faintly expressive of helplessness. "I'm not supposed to know anything about it."

"Of course. This menace, Mrs. Endicott, this danger that you are fearing, where do you think it lies?"

She became consciously vague. "The streets—indoors—out—"

"And you're basing it entirely upon this note?"

"Primarily. It's something concrete, at any rate. I think that he ought to have protection; and yet if I did do anything about it, he'd put it down as spying."

"Well, if this note is a threat, there is rarely only one, you know. I wonder whether we might find any others. I haven't the remotest justification for looking, but I'm willing to do so if you wish me to."

Mrs. Endicott grew curiously detached. "His papers are in the upper right-hand drawer," she said.

Lieutenant Valcour opened the drawer. Its contents were in a state of considerable confusion. It was not the sort of confusion which is the result of a cumulative addition of separate notes, letters and sheets of paper, but of a kind that exists when a normally orderly collection of papers has been milled around in suddenly.

"There's quite a mass of stuff here," he said. "It might be simpler to eliminate other possible places before tackling it. I must repeat again that I'll be exceeding any legal rights by doing so, but if you earnestly believe your husband is in danger, I'd like to go through the pockets of his clothing."

"Pockets?"

"It's a much more usual place to find important things than you would imagine."

"His clothes are in that cupboard."

Mrs. Endicott indicated a door. Lieutenant Valcour went over and opened it. An electric light was automatically turned on in the ceiling. The large hulk of a man crumpled into one corner of the cupboard gave him a severe shock. The man was dead. He closed the door and faced Mrs. Endicott. He nodded toward the desk, on which a telephone was standing.

"I'm going to use that telephone for a few minutes," he said. "There's a message I want to put through. Also, please ring for your maid."

Mrs. Endicott's eyes widened a little. "There's something in the cupboard!" she said.

"Ring for your maid, please."

She went past him and toward the cupboard door. He shrugged. The value of her reaction would offset the brutality of not stopping her. She opened the door and looked in. Her grip tightened on the knob.

"Then he didn't go out at seven," she said.

"No, Mrs. Endicott. He didn't go out at all."

Chapter Two—9:24 P. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR felt that the utter stillness of the room would overwhelm him. He, Mrs. Endicott—everything, seemed to be taking its cue from death. He reached past Mrs. Endicott and touched the body's cheek. It was quite cold.

"Where is your room, Mrs. Endicott?"

He carefully pried her fingers from the knob of the cupboard and then closed it.

"But you can't leave him in that cupboard."



"I stopped in personally instead of sending a detective as you suggested, Mrs. Endicott."

Her voice held the toneless qualities of arrested emotion, as if the functioning of her nerve-centers had stopped.

"We must leave him in there, Mrs. Endicott, until some one from the medical examiner's office has seen him. If you'll tell me the name of your family physician before you lie down—"

"Lie down—I? Lie down?"

"Yes, and rest. I'll call the doctor up on the possible chance that we're mistaken—only I'm quite certain, Mrs. Endicott, that we aren't."

She stumbled verbally in her rush. "Worth—Dr. Sanford Worth—876—it's 876 something—I know it perfectly well. I—it's in my book—come with me—"

She seemed mechanically vitalized, and her movements were those of a nervous, jerky toy. She flung open a door adjacent to the cupboard. It led into a bathroom, the fittings of which were of coral-colored porcelain. A door in the opposite wall led into her bedroom. She went immediately to a leather reference book beside a telephone near her bed.

"It's Calumet 8769," she said.

Her finger slipped in the dialing.

Lieutenant Valcour gently took the instrument from her hands and put through the call.

"The office of Dr. Worth?" he said, when a woman's voice answered him. "This is the home of Mr. Herbert Endicott. I am Lieutenant Valcour of the Police Department. Mr. Endicott is dead. I would appreciate it if Dr. Worth could come here at once and consult with the medical examiner, and also attend to Mrs. Endicott. . . . Thank you." He replaced the receiver.

"I haven't the slightest intention of collapsing, Lieutenant."

"We will need Dr. Worth anyway, Mrs. Endicott."

Lieutenant Valcour dialed the Central Office, and in a suddenly most efficient voice, gave the requisite information. He then called his own precinct station and told the sergeant at the desk to send over a detail of five men in uniform.

"The chief of the Homicide Bureau, the medical examiner, and some of my own men will be here presently," he said to Mrs. Endicott.

"My husband has to stay in that cupboard until they come?"

"Unless Dr. Worth arrives first and disagrees with me that Mr. Endicott is dead."

"It's inhuman."

"Very, but there's a set routine for these cases that we have to observe. Is this the button you ring for your maid?"

He pressed a push-button set in the wall at the head of the bed.

"Yes, but I don't want her."

"You may, and there's no harm in her being with you. I'm going to leave you in here for a little while, until the people we've telephoned for come."

"You insist on my staying in this room?"

"Heavens, no! Do anything you like, Mrs. Endicott, or that you feel will help you. As long," he added gently, "as you don't leave the house."

"Oh."

"You see we'll have to talk such a lot of things over, just as soon as the usual formalities are finished."

"It's rather terrible, isn't it?"

"Pretty terrible, Mrs. Endicott."

"So,"—she mentally groped for a satisfactory word,—"so conclusive."

It seemed a peculiar choice. Lieutenant Valcour sensed that it wasn't just Endicott's life alone which was concluded by death, but something else as well—such as an argument, perhaps, or a secret and bitter struggle. The precise significance was elusive, and he gave it up, or rather checked it within his memory in that compartment which already contained the barely smoked cigarette-butts, a broken fingernail, bruise-marks, and a note which, in view of the body, might safely be presumed to have been a threat.

A maid knocked on the door and came in. She stared speculatively for a curious second at Lieutenant Valcour.

"Madam rang?"

"No, Roberts. Lieutenant Valcour rang. Lieutenant Valcour is of the police."

Any sudden announcing of the police is always shocking. It is a prelude to so many unpleasant possibilities even in the lives of the most blameless. They are in a class with telegrams. Lieutenant Valcour noted that Roberts accepted his identity with nothing further than an almost imperceptible catching of breath. Mrs. Endicott's attitude puzzled him. It wasn't resentment, certainly, or any stretching at rudeness; such emotions seemed so utterly inconsequential at this moment when she must have been wrenched by a very severe shock. It reminded him of the aimless play of lightning clowning before the purposeful fury of a storm.

"Mrs. Endicott will explain things to you," he said. "Stay with her, please."

There lingered, as he went into the bathroom, a picture of the two women, separated by the distance of the room, standing quite still and staring at each other—Mrs. Endicott young, exquisitely lovely; the other older, quite implacable: the connection was absurd, but the effect remained of two antagonists in a strange encounter standing in their separate corners of a ring. Lieutenant Valcour closed the bathroom door and slipped the catch. He turned on all the lights.

There was a single window. He parted muslin curtains and looked at a glazed lemon-colored shade, especially along its hemmed bottom. There were some smudges at its center that interested him. He believed that they had been made by a dirty thumb. He raised the shade and the lower sash of the window.

The night was clear and cold and windless. A shallow stone balcony ran the width of the rear of the house. It was for ornament rather than use, as to get onto it one had to straddle the windowsill. Lieutenant Valcour did so, and stood looking down upon the dimly defined outlines of what, in spring, would bloom into a formal garden. He satisfied himself that there seemed no access to the balcony from the ground, unless one used a ladder, or were endowed with those special and fortunately rare qualities which transform an otherwise normal person into a human fly.



As Roberts passed, Valcour felt an attempt to impart to him some special knowledge. It forced from his lips the word, "Later!"

The house was five windows wide; the two on the right of the bathroom belonging to Mrs. Endicott's room, and the two on its left to her husband's. He flashed on his electric torch and examined all five sills. None showed a trace of recent passage, and there was no very good reason, he realized, why any of them should. They were clean, wind-swept and smooth.

How pleasant it would be, he reflected, to come across the perfect imprint of a shoe, or a rubber, or—what was it that was so popular at the moment?—of course: the footprint of a gorilla!

And the floor itself of the balcony was smugly lacking in clues. He relinquished the keen sharp air, the star-heavy night, and returned to the bathroom by way of its window, which he closed, and again drew down its lemon-colored shade.

A cake of soap in a container set in the wall above a basin attracted his attention—it was so incredibly dirty. Some one with exceptionally dirty hands had used it, and either hadn't bothered to rinse it off, or else hadn't had the time to. The dirt had dried on it.

He couldn't vision such a condition of uncleanliness in connection with the hands of either Mr. or Mrs. Endicott, unless there had been some obscure reason. He preferred to think for the moment that the hands had belonged, and presumably still did, to the murderer. That, of course, eliminated the gorilla. What a pity it was, he reflected, that he was so constantly obsessed with infernal absurdities. Even though he tried to keep them under triple lock and key when working with his associates on the force, they had a distressing habit at times of cropping out into the open where they could be seen.

With a beautiful access of gravity he lifted the lid of an enameled wicker hamper and peered in at the soiled linen it contained. There were many towels. Towels were, he reflected, one of the few genuine hallmarks of the rich. The Endicotts, hence, must be very, very rich, as it was obvious that they shed towels

as profusely as the falling petals from a white flowering tree.

There was a badly soiled and crumpled towel on the very top of the pile. He picked it up and looked at it. It was very dirty and still faintly damp. He folded it, set it on the floor beneath the basin, and placed the cake of soap upon it. They were, he reflected, smiling faintly, Exhibits B and C. The distinction of being classified as Exhibit A was already reserved by the threatening note on the desk. As for the smudges on the lemon-

The alphabet, he reflected, had now been depleted down to F. The bathroom could tell him nothing more. He reconstructed its segment of the drama before leaving it: the murderer had entered, gone at once to the window and pulled down its shade. There had been a washing of hands, and a brushing and combing of hair. The murderer had wiped the silver clear of fingerprints and had left. The whys and wherefores must come later. The shell would remain unchanged until the moment came to pour it full of motive and give it reason and life.

He went into Endicott's room and opened the cupboard door. The beam from his electric torch, added to the ceiling light, brought out sharply the waxy pallor of the face's skin. Its good-looking, homely ruggedness was marred by a slight cast of petu-



colored shade, they would have to be definitely determined as fingerprints before they could have their niche in the alphabet. The prosecuting attorney would be pleased. He was a man whose flair for alphabetized exhibits amounted to a passion.

A pair of silver-backed brushes showed no finger-marks upon their shining surfaces; nor were there any on the silver rim that backed a comb. One could infer, Lieutenant Valcour decided, and did, that some one later than Mr. Endicott had used them, as Mr. Endicott would never have wiped them off to remove his prints, and had he not done so there certainly would have been some signs of usage. What a careful murderer it was, he thought, to polish the evidence so very clean! And what a grip the subject of fingerprints maintained upon the criminal mind, and upon the lay mind as well!

Lieutenant Valcour offered to bet himself his last nickel that the murderer had overlooked entirely the possibility of what might be found left within the bristles of the brushes and between the teeth of the comb. He took a clean hand-towel from the rack and wrapped the brushes and the comb up in it. He set the bundle on the floor beside the cake of soap and the dirty towel.

lance, as inappropriate as a pink bow on a lion; cruelty showed too; a little—and something inscrutable that baffled analysis. Endicott weighed, Lieutenant Valcour decided, close upon two hundred pounds, and no fat, either: a strong, powerfully muscled man, about thirty-five years old. He played the light upon Endicott's right hand and exposed the wrist a little by drawing up the sleeve. The wrist and hand were normally clean, as he had expected.

He gently inserted his fingers into such of Endicott's pockets as he could reach without disturbing the body. From the rumpled state of their linings and their complete emptiness, it was apparent that they had been turned inside out and replaced.

Lieutenant Valcour began to sniff at a motive. Not robbery exactly, in the ordinary sense, as an expensive platinum wrist-watch and a set of black pearl shirt-studs were untouched, but robbery in the extraordinary sense—one that had been indulged in for a certain definite purpose. He strongly began to suspect that there would be the ubiquitous "fatal papers."

The top button was missing from Endicott's overcoat. It could have been torn away when the murderer had lifted his victim from the floor in order to drag him into the cupboard. Otherwise there wasn't anything that hinted at a struggle. There wasn't any blood, or any wound, or sign of contu- (Please turn to page 104)

A Story of Africa

By
Mary Hastings Bradley

who not only has hunted the biggest game of the Dark Continent but, with her husband, has explored unknown regions.

Illustrated by
E. F. Ward

BECAUSE no one had told Johnny Riggs that he would need other than riding-breeches for African hunting, and because his Chicago tailor had made those riding-breeches too beautifully tight in the knees for persistent kneeling, the taut creases of them cut into his knee-cords, and he wriggled.

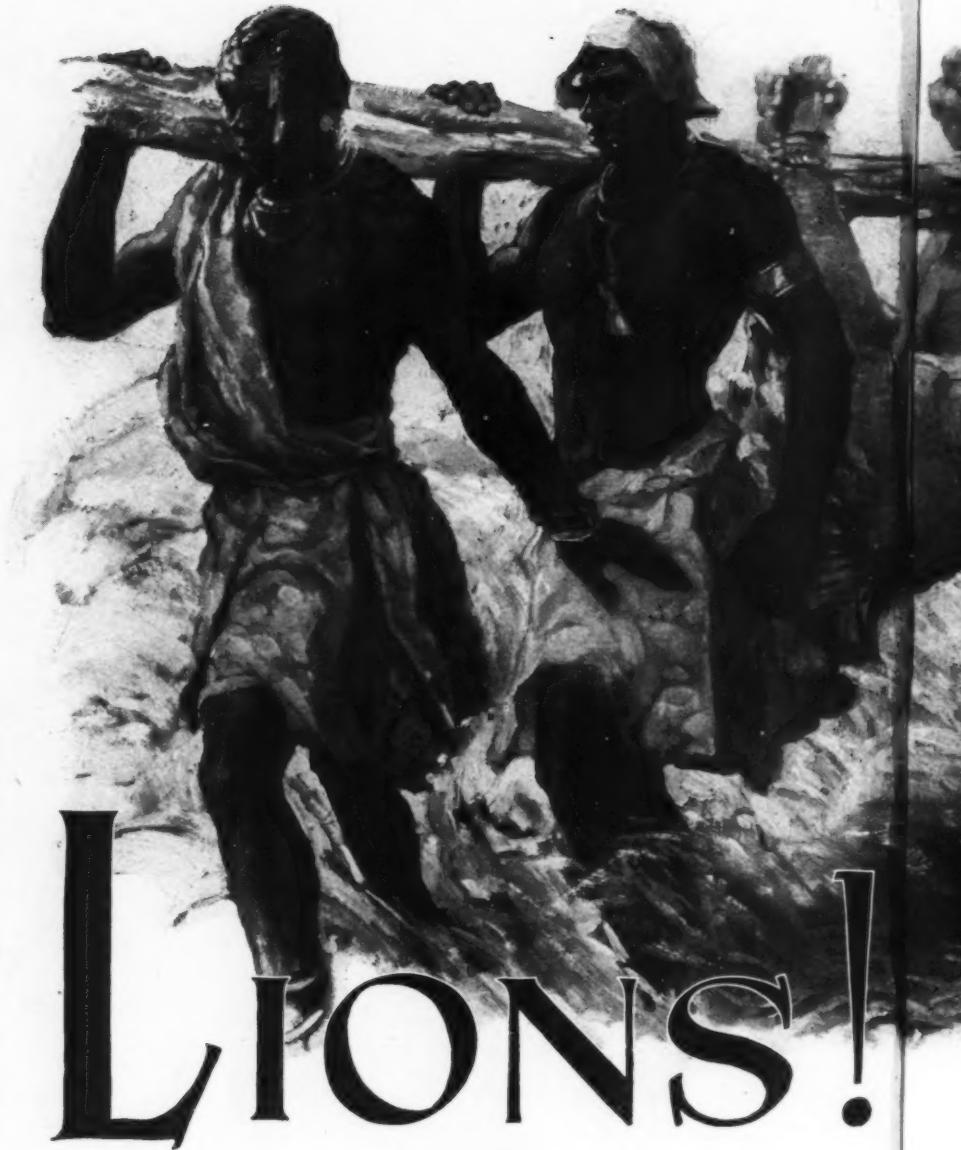
The wriggle made a branch about him rustle. Outside, in the vague starlit night, a dim shadow, that had been apparently a perfectly stationary bush, simply melted away.

"Damn you!" said a voice in Johnny's ear, a voice no less heartily sincere for being muffed to a cautious breath of sound. "Can't you keep still? That was a lion coming in. If it had been *your* lion—"

Both men were in a boma, or thorn hut, made in a thicket, kneeling behind its barrier of branches to peer out through two tiny apertures, already choked by the barrels of their rifles, into the African night. Before them, about twenty feet away in the vague darkness, a blot of deeper darkness indicated a dead buck, roped down to a stake in the ground so no lion could cannily remove it.

Boma hunting is not the most sporting way in the world of shooting lions. It ranks considerably above running them down with motorcars, and about ties with horse hunting, but it falls considerably below the level of meeting them face to face in open daylight. But in a country where the lions refused persistently to be met face to face, where they clung to fixed nocturnal habits, did their prowling by night, and at dawn were lying up securely in hidden lairs—in such a country, with such lions, with no horses and no natives who could beat out any gullies, a hunter's only chance was to put out a bait to lure the lions to him. But it is a chance. And it gives the finest opportunity in the world for observing the night-life of Africa about its own affairs.

The two men in the boma had been having this opportunity of viewing Africa by night for four consecutive nights now.



LIONS!

There was a beginning moon, and it would have been folly to waste a night of it. And night after night lions had roared and grunted and hunted all about the boma, tracking down their own live prey, while a succession of dead bucks, hopefully offered, had been visited by none but hyenas and jackals.

The situation was not exactly productive of mirth and jollity to the two men. Gresham King's temper had been growing decidedly short, and Johnny Riggs was saying a lot of things to himself in his silences. But he didn't blame King now for being sore. That *had* been a lion. . . . Only, King needn't have taken any more care for himself than he was trying to take for King. They had cut for first shot, and King had won. Johnny was out with him on the chance that there would be a second lion—the presence of one dead lion on a kill, oddly enough, does not deter another from coming in.

He wished now that this *were* his lion, so he could offer the chance to King in compensation for his clumsiness, but as it was his companion's anyway, he could only guard a chastened and repentant silence and try to forget that nagging at his knees.

Still—he began to think again about this cutting for chances:



Their return ended in a triumphal entry. Everybody came out to admire the trophy and congratulate King.

King had got first for buffalo, and he had shot the only buffalo they had encountered—there had never been a second chance for Johnny. Of course, so Johnny reminded himself, King might have been persuaded to prolong their hunting, but their time was short, and they were both keen to push on to lions. But when King won again, for the lions, Johnny thought they might, in fairness, have made a different arrangement—proposed, for instance, that each take the lion that chanced to come in on his side of the boma, giving them each a fifty-fifty break. Johnny knew that he would have done that. But it had not occurred to King.

Oh, well, they were both on edge over this lion business—and Johnny was especially wrought up over King and Sallie Lake. That was probably at the bottom of all his criticisms of the other fellow. He was sick with jealousy.

He was crazy over Sallie. Always had been, ever since he had met her back at his college prom. There had never been another girl for him since. When he had learned that her father was taking her with him for a jaunt through Africa, with a little picture-taking and a chance shot or two on the side, he had conceived his own passion for African travel, and got King, his old classmate, to join him.

He had hoped for just such luck as had occurred—Colonel Lake's allowing them to join forces for one of the safaris. At least, he had called it luck when it was first planned. It had looked like heaven to have two or three weeks of camping and traveling with Sallie.

But it had been the devil's own time for him, from the moment that King had taken one good look at Sallie—Sallie, with her cap of dark, waving hair, her elfin eyes that you thought were black because the lashes were so dark and long, but which were really the color of wild plum, and her curving, prankish lips that she decked in such fantastic scarlet.

Not that Johnny could blame King for being sunk. He had been sunk himself, ever since that first prom. But King had met her then, and she had not been such a smash to him—King had been too deeply enamored of a brown-eyed, sophisticated charmer from one of the embassies in Washington whom he had paraded with proud nonchalance; only now, when Sallie had been the sun and moon and all the stars of Johnny's sky for three long years and over, did King stride forward and masterfully remove, so to speak, Johnny's entire firmament.

Of course, Johnny for the thousandth time reminded himself

in fairness, he had no special rights. Just loving a girl doesn't give you any rights. Only somehow—loving Sallie the way he did. . . . He felt stubbornly that no one in all the world would ever love Sallie as dearly as he did, in such tender caretaking, such steadfast loyalty. He would have gone to the ends of the earth for her. He would willingly have given his body to be burned that her white feet could pass unscathed through fire.

Somehow he had never been able to tell her all this. But she had known—she must have known. And she had liked him. But he had felt that she didn't want to be hurried, and he had been in no position to hurry her till last year that windfall from his uncle gave him a chance to buy into Amalgamated, and to take this vacation while the readjustments were being completed.

He had been looking forward to telling Sallie, in Africa, about the Amalgamated and his chances. And he knew she would never have let him come, never have influenced her father to let him join them, if she hadn't liked him—well, more than a little.

Well, that was all as dead as Tut; Gresham King had seen to that. And he couldn't blame Sallie. She hadn't given him really the right to bank on her—not exactly a right. Of course she had said things, and there had been certain moments, certain kisses—but a girl can't be blamed for changing her feelings.

Any girl would prefer a chap like King, easily dominating among men, delightfully deferential among women, one of those tall, handsome, magazine-advertisement sort of chaps, with all his money and position, to a stocky, sandy-haired, freckle-faced young fool, who hadn't any more sense than to drag a very prince of competitors into promptest intimacy with the girl he wanted!

He deserved what he got. Only, it hurt, hurt like the devil. To hear King talking to her—to see her looking at King. . . . He couldn't blame King for having the goods to deliver. He was sore, that was all. He'd have to watch out or he'd be behaving like a poor sport.

But was it his jealousy entirely that made him so critical now of King? That day when King had been so careful of his cigarettes, for example, on the long trek when their pockets had run empty: King had said he was out—then later, when caught smoking, he explained he had chanced on a couple more. No reason why it couldn't be true, of course, but King had not run after him to announce his find.

Gosh, what an old grouch he was getting to be, thought Johnny in consternation! As if a chap couldn't smoke his own cigarettes and still be the right stuff to marry the finest girl in the world! To punish himself, he hoped that King would get a beauty of a lion, big and golden and thick-maned.

But no lion responded to these noble thought-waves. The moon was out, flooding the world now with tropic brilliance, lighting up the rather piteous-looking dead buck, picking out the detail of black euphorbia trees with their upthrust fingers, like cacti, and the fantastic lines of stunted, flat-topped thorn, clarifying the outlines of a hyena stealing up to the buck's entrails—the very time for a lion to come. But no lion came.

Far out on the plains one of them began to call, answered by the mate. Back and forth rolled the hunting-song—a series of deep coughing grunts ending with three loudening roars, making the ground rumble with its thundering reverberations and send-

ing the panic-stricken antelope into terrified and betraying haste of flight—ugh, ugh, *ugh!*

It was a sound that lifted the hair on the back of the neck, that stirred centuries-old pricklings of fear and suspense. Nearer and nearer came the grunts, and closer and closer together. Surely the beast was following the blood-trail of the buck! Surely it was coming in! The men strained their eyes out the apertures, finger-



The lion reared his great head, and with a roar of fury launched himself

ing their triggers, sighting their radium sights, their nerves keyed to keenest anticipation—then the call came from farther away, and farther yet, until it died away with distance.

The moon passed under a cloud, and the land took on that eerie unreality in which every shadow moves, and bushes change shape before the tired eyes and walk about like lions, in which hope dies hard but dies at last. Nothing to do through the long hours of darkness but watch and wait, to crouch and peer and kill stray mosquitoes,—Johnny had heard that there were no mosquitoes in the African highlands, but he was at liberty to suppose that

By Mary Hastings Bradley

these highlands were not high enough,—to shift weight from one cramped leg to another, suck a bit of hard chocolate, long for a cigarette, smother a strangling desire to cough, and wait for the dawn to release you from your sufferings.

They were out of the boma when the sun rose at six, and started off across the plains to camp, shouldering their guns, not waiting for the gun-boys who were to come out to meet them.

Glumly they gazed to a distant silhouette of black vultures upon a barren tree.

"That's where that blooming lion got his meal," said Johnny. He added, with an effort: "I'm dog-goned sorry about that lion, Gresh, if you think I scared him."

King's words were not equivocal. "I damned well know you did."



straight at Sallie. But Johnny flung between them—with nothing but his bare hands to fight for her, his body to shield her.

They were both silent, both concerned with their own thoughts of the night, in which the just-glimpsed lion loomed large.

Perfunctorily they glanced about the thickets they passed and down the reaches of the gullies, in the feeble hope of encountering some belated lion returning from his night's kill, but there was no reality of expectation in their glances. And neither drew any attention to the beauty of the African dawn, to the gush of that first golden sunshine that turned the gray plains to seas of emerald, sparkling with crystal dew, to the sweetness of the bird-songs or the dancing color of the butterflies.

"We'd better go out alone," said Johnny shortly in his turn.

"Not at all," King said quickly—too quickly for genuineness, Johnny thought in his mood of bitterness, suspecting King of some motive other than friendship—his dislike, perhaps, of the appearance of a quarrel in Sallie's eyes.

"That's childish," King went on in what Johnny recognized as his social voice. "We'll take what comes."

What came, at that moment, was a lion and a lioness.

The pair trotted up from behind a ridge, and stood a moment beautifully silhouetted against the morn—(Please turn to page 92)

Blind Date

By Viña Delmar

YOU stand shoulder to shoulder with a stranger, in a subway train or a street-car, and wonder often what's going on in his (or her) mind and heart. Viña Delmar knows and tells you, in the case of certain young people of our disturbing day. A remarkable story by the author of "Bad Girl."

SYLVIE lay on the couch watching her mother carry the dinner dishes to the sink in the kitchenette. Sylvie could have helped, and perhaps she should have; but looking at things from an unbiased angle, Sylvie didn't see why she should. To begin with, Sylvie had worked eight hours in an office downtown that day, and had then ridden forty minutes in a subway train while hanging on to a strap. Mother had done nothing but straighten two rooms in a very casual manner and then bounce off to the movies. Slinging all the bromides about elderly people into the discard, Sylvie decided that Mother couldn't possibly be as tired as she herself. She closed her eyes and drowsed. Mother's voice awakened her.

Sylvie looked up and realized that she must have slept an hour. The dishes were done and Mother was standing near her wearing hat and coat.

"Sylvie, could you let me have a dollar? I'm going over to Davidson Avenue to see the Lahns and they may start a pennant game."

Sylvie yawned and reached for her pocketbook. She drew out a dollar and handed it to her mother.

"Thanks. Get to bed now, Sylvie. You look tired. Good night."

"Good night."

Sylvie remained on the couch. She wasn't sleepy any more. Mother's request had started her thinking of her problems. Forty-two dollars a month for a kitchenette apartment on the top floor of a Fordham walk-up. Miles of apartment-hunting had satisfied her that this was the best she could do. Thirty dollars a week was her salary, and because Sylvie always faced facts with herself, she knew that she would never be worth more than that to any business office. Food, clothes, rent, gas, electricity, insurance, doctor's bills, recreation—all these things must come from that little thirty dollars a week.

Sylvie pressed her hands to her eyelids and sighed deeply. There was a pain which came in the back of her head when thoughts like this assailed her. Mother was such a care. Stupid as a child about money. She could not be given a weekly amount, but had to have a dollar and a quarter a day doled out to her for table expenses lest she spend the full amount in her first morning's shopping. Mother's heart-trouble was another worry. She could be talked out of an attack, which showed plainly that her condition was not serious. Still, at frequent intervals she would insist that she needed a doctor; and Sylvie, afraid to lean too strongly upon the notion that Mother was exaggerating her discomfort, would call a doctor. Mother was not mean, only stupid and thoughtless. Sylvie sighed again. What did the future hold?

Suppose she fell in love? She could not marry. Where was there a man in her world who could afford to support his wife's mother? She saw herself twenty years hence still doling out a dollar and a quarter every morning. But wait, the firm would not keep her when she wasn't slim and young. She would be discharged, and then what? Sylvie turned and buried her face in the pillow.

The phone rang. It was Miriam, Sylvie's girl friend.

"Lo, Syl. What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Like to go out?"

"Where?"

"I don't know. Paul Reiselbach called me up and asked me to go out. Said he had a fellow with him and asked me to get another girl."

Illustrated by

William Meade
Prince

That was the way in life . . . You tried to forget a tall dark person who had looked at the moon with you and then faded out of your life.

"Who's Paul Reiselbach?"

"Oh, you know, Syl. He's that mug who has the big car I was admiring when he came along and saw me. I was feeling the upholstery when he came up, and he started to talk to me. I ain't one for talking to everybody. You know that, Syl; so I just gave him my phone number when he asked for it, and then I walked away. So he called me up tonight. I guess he's got a swell friend. Do you want to come with us?"

"I don't know, Miriam. I've never been on a blind date. I've got a hunch the fellow will look like the breaking up of a hard winter, or else he'll be as fresh as the devil."

"Oh, come on, Syl. Be a sport. If he's homely, you can bear it for one evening; and if he's fresh, sock him and forget it. Come on."

Sylvie thought it over for a moment. After all, an evening alone offered nothing but a melancholy soliloquy on the impossibility of making ends meet.

"All right, Miriam. I'll go. Where'll I meet you?"

"Come over here. Paul says they'll be around about nine."

"All right. I'll be over."

Sylvie replaced the receiver and walked to the bedroom. What would she wear? There was either that brown taffeta dress or the blue velvet. They were both old, and they both looked it. The blue velvet was a little too rubbed-looking at the elbows, so it would have to be the brown taffeta.

Sylvie threw off her sweater and skirt and began to brush her hair vigorously. The more she brushed it, the fluffier it got. She looked at herself in the mirror and smiled to see what a frivolous creature her hair made her out to be. Who would believe that a brain simply sick with worry could lie beneath a mass of waves and ringlets?

Later when she had the brown taffeta on and had added color to her lips and cheeks, she looked again at her reflection. She thought of something she had heard in the office that day. The boss had been entertaining a social caller when Sylvie had walked in to announce that Mr. Glassmeir was outside.

"Cope with him for ten minutes," the boss had ordered; "then I'll see him."

Sylvie had withdrawn to start coping. The boss' caller had not waited for her to get beyond earshot before remarking, "Say, Sam, that's a beauty you got working for you."



The boss had laughed. "I can't have a chromo to keep the trade in a good humor, can I?"

"Why don't you have her modeling the gowns, Sam?"

"She's got a little brains. Why waste her on modeling?"

Sylvie pulled a chair over to the closet and

began to rummage on the hat-shelf. Now there was a brown felt—oh, there it was. She took it down and looked at it. She brushed it and looked at it again. Not exactly passable. Still—when it was on, it looked much better. It seemed to take on an importance. God bless Mr. Finkenthal for believing that she had helped him with the boss! The coat he had given her two years before was still standing up well. Sylvie had heard that it was made to retail at a hundred and fifty dollars.

She was ready now. She cast a last look about the apartment to be sure that everything was all right. Halfway down the hall

she stopped and returned to the living-room. She found a pencil and hastily scribbled a note to her mother: "Have gone out. Don't worry. May stay at Miriam's tonight."

Sylvie propped the note against a book in the center of the table and left a dollar and a quarter in a conspicuous position. She didn't think it likely that she would stay at Miriam's, but the possibility would keep Mother from waiting up for her.

Miriam lived on Creston Avenue in a large apartment. Both her parents were alive, and there were three brothers besides Miriam. Sylvie envied Miriam's irresponsible existence. Miriam earned seventeen dollars a week and was allowed to keep every cent of it. Besides this boon, her brothers, each in a different wholesale business, never forgot to bring home odd lengths of material, laces and ribbons. Then God, thinking it foolish to hold out on such a little thing, gave Miriam a talent for sewing. Result, a darn' well-dressed file-clerk.

Miriam was just twenty, and Sylvie found her at times a rather trying companion. Sylvie was twenty-three, and she was inclined to blame Miriam's youth for her silliness. A less charitable person than Sylvie might have realized that Miriam at forty would still giggle and try very earnestly to be amusing. Miriam was bleached. She'd always wanted to be a blonde, and her parents had said no; so Miriam had cried and refused food until they said yes. Now Miriam was a blonde, and most people thought her very pretty.

Sylvie found her quite excited about Paul Reiselbach. Dates were not rare in the lives of either Miriam or Sylvie, so Sylvie guessed that it was Paul's big car which was causing all the unusual steam.

"Do you know who Paul is?" Miriam asked, her eyes large with wonder.

"He's the mug who has the big car you were admiring when he came along and saw you, isn't he?"

"Yes, but do you know who else he is?"

"I give up. John Gilbert?"

"Don't be silly. He's the son of the department store. You know Reiselbach's department store over on Fordham Road."

"He is?"

"Yeah. Aint th'at great? I'm going to get him to take us some place swell."

"Not too swell, Mimi. I haven't any brothers who are wholesalers, please remember."

Sylvie was not fated to ride in Paul Reiselbach's lovely automobile. Paul's friend had an antipathy toward rumble seats and had trailed Paul in his own modest car. Sylvie just had a flash of Paul

Reiselbach. He was a tall, rather blank-looking individual who swallowed the last three words of every sentence. He mumbled something about his friend Mr. Richards, bundled Sylvie into the conservative little coupé and bounded back to his green-and-yellow roadster. Sylvie watched him deposit Miriam on the leather seat; then she turned to Paul's friend—Mr. Richards.

"I brought this," he said, "because I hate rumble seats and gambled on your hating them too."

He had a nice voice. Sylvie had a strange fancy that it was not quite real. It was a little too soothing, too disarming. She

glanced at him quickly. He was extremely good-looking in a dark, well-groomed way. His appearance was like his voice. Too perfect to be an accident. What line was this Mr. Richards in that he needed an appearance and a voice that would instantly inspire a sense of his unquestionable superiority?

"I hope," he said after a moment, "that I'm not as bad as you thought I would be."

Sylvie started guiltily. "Why—I—"

"I know. When I was at college, a few girls favored me with the truth of what they always expected a blind date to be like."

College! Sylvie was ashamed of the thrill that it gave her to think that he had been at college. None of the men she knew had ever been educated past the second or third year of high school. There was a glamour about college, a bookishness.

She ventured a question. "Are you and Mr. Reiselbach inseparable friends like Miriam and me?"

"I don't know that I'd say that," he answered. "We're both too busy to see each other more than once or twice a month."

She had never met a man before in her life that she wouldn't have asked his business. But about Mr. Richards there hovered a reserve, a quiet friendly aloofness that invited no personal questions.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked.

"Well, I'm perfectly willing to leave the choice up to Miriam. Let us just follow their lead."

"Good." He smiled, showing shining white teeth. Sylvie had known that his teeth would be perfect. He would walk well, too, with a careless, brisk jauntiness. He probably danced well.

By this stage other men whom she had met had told her how pretty she was. Some had even needed squelching by now. Mr. Richards was different. He was evidently after an evening of decent female companionship. He probably didn't even guess that his fair companion had had to sock many a venturesome gentleman.

Sylvie sighed. It would have been nice, she thought, to have been born where men like Mr. Richards were all in the day's work. On the heels of her sigh came an unguarded question.

"You don't live uptown, do you?"

"Yes."

Silence. . . .

It was a strange evening for Sylvie. She had the curious fancy that she was moving in a dream. She had always had the faculty for observing keenly and accurately what went on around her, but tonight everything was different. She felt drugged and giddy. Paul and Miriam were strange wraiths fading in and out of the picture. She saw nothing, heard nothing but this dark, soft-spoken man who was her blind date.

She danced with him to a tune from a deceased musical show. She heard him singing the words quietly as though to himself:

*It must be love I'm dreaming of,
That makes me feel this way.
It must be love I'm learning of
That started in today—*

His arms were young and strong, and he held her closely as they circled the room. Sylvie noted with interest that to her the other dancers were faceless phantoms. She could see no one but her partner.

*And all the time the strangest things, I find,
Keep running through the thing I call my mind,
Such words as "turtledove" and "stars above"—
You see, it must be love!*

Sylvie smiled as he led her back to the table. Yes, it must be love. What a thing to happen to her! Funny, and yet a little tragic. She caught her breath sharply and allowed her thoughts to dwell for one sane, steady moment upon her responsibilities.



Suppose this man were to fall for her? Then what? There was Mother to think about. Mother with her childish, helpless mind and her dearly beloved heart-attacks! Sylvie turned her head and tried for the moment to forget Mother and her worries. She might as well enjoy tonight.

It was midnight when Miriam decided that it was time to leave. The evening had flown, Sylvie thought. She was looking at herself again a little contemptuously. The idea of falling in love at first sight like the half-wits who wrote letters to the lovelorn columns! Still, if a man was handsome and kind and treated you decently, and you weren't used to handsome, kind men who didn't try to maul you, why wouldn't he knock you all in a heap? Sylvie had a terrible feeling that if it wasn't for



"Sylvie!" Bernard came after her.
"Where are you going?" There was something almost regal in her bearing. "I'm going," she said, "to keep a blind date."

Mother, she'd start getting romantic about this bird. Oh, hell, this wasn't love! It couldn't be love. She wasn't the kind to fall for any guy. This was just sort of a crush. You couldn't love a guy when you didn't even know his first name.

The modest little coupé began to trail the dashing roadster

once again. Sylvie sat very silent and watched the long, thin hands of her escort turn the wheel. Would she ever see him again, she wondered.

Suddenly her eyes wandered to the road ahead. They were no longer following Paul and Miriam.

"Why, they've gotten away from us," Sylvie said.

"No, I got us away from them. Do you mind?"

"That depends," said Sylvie. She laughed a little.

"Don't be coy, Sylvie. I like you because you're not like Paul's girl friend, all simpers and baby pouts. You're different. I want to show you a place that I consider the coziest spot in

the whole wide world. Look through the trees."

Sylvie looked. There was an inn, built in old English style. The trees stood grouped about it, bare but not dismal-looking. There was a hopefulness about them. They were waiting. The windows of the inn were bright, golden squares. Sylvie caught a glimpse of a huge stone fireplace. The inn looked like pictures she had seen on Christmas cards where they spelled words funny—*merrie* and *ye*. She didn't know what pewter flagons were, but she knew they belonged there. Here was good cheer and warmth.

"I love this place," he said. "I'd like to show it to you."

Sylvie was acquainted with the "if-you-don't-you'll-walk-home" school of invitation. She knew how to cope with that. Here was something else. Here was the nicest man she had ever known. She was not apt ever to meet a nicer man. Her life had been a wash-out. She'd never done a single thing she'd wanted to do. Hell's bells, wasn't she good to her mother? And wasn't she fair to everybody she knew? Wasn't there something coming to her in life? Couldn't there be one little allowance made for a girl who had plenty of troubles?

The little coupé rounded a corner of hedge, and she heard that soft, not quite real voice ask: "Yes, Sylvie?"

She was glad that she could make the decision with her brain. It would be unbearable to be the type that is soft and yielding like a sap . . .

And there you were. That was the way things were in life. You took your fun where you found it, and then went back to your job and tried to forget a tall dark person whom you knew by the name of Mr. Richards—a strange dodo who had stood beside you on a little balcony and looked at the white winter moon with you, and then faded casually out of your life.

Oh, well. It was all right, only sometimes Sylvie thought she saw him, and then she was a little wrought up for a minute or two. Foolish.

Miriam had a terrible tale of woe to tell. It seemed that it was just too mean of Sylvie and Mr. Richards to get away from Paul and Miriam.

"Have you seen Paul since?" Sylvie asked. It was a week now. A week—could it really be a week?

"No, and I don't want to see him. Of all the fresh bozos I ever met! Thought he could get with me right on the Bronx River Parkway with all them strong lights. Suppose one of my brothers should have come along and seen me?"

"And you didn't pet with him?"

"I did not. That's why he hasn't called me up. If you won't, they don't want to see you any more."

Sylvie smiled.

There really wasn't any way now of finding out more about Mr. Richards. Well, why should she want to? She'd made her decision with her level-headed little thinking apparatus, hadn't she? Now, that was that. If there was anything Sylvie hated, it was a whining woman. Oh, hell, what was the use of faking? Who said brain? She and forty million other dames, all generous for the same reason—a reason that they used for murder, sacrifices and plain damn' foolishness—love. Blah! What a lot of nonsense for a girl who'd been earning her own living—and her mother's—since she was fifteen!

(Please turn to page 122)

WE CAN'T LOSE

A Story of the Stock Market

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

"BUT we can't lose," insists Breeze Emerson; "we can't possibly lose."

"Be yourself and live it down," I snaps. "Ninety-eight per cent of the complaints about the food served in poorhouses comes from jobbies who couldn't possibly lose."

"Maybe," says Breeze, "but this one's in the stable and curried. Know what the book value of Anchovy Products is?"

"No," I returns. "Do they pay off on book values?"

"Not exactly," comes back Emerson, "but they're based on earnings, and earnings have something to do with the price of a stock, haven't they?"

"Just as much," says I, "as a Columbia River salmon has with the price of primary votes in Altoona, Pa. Nowadays, Wall Street quotations are affected more by a sable coat promised a Broadway cutie than they are by net profits, car loadings and unfilled orders. Want a real tip?"

"Shoot," invites Breeze, with an enthusiasm that establishes the season's low in that commodity.

"Temperature Common," I whispers. "It's flirting around with the fifties now, but it's bound to crowd ninety or thereabouts by July. The T. C. mob, I hears, is also framing a pool to push Humidity to a new high."

"C'est vrai?" inquires Emerson's French Frau, Chérie.

"Sans doute," I assures her in her native tongue. "There's every indication that we're going to have a lot of weather this year, and its technical position, if any, was never stronger."



Down in Cash
Canon I run
into Price. "An-
chovy's not a
stock," says
Price. "It's a
football."

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By
Sam
Hellman

"Clam the clowning!" growls Breeze. "The tip I'm slipping you is straighter than the shortest distance between two points. Anchovy P's peddling at twenty; it's sure to hit forty when—"

"Oh, hell," I cuts in. "How can anything be sure in the stock-market when an attack of acute indigestion in Pittsburgh or a bad night's sleep in Pocantico Hills can shear ten points off the securities of a plant manufacturing wave-lengths and hand-painted statics in Androscoggin, Maine? Anyhow, what good's inside info if everybody and his haberdasher has it?"

"Where do you gather that everybody?" snorts Emerson. "This hush-hush of mine is direct from the feedbox. I doubt whether there are more than ten or twelve guys in on the know."

"If I were you," says I, "I'd do something for that ringing in your ears. Feller, by the time a tip reaches birds like you and me, it's been garden gossip for eight years out in the sow-and-sorghum belt. Down by Trinity churchyard the slickers are still telling the suckers secretly that Louis XIV is not expected to live through the night, and that the Battle of Waterloo is in the bag for the British."

"If you'd listen to me," comes back Breeze, "instead of talking out loud to yourself, you'd see, even with your trace of intelligence, that Anchovy's no plant. In the first place, my dope's from the vice-president of the company—he ought to know what's stirring, oughtn't he?"

"Which vice-president?" I asks. "The vice-president, for example, in charge of the disposal of waste-paper in the discount division might not even be acquainted with the vice-president in charge of the stock-watering department. . . .

"What are Anchovy Products, anyhow? What can you make out of Anchovy excepting anchovies?"

"The concern's got nothing to do with anchovies," scowls Breeze. "That's the name of the Number One boy in the layout — Enoch U. Anchovy. They manufacture bolts and nuts and universal joints."

"What the hell," I inquires, "are universal joints, anyway—night clubs?"

"No," returns Emerson, sarcastic. "They're a sort of cross between a rainy Thursday in northern Lithuania and a girl I used to know in sunny Tennessee."

"You no love me no more," announces Chérie suddenly.

"Huh?" mumbles Breeze.

"When we first marry," says she sadly, "you no talk never of no other girl. Now—"

"Judas Maccabæus!" howls Emerson. "I start off with a spiel about the stock-market, and here I am practically accused of having had an affair with a Tessie from Tennessee."

"Conversation's like that," I remarks sympathetically. "You never can tell where it'll take you when it detours. I remember a lad up in the Bronx who began babbling about a bright crack his three-weeks-old kid had pulled.

Would you believe it—before the proud father got through gassing, he was in Dannemora Prison charged with inciting the Sikhs to revolt against the British government."

"Oh, stop your spoofing," horns in my Missus. "I'm interested in what Breeze is saying, even if you're not, I should just adore making some money in Wall Street, if there's no risk attached to it."

"Risk in Wall Street!" I exclaims. "My dear Jennie, there isn't the slightest. You always get a receipt for the piasters you put up."

"You'll double your investment," promises Emerson, addressing the charge account. "I have it straight from the oat-bin that Anchovy P's to be merged with National Nut. I'm being disgustingly conservative when I predict a twenty-point rise immediately after the announcement."

"How many shares," inquires Jennie, "can I get for two thousand dollars?"

"A hundred," answers Breeze, "if you bought 'em outright, but only a Scandinavian mushroom-raiser would buy shares outright. On a five-point margin—"

"Margin?" repeats the *Frau*. "What's that?"

"Margin," I explains, "is the battle hymn of Broad Street. Please forget about Anchovy Products and its boy friend, National Nut."

"But A. P. is such a push-over," sighs Breeze.

"So are the Pyramids," says I; "but at this moment I'm far too busy to get bullish with a buzz-saw. Pommeefrite and Dawkins are expecting us to deliver, and we'd better show 'em something sudden besides swindle sheets and please remits."

Pommeefrite, I should explain, is Chérie's uncle, and Dawkins is my father-in-law. We'd met up with them in Europe, where Emerson was trying to peddle breakfast-food to the French. He didn't sell 'em any, but he did cop off the niece of the biggest food magnate in Gaul, while I'd hitched myself to the daughter of an Englishman in the same line. Emerson and I were now

engaged in putting over the Pommeefrite and Dawkins brands in America, God bless her!

A couple of days later I happens to be down in Cash Cañon near the Stock Exchange when I runs into Harry Price, a broker whom I'd met several times in a talk-softly on Forty-seventh Street. From his conversation I'd sort of gathered he spent practically all of his waking hours on J. Pierpont Morgan's lap.

"Listen," says I, after the usual hello-how-are-you hooey; "you know everything, don't you?"

"Well," returns Harry, "there are a few points connected with the mating habits of the Peruvian mongoose that I haven't cleared up yet, but outside of—"

"This is down your hatch," I interrupts. "What can you tell me and mine about Anchovy Products?"

"Plenty," he comes back. "Have you bitten into that quince?"



"Poorhouses," I yelps, "are paved with 'authenticated reports' and 'reliable information.' " "Bologna!" scoffs Emerson. "You're just whistling in a grave-yard." Which was true.

"Not this Gamaliel," says I. "Neither into that nor into any of the other sour fruit scattered promiscuously between Abitibi and Youngstown. Am I to understand that you'd hardly recommend A. P. as an investment for widows and orphans and retired Campbellite preachers?"

"Not unless they cared to revise their lot downward," says Price. "Anchovy's not a stock. It's a football, and every outsider that's ever carried it's been thrown for a loss. How do you happen to be interested in the cat and dog?"

"A friend of mine," I tells him, "has a tip right from the bran-bucket that the company's to be merged with National Nut, and—"

"You advise your friend," cuts in the Broad Street bandit, "to take that tip of his and trade it in for an advanced case of mastoiditis. It'll cause him a lot less pain. In the last year A. P.'s been reported merged with everything from the United States Geodetic Survey to the Ladies Marching Club of the Piccolo Polishers Union."

"You sure," I persists, "there's nothing to the rumor?"

"You should be so sure you got your feet with you," says Harry. "It just happens that I'm the specialist for National Nut, and I'd know if any such move was brewing. Why should a going concern want to take on Anchovy? It's never declared

a dividend; it's being sued by your Uncle Samuel for back taxes; and it furnishes about as much competition for National Nut as a crossroads blacksmith does for U. S. Steel. The boys are just getting ready for another big shake-down in A. P.—that's all."

"How," I inquires curiously, "do you Harvard graduates work it with such a dead horse?"

"Easy," answers Price. "First, the stock is made to look as active as a cheer leader with St. Vitus, by churning it up through wash sales. Thousands of shares are bought by the insiders with one hand and unloaded with the other. Then the low-down lads get busy with their stage whispers, and the next thing you know, the butcher and the baker and the lip-stick maker are up to their Adam's apples in Anchovy Products."

"What," I asks, "prevents the suckers from taking a profit on the rise and running?"

"The fact that they're suckers," returns Harry. "Your true come-on always waits for the forty- or fifty-point tilt he's been promised by the tipster. At the proper moment the plug's pulled and the sap discovers he can't get a market at fifteen for the stuff that set him back thirty. . . . Talking about the market, how'd you like to make a plump piece of change for your own sweet self?"

"Nope," says I. "If I made a killing, I'd have to buy my wife a sable, and she looks like hell in sables."

"That does make it difficult," admits the National Nut specialist; "but really, this is something good. All tucked in the sleigh and ready for a ride. Ever hear of Perfection Oil?"

"I didn't even know it was sick," I replies. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Perfection," says Price, "is paying four dollars. I got it Masonic that the directors next week are going to put it on a six-bucks basis. Know what that means?"

"Nothing whatever to this braw young Czech," I assures him. "I got singed once in a stock deal and that was twice too often."

"What was it you gambled on?" inquires Harry.

"Automatic Divot," I replies. "It was a kind of grass that had been crossed with rubber trees. Every time you dug up a divot, it snapped right back into the fairway. The company flopped because the golf clubs found it cheaper to replace the turf than to returf the place."

"Very well," shrugs Price. "Kid yourself out of a clean-up and see if I care! This information of mine comes straight from the vice-president of the—"

"Good gosh!" I exclaims. "What is this? Vice-President Tip Week?"

With which I takes my departure. When I gets home that evening, I find the *Frau*, Chérie and Breeze on the front porch in deep confab. Emerson greets me with a jeering grin.

"My tip was phony, eh?" says he. "Know what A. P. closed at today?"

"No," I returns coldly, "and I don't know who won the fourth race at Pimlico. I've been attending to my business and wishing you the same I remain."

"Twenty-seven and three-quarters," snaps Breeze. "Up nearly nine points since the opening."

"You got any of it?" I asks.

"Like a fat-head, I took your advice and cut my throat," grumbles Emerson, "but Chérie and Jennie have some."

"How much?" I yelps.

"Each of 'em," returns Breeze, "have five hundred shares on a five-point margin. The gals are now to the good—"

"I don't care how much they're to the good," I cuts in,

angrily; "they're in bad. Jennie is selling out tomorrow morning."

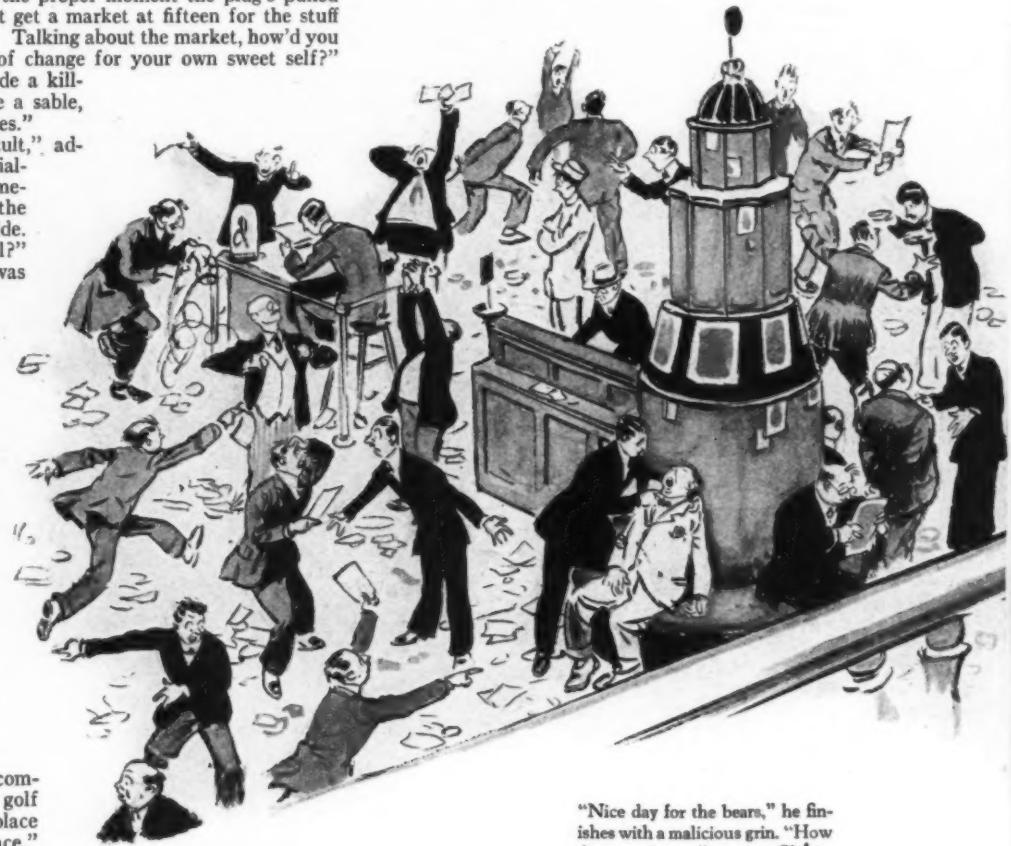
"I'll do nothing of the jolly sort," flares the wife. "Why should I drop out at twenty-eight when the stock's sure to be around forty in a week?"

"This special of mine," horns in Emerson, "wont even slow down at forty. My latest advices are that the first stop will be in the vicinity of seventy-five."

"Ripping!" enthuses Jennie. "Dear old Wall Street's going to buy Mamma her minks."

"Sure," I growls. "You wait for dear old Wall Street to buy Mamma her minks, and you'll be walking around on your heels this winter nattily attired in deep thought, trimmed with grief. Help yourself to a load of this." And I relays the bad news I'd gotten about A. P. from Harry Price.

"That all may be true," says Breeze, "but you're overlooking the trifling detail that we are on the inside!"



"Nice day for the bears," he finishes with a malicious grin. "How does one know," inquires Chérie, "the which is the bull and the which is the bear?"

"Where'd you buy the stuff for the girls?" I asks.

"Breeze had nothing to do with it," answers the *Frau*. "Chérie attended to everything herself. On the boat coming over she met a broker chap, a Mr. Buissevain, and he—"

"What," I inquires, "do you know about him outside of the fact that he comes back from Europe on boats?"

"Monsieur Buissevain," returns Chérie, "is an homme très distingué. He dance nice and have the voice magnifique."

"That voice magnifique," says I, "is enough for me. No guy with a voice magnifique would ever do wrong by my Jen. I put my trust in tenors, but just the same I'd suggest that you two charming matrons sell out tomorrow. Remember, nobody ever went broke taking a profit."

"Maybe not," snaps Emerson, "but what a bum Rockefeller would have become if he'd stopped after filling his first oil-can."

"I have no intention of selling," declares the Missus.

"Then I will," says I.

"My stock?" shrills the hostage to fortune.

"No, not yours," I assures her. "I'm going to sell five hundred shares of A. P. short. That'll make the family come out somewhere near even, anyhow."

"How," puzzles Chérie, "can you sell what you no have?"

"That's not a fraction of it, *ma jolie petite*," says I. "I'll not only sell what I no have, but I'll sell it to somebody who no want. When the stuff goes down—"

"You can do as you please," sniffs Jennie, "but with my own money, I—"

"You have lots of nerve," I cuts in, "calling money that you've put into Wall Street your own."

What gets me sore about Jennie's gamble is not the dough she's shooting up the flue, but the idea of her going into such a palooka

"No," I returns. "We don't live on a street. We live on a boulevard. But suppose that cat and dog does step to seventy-five? If the *Fran* should make a killing on her first out, I'll never have a wife again—I'll have an account. . . . By the way, do you know a broker by the name of Boissevain?"

"Réné Boissevain?" queries Harry.

"Probably," says I. "Do you have to leave your gold fillings at home when you do business with him?"

"He's all right," comes back Price. "Solid concern—Boissevain and Bradford. Does the Anchovy tip come from him?"

"No," says I. "Boissevain's just handling the trade. The tip is from a vice-president of A. P."

"It usually is," grunts Harry. "Don't worry about the stuff



without my consent. After all, a husband has some rights. Just at the moment I can't think what any of 'em are, but there must be some vestiges left over from the lord-and-master age of American matrimony.

And imagine playing one of Emerson's guesses on the nose! That baby couldn't prognosticate the month in 1929 in which the Fourth of July'll fall. Even if you gave him five chances, he couldn't tell you who wrote Chopin's Funeral March. That's how good a guesser he is.

The next morning I drifts down to Price's office in the House of the Forty Thieves to talk over the situation. Harry still insists that the rise in Anchovy Products is pure rig-up, and that National Nut is more likely to merge with an outbreak of hog cholera than it is with the universal-joint layout.

"If you want to cure your egg-scrambler," says Price, "why don't you let her stay in until her bank-roll's boyishly bobbed? The loss of twenty-five hundred smackers isn't going to force your furniture out on the street, is it?"

going to seventy-five. It may hit forty before the scuttlers get busy, but no higher. A twenty-point spread is usually enough to get the suckers in for a quick turnover. A. P.'s not the kind of stock you can play with long.

It's get 'em, goal 'em and gate 'em, with that morning-glory!"

"How would it be," I asks, "for me to go short five hundred shares on this Anchovy punk?"

"An idea not entirely devoid of merit," decides Price. "You save the family plate on the hedge, and the chances are good you'll pick a few berries for yourself, besides."

"Berries with a rasp in 'em," says I, "if the merger with National Nut should go through."

"But I'm telling you it wont," barks the toast of the ticker. "They can't draw a breath in the N. N. offices without me being tipped off in advance. I'm the specialist, and—"

Nevertheless I gives him the order, and on a ten-point margin, it sets me back five grand. However, as the souse remarked when asked at the hospital why he had jumped from the third-story window, it seemed a good idea at the time.

At Harry's invitation I follows him over to the Exchange. I'd never been there before, and I'm curious to see how the bulls and the bears'll make merry with my small contribution to the morning's festivities. After pointing out the location of his post and the one where A. P.'s dealt in, Price shooes me up to the gallery. There sit Breeze, Chérie and the *Fran*.

"What are you doing here?" demands the Missus.

"Waiting for a taxicab," I comes back, surly. "How about yourself? It seems to me when I left (*Please turn to page 138*)

Mermaid and Centaur

With strongest love strides strongest hate; when a man and a girl, out of opposite elements, defy their differences in the impulse to marry, then there is a remarkable story.

The Story So Far:

A GREAT, powerful man-of-the-earth—the farmer Jason Bradford—falls in love with a lithe, beautiful diving-girl. Their natures are as antagonistic as centaur and mermaid—and they come from elements as opposite as land and water.

Jason has refrained from mating because he has under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth has been a bedridden cripple. He has left Rita, perforce, at home while with his farmhands and their womenfolk he has gone to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He is fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Enthralled by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he has sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

"Captain" Querl, an acrobat, accuses Jason of another motive. Perhaps Jason himself does not know how he has come under the spell of Zarna. The men quarrel; but Jason obtains Zarna's promise to visit his farm.

After leaving her, Jason sees his fellow-farmers caught by the crooked games of the carnival showmen; the glamour suddenly is gone; and Jason wonders whether the lovely Zarna is not as slick and treacherous as the others. (*The story continues in detail:*)

SUDDENLY, as Jason studied from his height the people of his town and watched them squandering their savings on the games, plunging deeper and with increasing frenzy after every loss, he saw his friends and neighbors in a new aspect.

They were not, after all, the innocent lambs, the betrayed guests of these wolfish hosts of carnival land. They did their best to get the better of their entertainers. They ventured their coin only on games that promised them unbounded usury. They flung good money after bad only because they figured that their next gamble was surer than the last. They matched their cleverness against the simple-looking people behind the counters, who played upon the basest motives of the populace.

Jason could see over all the heads into the merry-go-round. Delia was just climbing aboard. Judging from the armload of junk she carried, she had been the rounds and was returning for more circulation. Moe's pockets were stuffed with trinkets, and his hat was cocked over one ear.

He was unnecessarily affectionate in his manner as he helped Delia aboard a hobby-horse. Then he swung himself aboard a spotted cayuse, and the music began to wrangle and sneeze, the horses bobbed up and down, and the skirts flew back. Round and round Delia rode, hanging dizzily to Moe and the strap. Round and round they went, hysterical with laughter and leaning against each other.

On the same carrousel and scattered through the crowds were other girls and women of Jason's acquaintance. Some of them he had known very well indeed—so well that he had found it none too easy to escape marriage. But if he had not always resisted their seductions or they his, he had always resisted the temptation to wedlock, usually on Rita's account. The test of every woman

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by
Forrest C. Crooks



was the effect her presence would have on his sister. Some of those who visited Rita tortured her with oppressive sympathy, others with a more depressing effort at false cheer. Some of them told her of the people still more unlucky than she. Others told her of their own greater miseries. They all irritated her with some tactlessness. So Jason lived two lives and kept two souls. Outside the house he was a restless and relentless male, at home a brother, a priest vowed to celibacy.

Tonight he was outside the house, yet he found womankind less attractive than ever. He rejoiced now in his bachelorhood as he watched the married men and those doomed to speedy execution. Some of them had married or were going to marry old sweethearts of Jason's, but these did not seem to be the same

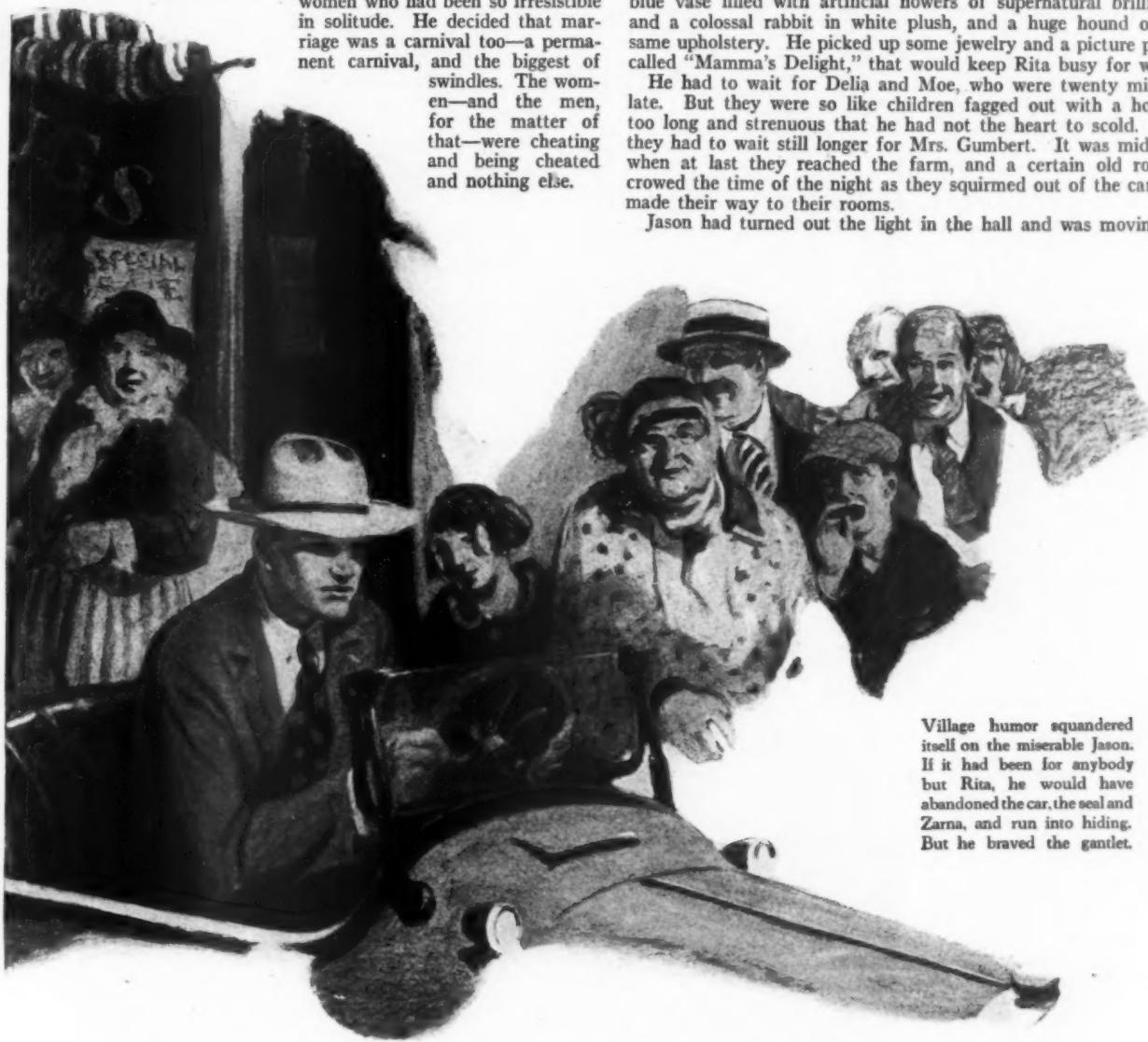
women who had been so irresistible in solitude. He decided that marriage was a carnival too—a permanent carnival, and the biggest of swindles. The women—and the men, for the matter of that—were cheating and being cheated and nothing else.

much he would charge for the lamp outright. The man was reluctant to sell his bait, because he kept selling it over and over without losing it, but he consented to accept twice what the lamp would have cost in a Midfield shop.

In the same way and at the same expense Jason bought a bright blue vase filled with artificial flowers of supernatural brilliance, and a colossal rabbit in white plush, and a huge hound of the same upholstery. He picked up some jewelry and a picture puzzle called "Mamma's Delight," that would keep Rita busy for weeks.

He had to wait for Delia and Moe, who were twenty minutes late. But they were so like children fagged out with a holiday too long and strenuous that he had not the heart to scold. And they had to wait still longer for Mrs. Gumbert. It was midnight when at last they reached the farm, and a certain old rooster crowed the time of the night as they squirmed out of the car and made their way to their rooms.

Jason had turned out the light in the hall and was moving on



Village humor squandered itself on the miserable Jason. If it had been for anybody but Rita, he would have abandoned the car, the seal and Zarna, and run into hiding. But he braved the gantlet.

The talk of love and bliss and home was marital ballyhoo. The mystery about the marvels inside the tent was lies. Romance was a crooked wheel, and it was love that made it go round. "Eternal happiness," "rapture," "contentment" were displayed as capital prizes, and the barkers yelled that they were anybody's for a lucky turn of the wheel. But the big prizes somehow stayed on the shelf, and the gamblers had nothing to carry home but what they did not want or what they could have had for nothing. The wheels were all crooked.

There had been times enough when Jason had regretted his wifeless life, his loneliness, his failure to breed his kind and surround his knees with children. But tonight he laughed with pride in his wisdom.

Abruptly he remembered that he had bought nothing for Rita. Nothing seemed to be offered for honest purchase. Everything had to be gambled for. He was out of that mood.

He saw a lamp that he thought pretty, though it would have given an interior decorator an attack of rabies. He spent a dollar trying to win it by watching a marble joggle down through a labyrinth of pins into a numbered box, but somehow it never quite fell into the good numbers. Finally he asked the operator how

tiptoe past Rita's door to his own when he heard her angelic voice steal through the air with a pursuing softness:

"H'lo, honey!"

"H'lo, honey. Good night!"

"Come in a minute, wont you?"

He unloaded his loot on the hall table softly and opened her door. Her eyes came out at him like a lynx's, and she pleaded:

"Are you too sleepy to tell me about the carnival?"

"Me? No! It's kind of late for you, though."

"I'm always awake. Did you see the seal?"

"Yes. I saw the seal." He turned on a shaded light.

"Did she sing?"

"Kind of."

"What did she sound like?"

He made the worst noises his throat could disgorge, and the room rang with Rita's laughter.

"What did she act like?"

He wanted to tell her the amazing news that she would see for herself in the morning, that she would have the unheard-of glory of being called on by a lady seal. But he was afraid that something would prevent. The seal would die. Zarna would change

They ventured their coin only on games that promised usury. They flung good money after bad only because they figured their next gamble surer than the last.

her mind. Something was sure to happen. Rita might be too ill to see the seal. It struck him that even the gifts he had brought her might not be there tomorrow, or she might not be able to enjoy them.

"How did the seal act?"

He gave the poorest possible imitation of a seal, but it was convincing to Rita, who had never seen one. Her delight was like a peal of bells as he flapped his arms and hands about, barked, balanced an imaginary ball on his nose, and gulped down fragments of fish.

"What was Zarna like?" she asked suddenly.

"Something like the seal, in some ways—and kind of different in others."

"What sort of a dress did she have on?"

"Mostly nothing at all."

"Did you fall in love with her?"

"Not so's you could notice it."

There was a convincing tone in his voice, and she returned to her mania:

"Do the seal again, Jason."

For fear that she would keep him playing the fool all night, he changed the subject:

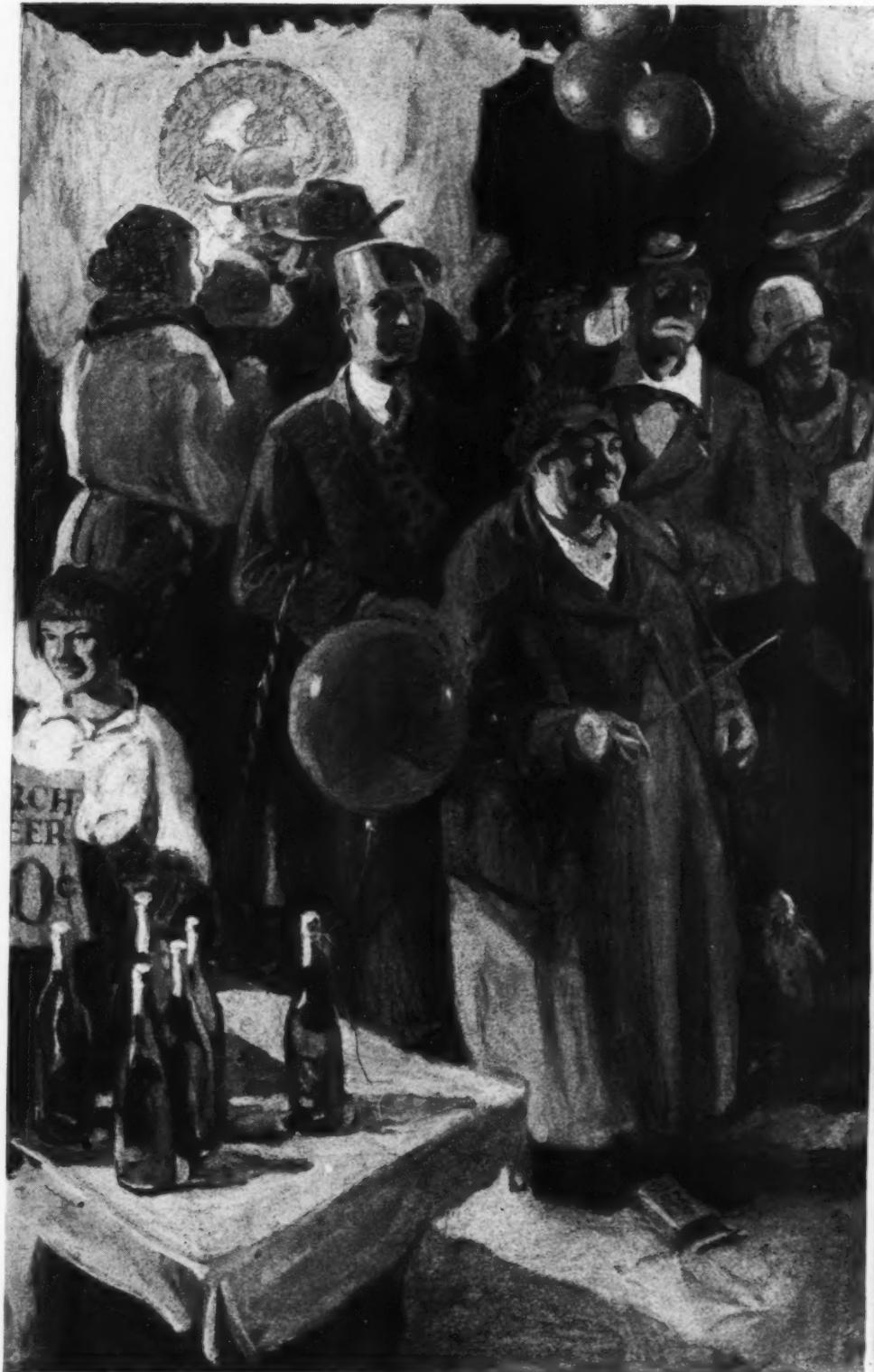
"I brought you a little present."

A present was a rain of manna in her desert, and she was all agog while he went into the hall and selected from his store the simplest of the gew-gaws, a cheap little Chinese fan. It was ivory and old lace to her, and the print might have been from Watteau's own brush. She found the mechanism of its folding and unfolding as marvelous as the original inventor must have found it, and she waved it and drew incense from the breeze it made.

Then he fetched her two rings, and their average was a perfect fit; one of them did not quite go on, but the other would not fall off if she kept her hand closed.

Her rapture increased with his every trip to that inexhaustible hall until he began to fear for her. Her nerves and her ability to endure emotion had not grown with her soul. He dared not bring in all his purchases, but he had to show her the rabbit and the dog. The rabbit drained her last drop of laughter; she had barely strength enough to tweak its enormous ears. The plush hound saved the night, for she put out her arms and hugged it close to her heart, shut her eyes upon it in peace, and sighed:

"This is next to having a—a—" She fell asleep on the unspoken word. Jason knew what it would have been. He turned



out the light and stared long at the invisible place where she dwelt. She was as beautiful as anybody in the dark.

BUSINESS at the bank was the pretext Jason gave Rita next morning for his trip to town.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble," she said, "you might try to get me a photograph of that seal—not if it costs too much, though. But if it didn't, it would be nice to have a picture of a seal."

"I'll see if I can dig one up somewhere," he said. It took all



TORRETT C.
CROOKS-28

his strength to withhold the secret of his errand, but he was afraid that something might still thwart his scheme. He was afraid, too, that if she saw the seal, the shock of delight would harm her. It was as necessary to break good news to her gently, as bad. But he could do that when he had made sure of the news.

He and the hour of ten met at the dressing-tent.

The carnival had the drunken morning-after look of a be-draggled woman. The invaders were yawning and cleaning up listlessly under the listless banners. The tinsel was woeful trash

in the daylight, and the gorgeous prizes of the gambling concessions incredible frippery. The place needed the presence of the herd, music, lights, chance and conflict.

The clown who had directed Jason to Zarna was washed up now, and looked no more impressive than a farmhand. The bareback rider might have been a hired girl, and the sick dog was only a well dog.

The clown remembered Jason and went to call Zarna without being asked to. But she did not come out at once. Jason could hear her voice talking to a voice that he recognized at once as Captain Harry Querl's.

The Captain was angry; yet even Jason noted that his anger had the sound of a lover's wrath. It resembled a jealous husband's, for it implied both proprietorship and violated confidence.

Zarna's tone was angry too, but with the resentment of a woman unjustly accused of a disloyalty, or denying an obligation to be loyal. The show-people lived in such close quarters that they evidently enjoyed a community of family quarrels, for Zarna put no damper on her voice:

"I tell you I couldn't help it. You stood by and said it was all right."

"Yeah, but I been thinkin' it over, and it don't listen so good in the daylight for you to go datin' yourself up with a Reub for a joy-ride."

"Joy-ride! To go out and see a strange man's poor little bedridden sister!"

"Agh, hell! How do I know he's got a sister? You notice he didn't ask *me*. Looks to me like a phony steer. You can't trust one of these farmers, and I don't like to see you gallivantin' round with any hick that picks you up."

"Well, let me tell you, Mr. Man, no hick and no nobody picks me up. And if I can't take care of myself with a farmer after the years I've spent in the carnival racket with this mob of grifters and shillabers, I deserve my fate, I deserve my fate."

"Well, all right, all right."

"If you can't trust me to do a little charity work, then don't!"

"Ah, I trust you, but—"

"Then lea' me go. I got a date."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by!"

There were sounds and silences that might have meant kisses and hugs, or might not. Jason could not be sure, but he saw that when Captain Querl appeared, his eyes whipped Jason with no friendliness, though his voice was cordial enough.

The Captain was dressed in what

Jason assumed to be the height of style. Jason was dressed in what he knew to be anything else. He flushed and wriggled inside his clothes as Querl glared at him and walked past with the jointless buttery gait that acrobats acquire. He made Jason feel as awkward as an iron man, and though the young farmer hated Querl instinctively with a hatred as of race, almost of species, he was afraid of the man somehow.

Behind his back he could hear Querl and the clown exchanging comments on the excellent business of the night. "It looks like a red one, this week," said the clown.

"Yeah, but you can't rely on these Reubs any more than you can on their weather. Some of 'em spent money last night that never spent it before and never will again. This town looks to me like it had died standing up and don't know it."

Jason could feel that they were studying him and exchanging signals of derision, but he was in a strange country with a canvas sky, and he did not want to start anything that might interfere with his mission.

At last Zarna came out and Querl departed hastily. Jason forgot him in his stupefaction at the change in Zarna. He had seen her only under the flares, under the blare of her Spanish shawl and without it, and in and out of the old bathrobe. Now she was a woman in civilian clothes, and those none too new or fashionable; yet there was something too wild and lithe in her carriage and in her eyes to be subdued entirely by a street hat, skirts, stockings and shoes. Still she was a woman. She swam a little, floated somehow rather than walked; yet she was human and real. She smiled and put out her hand:

"Sorry to've kept you waiting. And how's the little girl this morning?"

"Oh, she's all right, thanks. Did you—is the—is the seal all right?"

He looked about. She winced a little at the small impression she had apparently made on him, but she was as used to having her act flop as to score a sensation.

"Susanne?" she said. "Yes, she's fine as silk. Got your car? You might drive it up as close as you can, for I don't like to let too many people see Susanne for nothing."

He hurried away and with some difficulty persuaded the guards to let him drive through the lines. Zarna came out with a knapsack full of chopped fish slung over her shoulder. Susanne followed her, lurching, stretching herself up to sniff the sack and muttering prayers of insatiable hunger.

Jason could hardly believe that he was himself when he saw himself gravely holding open the rear door of his automobile while a seal climbed in and sat down.

Susanne protested and shook her head, sobbing and pleading, but at Zarna's command she finally put her foreflippers on the running board and with supreme ungainliness leaped and floundered into her place.

As always when she had done what she was told to do, she opened her whiskered jaws and gurgled for fish. Zarna pressed a chunk into the sharp teeth and wrapped Susanne in the laprobe as well as she could, to minimize the attention she was bound to attract, then sat by her side.

Jason, with many misgivings, took his place at the wheel.

When they reached the street and had to drive through traffic and halt beside other cars, the excitement was epochal. Village humor squandered itself on the miserable Jason, who had never known before what it was to attract the attention of the crowd.

If it had been for anybody but Rita, he would have abandoned the car, the seal and Zarna, and run into hiding. But he braved the gantlet and found himself at last on the country road where the cars were few, though the wonder did not cease to widen the eyes and mouths of all the passers-by.

Zarna made a number of vain efforts to kindle a little conversation and then gave up. After a time he realized that he was not quite the perfect host, and in a throe of desperate endeavor, turned his head a little to say:

"First visit to Midfield?"

"Yeah. Nice country round here!"

"Think so?"

"Swell. Seem to be nice people too. They certainly turned out last night."

"Well, they'd ought to have. You put on a grand show."

"Think so?"

"Grand. I liked your act best of all."

"Why, thanks."

"Was it hard to learn to swim like you do?"

"I don't remember. I think I was born in a 'quarium."

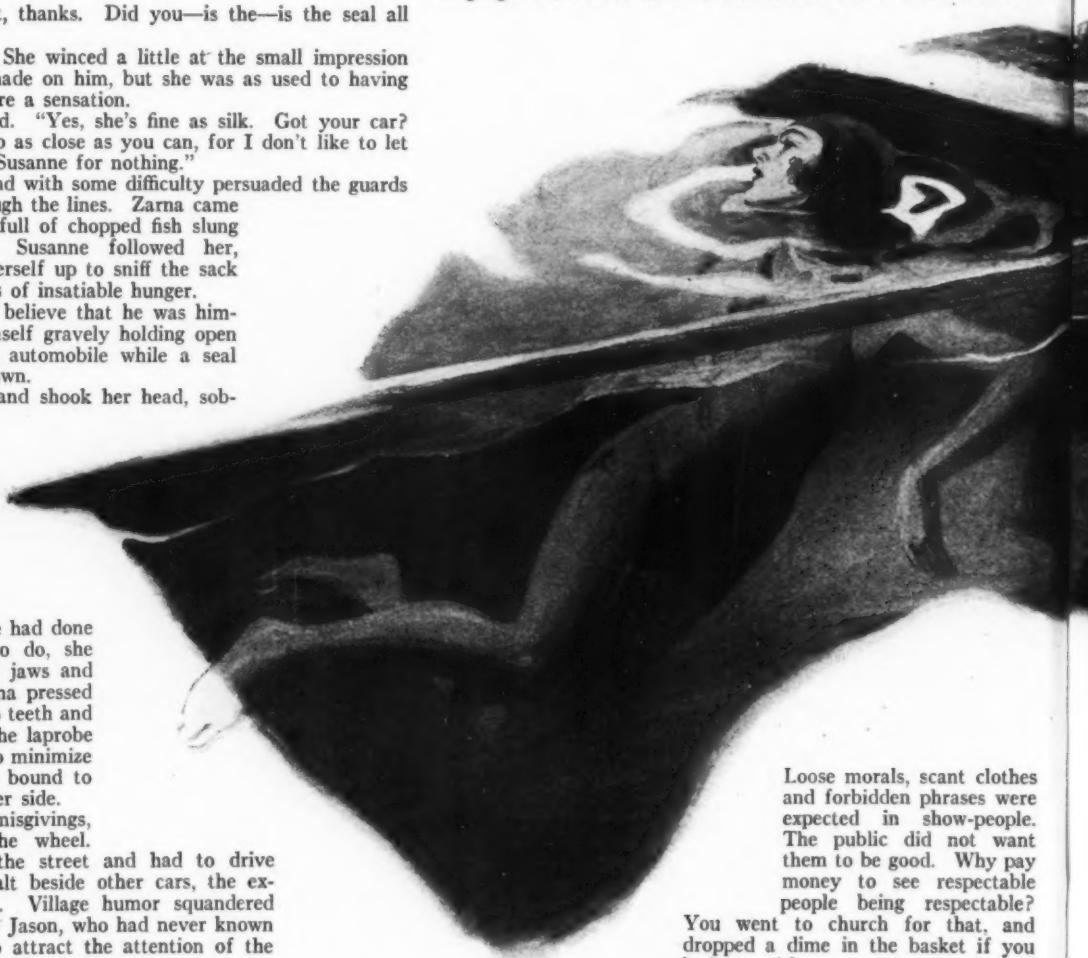
"Is that so! Well, you don't look it. Me, I never could seem to learn to swim."

"You don't have to. With legs as long as yours, you could wade across the Atlantic Ocean, pretty near."

"Well, not all the way, I guess. We got a big pond on our farm. I tried to learn there, but I guess I was so long and lanky I couldn't keep up. And as for divin'—gosh! You could have heard me splash a mile off. It's great the way you go in head first, feet first, or any old way; but me—I always did a—a—" "A belly-whacker?"

He almost drove off the bridge they were crossing when she said that. But he laughed as soon as he dared to.

Her ribaldry somehow did not shock him as such unladylike language would have done in the mouth of one of his own sort.



Loose morals, scant clothes and forbidden phrases were expected in show-people. The public did not want them to be good. Why pay money to see respectable people being respectable?

You went to church for that, and dropped a dime in the basket if you had one with you.

Jason was all a-simmer with his exotic escapade—a farmer out riding with a diving Venus—and a trained seal! Suddenly he sobered and stared ahead as he saw a car approaching, driven by a young woman he knew. He bowed and gave his hat-brim a yank as she scudded by.

Perhaps it was because she saw Jason blushing to the back of his neck; perhaps it was because she caught the white flash that crossed the face of the passing woman; but Zarna decided that she had started something dramatic in Midfield. Merely to test her intuition, and with but little heed for tact, she ventured:

"You better marry that lady quick or you'll lose her; or else I'll lose my life."

"What lady?" Jason asked, knowing well enough.

"The one we just passed. Right pretty before she saw me.

She gave me one of the nastiest looks one woman ever gave another, and that's some nasty!"

"Oh, Two Cents! She wouldn't give anybody a nasty look."

"What do you mean, two cents?"

"That's her name."

"What's whose name?"

"The girl's we just passed."

"Go on!"

the bar and says: "And by God, if this one's a girl, I'll name her Two Cents." And it was, and he did. He was a very pious man, sober or stewed, and since he'd taken his oath, he kep' it. Two Cents he named her, and Two Cents she is—Two Cents Tanner. And as far as I could ever see, it's about as good a name as any other."

Zarna shook her head in amazement. These country people were certainly crazy; nothing normal about them in ideas or clothes.

She was curious to see how they dealt with love:

"Well, her name may be Two Cents, but I bet she looks like a million dollars to you, Mr. Bradford."

Jason was puzzled.

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, anyway, you look like that much to her, and she's going to ask you a few plain questions when she sees you next. You better tell her I'm your aunt from Kokomo and the seal is your sick nephew."

"You don't know Two Cents," he said. "She'd never make a fuss about anything—cert'n'y not over me. We've been just good friends since we were kids."

Jason was more uncomfortable than he liked to admit even to himself. He realized that he would have to do a heap of explaining, and endure an endless chain of comments from all the people in town who knew him.

He was not in the least afraid of Two Cents Tanner. She was one of the few women he knew whom he respected and liked too well to overpower with the rushes of passion that stormed in him as a rule when he found a woman interesting at all. It confused him now to have her see him with this fast, painted hussy from the carnival. And she had turned white! She would never speak of it, but he could see that she had been frightened and hurt. And he did not like to add to the woes of a nice girl whose sisters put upon her miseries enough.

Zarna, studying the nearer side of Jason's face, imagined that he was in love with Two Cents Tanner. She was sure that Two Cents was in love with him. She wanted to learn more of the queer ways these Reubs had of loving and avoiding happiness. But she could not figure out a likely line of questioning. And suddenly Susanne began to bark and lunge as

Jason drove slowly through a number of lazy swine escaped to the roadway through the tumbled fence in front of a house whose

squlor was conspicuous among the neat farmsteads hereabout. A one-hinged sidelong gate gave access to a weed-be-whiskered path to a broken porch on a house that had forgotten the name of paint. The littered yards, the miserable cattle and the big sprawling ruinous barns were all of a character with the shiftless men and women dawdling about their tasks.

Zarna was afraid that Jason might be turning in there; but when she was sure that he was passing, she ventured a sarcasm:

"What's that? The Country Club?"

"That's where Two Cents lives," said Jason.

"My God!" gasped Zarna. "Whyn't you marry her quick and take her out of it? Anything the matter with her?"

Jason was dazed by so unexpected an attack. He shook his head:

"There's nothin' the matter with Two Cents. But I'm not a marryin' man."

"Then what's the matter of you?" said Zarna.

"Nothin' at all!" Jason answered with an emphatic denial of an accusation Zarna had not meant to imply but instantly understood. They both laughed uproariously. Then she realized that she had to maintain the dignity of all her carnival people against the slanderous opinion of the evil-minded public, and she drew herself up with great dignity and returned to the problem of the eighth Tanner girl:

"Two Cents looked like a mighty white kid to me."

"She is. I feel mighty sorry for Two Cents."

"That's the worst comp'ment you (Please turn to page 132)

Now that he knew how kind she was, how tactful and how generous, he was stripped of all insulation against her beauty and her skill.

"Honest, it is. You see, her mother had about seven children before her—all of 'em girls. And the people joshed old man Tanner so about it, that when finally another baby was comin' along—he was in a soft-drink parlor, in town, and drinkin' a lot, and he says: 'If my old woman hands me another girl—why, I wouldn't give two cents for another girl!' And then he slapped

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Where Do We Go From Here?

By
Frank Parker
Stockbridge

Illustrated by
Frederick J. Garner

WHERE do we go from the point at which we have arrived at the New Year, 1929?

Man's eternal question, to which all the prophets and seers have never been able to give the answer.

The one thing we can be sure of is that we are going somewhere—going there faster than the world has ever moved before. Manners, habits, occupations, our whole social philosophy, all are changing before our eyes. Nothing is like what it was twenty years ago; nothing in 1949 will be like what it is today.

There is nothing new in change. Man has been changing the world for immemorial eons. Change is the only permanent thing in life. The new thing is the speed with which we are changing today.

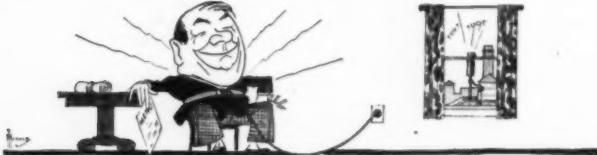
We can tell in what general direction we are traveling by comparing specific economic and social facts of twenty years ago



The top of our present flight is hidden in clouds of the future. If—

with similar facts of today. We can tell how fast we have traveled so far, by the same method of comparison. What we can't tell is whether we shall keep on in the same direction, and how fast we shall be moving toward whatever goal, twenty years hence.

If nothing happens to deflect our present tendencies, to slow down or to accelerate our present rate of progress, then the dead-



"Men will draw from an electric socket the energy for the day's work."

reckoning forecasts which I have set down, in tabular form for easy reading on the opposite page, give a fair picture of American life, in many phases, as it will be by 1949. If!

Human progress is by spurts and stops. Mankind climbs flights of stairs from one level to another, rather than moving upward steadily on a ramp. A brief flight upward, then a long rest before the next one. The flights grow longer, the ascent faster; but all that we know of the past shows us the long, long rests between one step up and the next one.

Today we are climbing one of the long flights upward. It is the longest single flight our race has yet attempted. We are negotiating it faster than, probably, humanity ever traveled upward before. How high it will carry us we can only guess. The top of our present flight is hidden in the clouds of the unknowable future. Neither can we tell how long we shall rest when we have completed this step. Always the *if*.

We began to climb this long stairway of modern progress less than two hundred years ago. It is the stairway of machinery, of power, of science and invention. We have been climbing faster



He could fly around the world, without ever getting away from the sun.

and faster ever since we started up it. We may be near the top, or it may stretch higher than we have come so far; nobody knows. We only know that before the human race began to harness Nature and drive the elements as a team, we climbed slowly and painfully from one elevation to the next, by short flights, stopping after each for thousands upon thousands of years before beginning the next ascent. Perhaps in a thousand years this flight we are now negotiating will seem to man of that day as short, slow and laboriously achieved. In all probability that will be the case; to believe otherwise would be to doubt the validity of conclusions drawn from experience.

Consider a few of the flights which have marked human progress since that time, twenty thousand or twenty million years ago, when man first evolved into a tool-using animal, the only tool-user our earth has produced.



—Seeing face to face those with whom we talk at thousand-mile range.

He found that by scratching the surface of the earth with a stick he could make more food grow. The plow may have been man's first invention. It changed him from a food-hunter to a food-grower. It enabled the family, the tribe, to stay in one place, to found a town, a community. Government, politics, began. It changed the habits of life and of (Please turn to page 136)

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO AMERICAN LIFE

(NOTE: In this tabular presentation "Yesterday" means approximately twenty years ago, depending upon the time for which statistics are available; "Today" means according to the latest collected information obtainable; and "Tomorrow" is the author's projection of the tendency shown by the first two, if continued at the same rate of speed, twenty years hence.)

YESTERDAY	TODAY	TOMORROW	YESTERDAY	TODAY	TOMORROW
Forty-five persons in one hundred lived in cities and towns, fifty-five on farms.	Fifty-five out of one hundred live in cities, forty-five on farms.	Sixty-four per cent of all Americans will be city dwellers.	We bought two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of new furniture a year.	We spend nearly two billion dollars a year for new furniture.	We will buy more and better furniture, probably spending five billions a year for it.
Twenty million families lived in eighteen million houses.	Twenty-four million families live in twenty million houses.	Thirty-three million families will live in twenty-four million houses or apartments.	Ninety-seven men out of every hundred aged from 21 to 44 worked for a living.	Only ninety-four men have to work, out of every one hundred of working age.	We will have a leisure class, living on its income, the "upper ten" per cent of our people.
Only fifty-eight per cent of men and fifty-seven per cent of women were married.	Over sixty-one per cent of men and sixty per cent of women are married.	Marriage will be still more popular; two-thirds of all men and women will go in for it.	Twenty-six women out of every one hundred between 21 and 44 worked for wages or salary.	Only twenty-five per cent of women now work outside the home.	Probably more women will be self-supporting, because of wider opportunities in city life.
Eleven out of twelve marriages were successful, or at least stayed put.	There is one divorce to every seven marriages.	One-quarter of all marriages will end in divorce.	Twenty-two per cent of all women workers were employed in factories.	Only twelve per cent of women who work do farm labor.	Practically no women will be hired for farm work.
There were twenty-five children to each ten families.	There are only twenty-three children to each ten families.	The average family will have only two children.	Twenty-two per cent of women workers were employed in factories.	Factories still employ twenty-two per cent of all women workers.	There will be the same or a larger proportion of women in factory work.
A new baby was born every year to every twenty families.	Only one baby is born each year to twenty-five families.	There will be only one baby a year to thirty families. Population will begin to diminish.	Sixteen working women out of every hundred were in professional or clerical employment.	Thirty women of every hundred workers are doing office work.	Two-thirds of all women who work will earn their pay in offices.
The newborn baby could not expect to live beyond forty-eight years.	The average length of life has increased to nearly fifty-five years.	Every child can expect to live past sixty, which will tend to balance the lowering birth-rate.	The real estate of the whole country was valued at forty-six billion dollars in 1904.	The Government estimates the value of real estate at one hundred and sixty billions.	City real estate values will rise as population crowds in, to three times present figures.
A quarter of all the boys under sixteen and an eighth of the girls were working for wages.	Only one boy in nine and one girl in twenty have to work outside the home.	Practically all children under sixteen will be in school up to that age.	Ten million persons had savings-bank accounts, and they averaged less than \$700 each.	Twenty-three million persons have more than \$1,000 in savings accounts.	Individual capital reserves will increase to an average of \$2,000 or more per family.
Sixty-four children out of one hundred went to school.	Now five out of six under seventeen attend school.	No child under sixteen will be permitted to work for hire except in vacation.	There were three hundred and twelve thousand motorcars in use in 1909.	There are over twenty-four million motorcars in use, an average of one to a family.	Forty million automobiles will make traffic in the big cities an almost insoluble problem.
One person in one hundred went to high school.	One in forty goes to high school.	Five per cent of us will go to high school.	No body had even dreamed of radio broadcasting.	Nearly nine million radio receiving sets are in use.	Every home will have its radio receiver, probably with television attachment.
A hundred thousand men and fifty thousand women were in colleges and universities.	Four hundred and fifty thousand men and over a quarter-million women attend college.	A million and a half young men and women will be passing through college, nearly as many women as men.	In 1902 there were two million telephones in use.	There are over eighteen million telephones, using over thirty-five million messages a year.	Every house, apartment, farm, garage, factory and office will have a phone.
We smoked six billion cigarettes in 1909, and a few million more cigars.	We smoke eighty-nine billion cigarettes a year and about as many cigars as we used to.	Women smokers will cause us to consume four times as many cigarettes and no more cigars.	There were only twelve airplanes in the world in 1909.	The Department of Commerce has licensed 5,816 airplanes besides military planes.	A million is a fair estimate of the number of planes probably in regular use by 1949.
We spent \$2,000,000,000 for cotton goods, \$250,000,000 for silk, and \$2,000,000 for artificial silk.	We spend \$800,000,000 for silk, \$1,500,000,000 for cotton and \$100,000,000 for artificial silk.	Silk and artificial silk will almost eliminate cotton clothing except among the very poor.	Twenty years ago American industry used less than three horsepower per worker.	Now each industrial worker has an average of over five horsepower at his command.	With the development of automatic machines, ten horsepower per worker is probable.
A dollar would buy five pounds of sirloin; we ate seventy-three pounds of beef each, every year.	Now a dollar buys two pounds and a half, and we are eating only sixty-three pounds of beef a year, each.	We will eat still less meat and more vegetables as we are relieved of muscular toil.	In 1910 there were 521 out of every one hundred thousand persons convicted of crime.	In 1923 only 325 in one hundred thousand criminals were convicted.	The war on crime, forced on us by our more crowded city life, will cut the crime record in half.
The average working week consisted of sixty hours.	The week's work for the vast majority is forty-four hours.	The five-day week, already established in some industries, will be universal.	One hundred eighty-five out of each 100,000 persons was convicted of drunkenness.	Only eighty-three out of 100,000 total inhabitants was sent down for intoxication.	Prohibition will be effectively enforced and drunkenness will disappear, or nearly so.
Carpenters got four dollars a day; the average family income was about \$800.00 a year.	Carpenters get twelve dollars a day, and the average family has an income of about \$2,200.	The "Age of Comfort" for everybody will have arrived.	Murder and manslaughter convictions sent 3.1 persons out of each 100,000 to prison.	Convictions for murder and manslaughter are only slightly greater than twenty years ago.	More murderers will be convicted in proportion to the total number of homicides.
The U. S. "index number" for keeping tab on living costs and earnings in 1913 was 100.	The index number for living costs is 175, but the wage-scale index number is 233.	Salaries will continue to rise faster than living costs, increasing everybody's buying power.	In 1904 one American in a thousand was a pauper in an almshouse.	In 1923 there was only one pauper to each fourteen hundred inhabitants.	The old crop of paupers will have died off, and there will be almost no new ones.
We spent thirty million dollars for cold cream, lipsticks, face powder and other beautifiers.	Our annual bill for cosmetics and beauty parlor treatments is around \$150,000,000.	Fashions change so that one guess is as good as another. Women may decide to look natural.	In 1890 only 118 out of each hundred thousand was crazy enough to be locked up.	In 1923 there were 245 patients in insane asylums for each 100,000 population.	Improved economic and hygienic conditions will tend to check the increase in insanity.

The Maddest of All Follies

By Bernard De Voto

The most popular university in America is, beyond any rival, "Olympus." It is co-educational, of course. And here it is for you to enjoy.

IT was the college doldrums, that ghastly period between Christmas vacation and midyear examinations when everyone's vitality runs low and the times are so drear that undergraduates, to escape boredom, will even study. The voice of Alicia Hedges, Dean of Women at Olympus University, coming fretfully over the wire, seemed to me of one piece with the season. I listened resignedly and observed through my office window a black sky lowering toward evening beyond, the January wind crying out of Hudson Bay. Somehow palmettoes rose in my mind. I reflected that at Biloxi there were neither students nor winter. I might manage ten days between semesters. Or at New Orleans.

"Just the same, I'm going to bring Mr. Fisk to your office, Professor Sloane. Please await me there."

The Dean of Women would say "await." There would be no she-deans on the Gulf Coast. I knew nothing of this betrothal that so disturbed Alicia Hedges. A co-educational college sprouts more marriages than degrees, on the whole; and Alicia, I knew, always held it an offense in youth to acknowledge the existence of the mating instinct. . . .

Yes, by judicious cutting of classes I might even contrive three weeks. New Orleans would be better than Biloxi. . . . And even as I toyed with the idea, my telephone rang again and Isabel Fleet canceled her engagement to have dinner with me that evening. Her voice, usually so mirthful, was as dull as my mood. For five years Isabel had lightened the austerities of my pedagogical life. She had come back this year for an M.A., and had taken it far more seriously than her blonde shingle and slim ankles would have indicated. Much more seriously than it was worth, if I was to lose the evening that would have restored my good nature.

That settled it! I would go to New Orleans and see if the sun couldn't restore my spirits. Damn an educational system that harnessed the loveliness of Isabel Fleet to a treadmill of nonentity! But here the Dean of Women entered and introduced me to a Parent.

Mr. Theodore Fisk, it developed, had traveled a hundred and fifty miles from the First National Bank of Kellogg County because his daughter Helen had informed her parents that she was engaged to be married. He had interviewed her and the young Raymond Stote of her desire. Then he had interviewed the Dean of Women. And now, for some whim of Alicia's that I could not



understand, he was interviewing me. I remembered that a Raymond Stote had flunked my course in Johnson and His Circle last year, and I was vaguely aware that a slender, pert, red-haired youngster named Helen Fisk was on the point of doing so this year. But I knew nothing more about either of them.

"Miss Hedges gives me to understand that you are influential with the students," Mr. Fisk said. "It's a situation—I'd like some one to talk to both of them." Then, dolefully: "Parents don't count, these days. Will you, Professor? Miss Hedges has promised to."

Miss Hedges, I was aware, would raise hell. Her ideal of youth was something sexless and unemphatic, long-skirted, bespectacled, preferably consecrated to the foreign mission field. She blinded herself as much as possible to the flirtations and tentative alliances of the campus. Those that forced themselves on her attention, I knew, genuinely perturbed her. She was quite sure, if these youngsters were contemplating elopement, to make it certain by forbidding it. . . . But I hardly saw how I fitted into the plans of Mr. Theodore Fisk. I questioned him.

No, he didn't object to an engagement. This boy was penniless, of course, and had only a vague promise of a job upon graduation in June. But that didn't matter—Mr. Fisk knew that such considerations never restrained young blood, and he supposed he could help them if they insisted on marrying in June. But he wanted to be sure that they would not run off and get married before June, defying the conventions, losing their college degrees, and embarrassing their parents.

Here Alicia Hedges shook her head sternly. "These student marriages flame out in the newspapers and make Olympus ridiculous. A college is not a marriage bureau."

"I've wondered for years just exactly what a college is," I said, "without being able to reach any sure conclusion. A marriage bureau at least justifies itself by service to the state. . . . My advice to you, Mr. Fisk, is not to interfere in any way with these perfectly natural experiments. Nature designs them, and every co-ed goes through half a dozen engagements before one of them takes. If you seem enthusiastic and approving, the chances are that your daughter will discover by the middle of March that heaven has preserved her from a terrible mistake and will consecrate herself to a life of Social Service in the Slums or to heralding the dawn of the new drama."



Illustrated
by
James
Montgomery
Flagg

"What I want to know is, are you goin' to waste one perfectly good county clerk that I had to rout out of bed and order to put on his trousers?"

also wise, and not only wise but also merry?

So I went to dinner alone and afterward sought my apartment, where some thousands of books stood, a reminder of pedagogy. Of a certainty I would go to New Orleans! But I had hardly seated myself with the most unacademic novel I could find when my doorbell rang and my favorite trio entered. I had kept them in college for four years, against the united will of deans and faculty. They were hard-boiled; they were irreverent; they dissented actively from all the orthodoxies of Olympus.

Therefore I was grateful to

them with an abiding delight. Tonight I rejoiced at their coming. But they had brought with them a fourth young man, and I groaned inwardly when John Nixon introduced him as Raymond Stote. "You flunked him once, he says, Prof," Nixon explained. "But that don't pick him out of the crowd. He's always had good sense till lately. We brought him to see if you can talk some back into that button on his spine."

Jack Larrabee and Cam Gorby, the other points of the triangle, fell upon my cigarettes and then sat cross-legged on the floor, cynically observing me. Mr. Raymond Stote, whom I had flunked, accepted a cigarette, gazed with an immense melancholy at his toes, and supported most of the world's solemnity on his shoulders. Nixon centered himself before the fireplace.

"This bozo," Nixon began, "would of got himself married tonight if the bride hadn't promised to go to the movies with some sister Kappas. I don't want you to get the idea that he's very bright or valuable, Prof, but still we don't know enough against him to sentence him to matrimony. At that, we don't believe in usin' force when you can argue a man into sanity. So you're goin' to give him some synthetic brains."

Larrabee exhaled a long jet of smoke. "Put it down, Prof," he remarked pensively, "that for once we're on the side of law and order. It's the first time we've ever gone out to do good. Yes, and yesterday Gorby worked his calculus assignment."

Mr. Raymond Stote, whose sentimental history I now began to hear, did not enormously interest me. At thirty-four, I told my-

"My advice," Alicia said, giving me a nearsighted glare through tortoise-shell rims, "is to make sure that they don't elope by refusing to let Helen have money enough to. Raymond Stote, you can be sure, won't be able to afford it. I'll keep them under observation, too. And I'll remind them that an undergraduate who marries without the consent of all parents involved is immediately expelled."

Righteous, virginal, she snorted her intention of opposing folly. She would show youth that it could not with impunity listen to the call of its own impulses. She seemed to me more than ever a pathetic person, like all the rest of us pedagogues. Assuredly, I would go to New Orleans.

"And," she announced, "if I see that the situation is getting serious, I'll wire you to take Helen home."

That was the good woman's way of restraining youth. It had a pedagogical value: it insured success to youth's purposes. . . . I found myself, though still unable to see where I could be of any use to anyone, promising Mr. Theodore Fisk that I would talk to his daughter and her young man, and would try to suggest to them the wisdom of waiting until graduation. To talk would be easy enough, and pedagogues were expert at talking.

They withdrew, and I promptly responded to their visit with an increased distaste for Olympus. Why did all of us who attempted to educate young people have to be such fools? And why, of all depressing days in the most depressing season, was I forbidden to dine with Isabel Fleet, who was not only young but

self, I could no longer be stirred by the tragedy of his being forced to wait six months before marrying. I began to advise. As befitted the situation, I made myself elderly and cynical and worldly-wise. I recounted the wastefulness of losing two degrees through precipitancy.

Mr. Raymond Stote interrupted my homily to tell me, with fiery ardor, that Mr. Theodore Fisk, President of the First National Bank of Kellogg County, had not dealt honorably with me. Mr. Fisk designed a plot. Helen Fisk, the bride-elect, was to be offered a European trip in June, in an effort to put off matrimony that much longer. That seemed, to Mr. Stote, altogether despicable. Furthermore, if Miss Fisk proved recalcitrant, she was to be ruthlessly torn from Olympus and sent to Europe before June. That was the menace that had suggested the elopement.

Patiently I did my duty by the college. I pointed out that a deathless passion could survive even six months in Europe. I spoke of the desirability of a degree when bargaining for a job by which to support one's wife. Ah, but months of separation—did degrees or jobs count, he asked, against such unthinkable dolor? I am, I trust, a persuasive counselor. In the end I won his reluctant consent to an armed truce. So long as Mr. Theodore Fisk behaved himself admirably, Mr. Raymond Stote promised to behave himself conservatively. And now he expanded and thanked me for my touching interest. He would confer on me the unparalleled honor of an introduction to my pupil, Miss Fisk. He wrung my hand, many times. He and the trio assumed their overcoats.

I called Nixon back from the door. "I've omitted telling you publicly," I said, "that Dean Hedges has thrust herself into the breach."

I feared, immediately, that I had made a mistake in tactics. Nixon's eyes brightened, and a slow grin widened at his mouth. "Oh," he said. He leaned back against a bookcase. "That old crab, huh? We haven't had a round with her in nearly a year—not since Izzy wore pajamas at the Campus show. This Fisk cutie is a sorority sister of Izzy's, you know, Prof—better ask Izzy about her. But Dean Hedges—maybe there's more to be said for this wedding than I thought. It did seem more'n a little crazy for us to be doin' good to our fellow-man." I could fairly see the course of his reflections: life was short, and in spite of everything they were probably going to graduate in June, and not much time was left to annoy the authorities.

It was, I discovered, just ten o'clock. The library would not close for another half-hour, and the news that Helen Fisk was known to Isabel seemed to make it obligatory on me to inquire about her. My duty as a counselor required me to. . . . Isabel I found alone in the English seminar room, slumped in a chair in a corner only vaguely lighted by a hooded lamp. She was very appealing in that scholarly gloom, high shelves of books rising



into the darkness above her. I felt strangely compassionate—that loveliness had not been designed for the sterile nonsense of scholarship.

"Did you come to take me home, Prof?" she asked. "That's darling of you. Education has just about sunk me."

Her voice lacked its customary life. The hand she extended to me was hot. "Isabel," I said, startled, "don't you feel well?"

"I feel rotten, Prof. How could earth's dumbest mind feel otherwise?"

I touched her forehead: it too was dry and hot. She jerked away from me, and her voice grew even stranger. Unused as I was to any tears except the purely perfunctory ones shed by co-eds



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I wandered about, exercising hospitality. Isabel was doing handsomely. I heard her describing a "Scandals" finale to a delighted theologue from the divinity school.

who hoped to raise their grades, I could not be sure that tears were responsible for the new quaver in it.

"I'm furious with myself, Prof. This whole year has taught me that you can't make an intelligent person out of a giddy fool. I'm going to leave. If I'm just a decoration, I'm going to decorate the home beautiful. Don't tell me I'm doing good work. I'm not. You've just been easing me along. I hate the whole business."

So did I. It was the desolate season. But this wasn't a moment for wailing together. "My dear Isabel," I said, "I'm going to take you home. You've caught a cold."

She stamped both feet in succession. "I despise men who think a girl's ill when she doesn't smile at them! Don't be offended, Prof. I do feel rotten."

Isabel protested the folly of driving the six blocks to her room, but inside the taxi relaxed gratefully against my shoulder. Becoming a graduate student, she had forsaken the Kappa house and had taken a room in a private house, for quiet. Her motherly old landlady, Mrs. Stearns,—who knew me from my previous appearances there,—was at once solicitous. She began to murmur about hot lemonades, hot baths, gargles, sprays and other remedies.

Isabel smiled feebly from the old dear's embrace. "Thanks, Prof. You always were the brighter side of the faculty. I'm sure Mrs. Stearns will do what's possible to save my life."

But I insisted on summoning a physician. Isabel, alarmed, forbade me to call the one who presided over the college infirmary: she preferred death, she said, to one hour within its walls. I called a member of the Faculty Club who lived in my apartment-house, and waited downstairs while he performed his mysteries. He drove me home, observing that these damned half-dressed schoolgirls deserved coryzas, but that this one would be all right when she made up the sleep she had lost on gin-parties. Contrition seized me: if Isabel had lost sleep, it was because I had required her to prepare monographs on idiotic subjects.

Mrs. Stearns hardly thought it proper for me to visit Isabel in her room, but I did so when my afternoon classes were over next day. The old lady, guarding the proprieties, crocheted and rocked by the window. Isabel, wrapped in a flame-colored negligée, thanked me for the flowers that, now I saw them in four or five vases, did seem a little overstressed.

"You sent enough for a funeral, Prof. Your doctor says I'm going to stay in bed for three days."

"Oughtn't you to go home for a week?" I said.

"Not if I'm to rest. You (Please turn to page 96)

"Take Carrier Pigeons"

A
Story of
the Air
By
Guy
Gilpatric

EVEN before you heard that his name was D'Artagnan, you knew him for a swashbuckler, an aristocrat, a gentleman of France. Never a chevalier of the old régime strutted more gallantly, puffed a nobler chest or cocked a plumed head more proudly toward the sun. He was the senior and greatest carrier-pigeon of the French navy; and in case you didn't know it, Quartermaster Bugeaud would tell you so.

Papa Bugeaud was pretty likely to tell you anyway, because he wasn't as young as he had been, and pigeon-trainers are a strangely garrulous lot.

But why, Papa Bugeaud would ask you, were he and his pigeons ashore here in Marseilles, attached to an airship station? Why weren't they out there on the Mediterranean, with the fleet, where decent sailors belonged? Why, monsieur, why? And as he asked the question, D'Artagnan, on the roof of the motor-truck above his private nesting compartment, would flutter his wings and coo, "Pourquoi?"

The trucks of Mobile Pigeon Unit No. 3 were parked at the far side of a dusty field fringed with airplane hangars, barracks and machine-shops. Behind them rose a grove of spidery wireless masts, while across the field, to the right, the great iron dirigible hangar loomed above everything like the cathedral of a medieval town. This hangar housed the *Dixmude*, formerly the German Zeppelin L 72, but now—result of certain heated conversations between frock-coated gentlemen in the mirrored halls of Versailles—the rechristened and cherished property of France.

D'Artagnan didn't think much of the *Dixmude*. Airplanes, he conceded, were well enough in their way, but dirigibles were simply big fat worms. Ever since the German crew had delivered her from Friedrichshafen, the *Dixmude* had remained in her hangar, while the French sailors painted tricolored *cocardes* over the black German crosses, and battled with the intricacies of the Maybach motor.

D'Artagnan and his flying companions, perched in line along the roofs of their trucks, would sneer for hours at the *Dixmude*, and berate the navy generally. And then the talk would swing to airplanes, and the younger pigeons would boast of their exploits while serving at sea with the aircraft carrier *Vengeur*. Once, one of them claimed to have set the pigeon speed record for all time.

This, of course, was too much for D'Artagnan. The young chaps must be shown their places. "Monsieur," he said, with quiet dignity, "you have not, of course, heard of the flight made from Toulouse to Brussels, in the Grand Concours of the Société Colognophile in 1921?"

"No, Monsieur D'Artagnan. Two years ago I was in Annam."

"Ah! Well, monsieur, that flight—five hundred miles—was covered at the rate of two thousand one hundred thirty yards a minute."

"But—Monsieur D'Artagnan! That was phenomenal!"

"On the contrary,"—and D'Artagnan bowed,—"I am even faster today." With which assertion of his prowess, he carelessly flicked the shell from a grain of barley.

On another occasion, after they had been circling the field in the noon-time sun, and were resting and gossiping on the trucks, they were visited by a local celebrity, none other than the great Vedrines. Vedrines was a tumbler pigeon who lived in a drain-pipe under the cornice of the Marseilles *hôtel de ville*, and his feats of airmanship were talked of whenever pigeons congregated. He heralded his approach by an almost vertical dive, with wings folded close to his body. At the last second, just as it seemed that he must plunge to death, he extended his wings, elevated his tail, and shot up into the air in a dizzy zoom. The pigeons were all attention, and observing that he had a gallery, Vedrines put on a show of stunting which drew applause from everyone but D'Artagnan. Finally, after some intricate maneuvers at full speed among the wireless aerials, he glided down to a perfect three-point landing, bowed, and awaited congratulations.

"Zut!" said D'Artagnan, turning to his fellows. "It's all very pretty—but what good is stunt flying? And what did this mountebank ever do for France?"

"Sir," protested one of the youngsters acidly, "we weren't considering patriotism, but flying."

"If you call that flying, watch me," D'Artagnan challenged.

Taking wing, he soared a thousand feet into the sky. Then hurtling downward, he turned wing over wing, like a corkscrew—ten, fifteen, twenty times. Snapping out of the dive, he zoomed up and—apparently—executed a perfect loop. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a loop, but what aviators call an "Immelman." The astounded pigeons didn't know the difference, and D'Artagnan, landing, didn't enlighten them.

"What you saw," he said modestly, "were not mere stunts for the gallery, but tactics learned on active service in Morocco, where the Arabs used trained peregrine falcons against me. I am not a tumbler pigeon—not an aerial acrobat. I am, gentlemen—a *D'Artagnan!*" As he glanced fiercely from one to another of them, he saw in their eyes a new respect. And he was not a little gratified to observe, over his shoulder, that the great Vedrines was departing for home in a sulk.

D'Artagnan, it was well known, had never failed on a mission. If Papa Bugeaud had a single complaint, it was that his pet had never mated. "To think," he would sigh, "that such an illustrious line should perish!" And then, hopefully, he would requisition a fresh batch of hens from Toulon—young ones, old ones, pretty ones, ugly ones—and bring them forth, one by one, for D'Artagnan's critical inspection. But always, somehow, D'Artagnan



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would emerge from the ordeal whole-hearted. He was polite—oh, very polite—but after the first sweeping bow, and the answering languishing look, he would turn the conversation to the weather, and murmur something about going up to investigate the clouds. Papa Bugeaud, baffled again, would stand there, following his flight, sympathizing with the heart-broken hen, and polishing his Croix de Guerre with the cuff of his right sleeve.

When October came, Papa Bugeaud judged that the unit had been at Marseilles long enough to begin line flights. That is, the pigeons, now accustomed to the station, would be taken successively to points in various directions, and there released. This was to cultivate their homing instincts so nicely that they could find their way from any point of the compass. D'Artagnan, of course, required no such training; he could have found his way from China at the first essay. But Papa Bugeaud, who had arranged several bets with the *Dixmude's* mechanics, took him along as so much easy money. "We are going to Villefranche," he whispered secretly to D'Artagnan, "going to sea again on a destroyer. From Villefranche you will fly—and I have bet eight hundred francs that you will get home first."

"Naturally!" agreed D'Artagnan, as he fluttered into his cage.

It was good to be at sea again, and even better, two days later, to take the air at Villefranche. He was on a mission! He circled over the harbor, over Cap Ferrat, and above the Grande Corniche. But he paid no attention to any of these—he half closed his eyes

"We are going to sea on a destroyer," Papa Bugeaud whispered to D'Artagnan. "From Villefranche you will fly—and I have bet eight hundred francs you will get home first."

ting, began a half-hearted quest for fleas. When suddenly D'Artagnan's shadow whisked across him, he sprang, startled, into the bushes.

While observing all this, and enjoying it, D'Artagnan never ceased to scan the sky for hawks. But by the middle of the day, he felt hungry, and set to studying the country beneath him for wild grain or foliage to his taste. Frankly, he didn't care much for camping out, and though an old campaigner, he preferred the regular Government rations. He was glad when he saw a house far in the distance. This house, as he came nearer, proved to be a wayside inn—a lovely, peaceful old place with a thatched roof, rambling outbuildings, and a barnyard full of chickens even then

and waited for the pull. *The pull—the pull of his nature toward home!* It would come in a minute—it had always come—yes! *To the left, to the west.* . . . Turning sharply over the roof of a blue villa, he followed his instinct as surely as a mariner follows his chart. There, below him, lay Nice. Far ahead, along the white line of breakers, he could see Antibes, then Cannes. He would cut a trifle inland, when he came to Frejus—this coast-line navigation was really too easy.

Thirty miles away, Cap Camarat jutted into the blue, and so D'Artagnan swung to the right.

The course lay over a vast forest through which a road stretched in a ribbon of white. Here and there in the clearings, families of wild boars strolled, basked in the autumn sun, or rooted for acorns and truffles. Pheasants in pairs strutted by the roadside, or sped on whirring wings through the underbrush. Once a fox came leisurely out on the highway, and sitting,



Papa Bugeaud inserted the paper in D'Artagnan's message-capsule. Then, caressing the bird,

clucking and shouldering one another around their noonday meal. D'Artagnan judged by their greedy conversation that it was cracked corn, and he was interested; but suddenly he spied a sight which interested him more.

On the sill of the inn's back door, eating from the hand of a little boy, there stood a snow-white dove. Even as D'Artagnan saw her, a strange something seemed to surge up through the air to his very heart, and in that instant he knew that it was love. After all these years, he had found his mate. His first impulse was to plunge down in a breathless dive. But this, he realized, would be showing off—it might startle her. He descended, instead, in an easy glide which brought him gently to rest on the step beside her.

The little boy greeted him with cries of delight, and called: "Grandpapa! Grandpapa! Snow White has a visitor!" And he extended a fresh handful of corn between D'Artagnan and the dove, for them to share.

D'Artagnan, however, at first politely abstained. He bowed to

Snow White in his best seigneurial manner, and introduced himself with due regard for all the knightly forms. She, in turn, dropped him a pretty curtsy, and invited him to join in her meal. This put him at liberty to eat—which he proceeded to do with great gusto, and some rather brilliant conversation.

An old gentleman came out and stood smiling.

"Look, Grandpapa," said the child, "this pigeon came from over the forest, and he has a ring on his leg."

"Why, so he has, so he has! He must be a carrier pigeon. Look you, Pierre, the ring is red, white and blue—the tricolor! He belongs to France—perhaps to the Army."

"To the Army, where my father went?"

"Yes."

The boy was silent for a moment.

"Why, Grandpapa—perhaps he *is* my father."

The old man patted the child's head. "Who can say? But see—what a handsome fellow! I believe Snow White is in love with him already!" And in truth, the dove was bowing her head in coy



It was dusk when he and Snow White spiraled high into the air on their nuptial flight, and dark when he followed her downward and into her miniature cottage—really a doll's house—which surmounted a pole in the inn yard.

WEEKS had passed and winter had come, when one morning Père Bugeaud came over from the barracks to his trucks, prepared to tend the pigeons. From force of habit he glanced toward D'Artagnan's long-vacant box—and gave a shout of joy! There, above the door, the little red automatic signal-arm was raised! The carrier pigeon had returned! Breathless, he swung open the hinged front of the box. Within stood D'Artagnan, striking an attitude, but with affection and welcome glowing through his pride. In the felt-lined nest behind him sat a beautiful white dove; and when Papa Bugeaud, with caressing words and hands had lifted her from it, his heart leaped as he saw two eggs. The D'Artagnan succession was assured!

So great was Papa Bugeaud's joy that the sentry—a sailor wearing leggings and cartridge-belt, and carrying his rifle by the sling—strode over to see what had happened.

Bugeaud told him.

"*Tiens!*" grunted the sentry, standing between the trucks for a surreptitious puff of a cigarette, "from all the fuss, Quartermaster, one would have thought you had laid them yourself!"

Throughout the succeeding days D'Artagnan was supremely happy. Invariably, around noon, he would relieve Snow White on the nest, and as is the custom among male pigeons, would sit on the eggs for three hours while his mate went up for flying exercise. And every evening, Papa Bugeaud peered eagerly into the box to see if the eggs had hatched, and to make sure that the lovers were comfortable for the night.

At the close of a late December day an orderly bicycled over from headquarters, and summoned Quartermaster Bugeaud to the Commandant. Walking across the muddy field, the old fellow presented himself at the Bureau, and was ushered into the office of Lieutenant du Plessis de Grénadan. He saluted, removed his cap, and stood at attention waiting for the officer at the desk to look up.

The Lieutenant was studying charts and tables of figures by the light of a green-shaded lamp which accented the wrinkles of care in his pleasant young face. Finally he pushed the papers aside, and nodded at Bugeaud, whom he interrupted in the act of polishing his Croix de Guerre.

"Quartermaster," he said wearily, "we fly tomorrow morning at four. My orders are to take carrier pigeons. Now, what good are carrier pigeons?"

Papa Bugeaud was speechless, but only for a moment. Then his enthusiasm for his life-work burst from him in a torrent of eloquence, accompanied by appropriate gestures: What good

were carrier pigeons, *mon Lieutenant*? For five minutes he explained their manifold virtues, and was only warming up to the subject, when the Lieutenant smiled, raised his hand and cut him short.

"Well," he said, "to comply with orders, we will take you and one carrier pigeon. But only to comply with orders. Quartermaster,"—and his voice grew tense,—"I am sick of orders. I am ordered to fly tomorrow. How does the weather look to you?"

"Storms," said Bugeaud, with the quick finality of one who knows his weather.

"Precisely! Look at the low-pressure area on the chart—see where the glass stands even now—and yet the orders are to fly. . . . Well, get aboard tonight, Quartermaster, with one carrier pigeon."

"Monsieur will find one is enough—when that one is the great D'Artagnan."

"Oh," smiled Du Plessis, sitting back and lighting a cigarette, "you can actually tell them apart?" (Please turn to page 131)

he thrust him through the rip in the fabric—into the storm.

confusion as D'Artagnan strutted along the step in front of her, his iridescent throat puffed out and his tricolored leg-band bravely glistening. Chuckling to himself, the old man led the child into the house, and gently closed the door.

The remainder of that afternoon D'Artagnan and Snow White perched side by side in a tree on the edge of the clearing. Modestly he told her of his life—of his adventures for the honor of the flag. And suddenly, reading encouragement in her face, he told her of his love. They kissed. With downcast eyes, she nestled close, cooing of the love she felt for him.

As the sun sank red into the forest tree-tops, D'Artagnan was suddenly aroused by his sense of duty. He was in the service of France—he must go! He thought of Papa Bugeaud and his wagered francs—and then he looked toward Snow White, and made his decision. This time, France could wait—Papa Bugeaud could lose his money! For nine long years he, D'Artagnan, had never faltered at the call of duty; but now he heard a stronger call.

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Help Yourself to Happiness

By
Frank R.
Adams

Illustrated by
Henry Raleigh

Seldom since Shakespeare has an author succeeded as conspicuously as Frank Adams in mingling the delights of murder and romance.

The Story So Far:

THIS Anne Harkness was, as Inspector Lavin phrased it, the kind of girl a man would be wanting for a wife. And yet Anne found herself whirled into the most amazing adventure that a nice girl ever encountered.

For Anne answered an advertisement of the noted artist Stephen Bernaberry. And while she was talking with Bernaberry his hysterically jealous model Carlotta Pascoe shot him—and was about to shoot herself when Anne snatched the revolver from her. A moment later Carlotta had calmed down sufficiently to urge Anne to go before the police came—it was none of her affair, and why should she be mixed up in it?

Shocked and bewildered, Anne made her way out of the studio. But later the afternoon papers informed her that she was indeed very much mixed up in this affair—for the canny Carlotta had told the police that Anne had done the shooting; and the last fingerprints on the gun, made by Anne, confirmed the statement.

Anne lived with her mother; but that good lady would be no help in a dilemma like this. And so Anne, desperate and terrified, took the first available train out of town.

On the train Anne met a handsome lady in a green costume who wore an emerald bracelet and a brand-new wedding ring. Indeed, Anne was conversing with this lady in her drawing-room when the collision came. But that by no means accounts for the fact that when Anne recovered consciousness in a neighboring farmhouse, it was she herself who was wearing the emerald bracelet and the new wedding ring, and the green costume lay over the foot of her bed. To the reporters Anne pretended amnesia—she couldn't remember who she was. But the ring and the bracelet and the dress caused her presently to be moved to the luxurious home of Mr. Peter Bernaberry, whose brand-new wife had run away, and who was a brother of the murdered Stephen.

A vengeful brother, too! He accepted Anne and her amnesia story and showed his strange invalid guest every consideration—



"Hand me the blue dress," Marx directed.
"That which I am about to do is a better thing than I have ever done,"—and besides, I wasn't going to stay anyhow."

while he calmly announced his intention of killing Anne Harkness, the woman he supposed had murdered his brother! Anne tried to get a message to a friendly newspaper reporter, Chester Collins, asking him to keep track of the real culprit, Carlotta Pascoe; but it was intercepted and altered by Peter. And helpless Anne had to watch the hunt for herself go on. . . . Thus far no friends or relatives of the missing wife Marqua had appeared—with one exception. (*The story continues in detail:*)



THE exception was a young man who said he was Marqua's brother. His appearance quite bore out the claim to relationship. He was blond, too, but not so sleek as Marqua. On the contrary his hair had a trifle of red in it and was unruly. Perhaps it had once been curly, and he was teaching it to be different. At any rate it always looked as if despairing hands had been recently run through it. That was not far from the truth, either. The affair of the moment apparently always loomed large to Roger Mackilvaine, and he was constantly meeting up with some situation that he had to ruffle his hair about. This is doubtless good for the scalp; Roger's tresses were very abundant.

never would be listed for publication.

"You're the Crœsus who bought Marqua, are you?" he began. Apparently he had no intention of being pleasant. "I want to see her."

"Sorry," returned Peter,—though he wasn't,—"but you can't." "Can't? Why not?"

"She has been injured in a railway accident and is not receiving anyone."

"That doesn't apply to her brother."

"It does, though."

"Why?"

His physical welfare otherwise had also evidently been excellently planned and unsparingly carried out. His proportions were those of right guard on any All-American eleven during the last few years, and he handled his rather large physique with indolent confidence. Roger's face had the same permanent discontent that characterized his sister's. This was the discontent of the idealist who fails to find anything that quite comes up to what he expects.

His first meeting with Peter was not exactly propitious. He came to the office which Peter maintained in the trading district. That number was in the telephone-book. The apartment was a recent addition to Peter's addresses; and besides, the telephone number was not and

"Well, for one thing, the doctor says so. If you want any more reasons,"—this last Peter enunciated very slowly and distinctly,— "they are all because I say so."

This seemed plentifully definite—nothing in the least ambiguous about it.

Nor was there anything to be debated in young Mr. Mackilvaine's reply: "I'm going to see her, anyway."

"If you can," Peter amended with entire outward courtesy.

For some reason or other Peter's inner reaction to his wife's brother was an immediate and intense desire to wring the young man's neck. That was not because he was an in-law relation, as might be supposed. Nor was it entirely because of the belligerent attitude which the young man had so hastily assumed.

It was largely because Roger possessed a number of qualities which Peter affected to despise but only because, perhaps subconsciously, he really envied their possessor. That superb and arrogant self-confidence of Roger's,—a characteristic of Marqua's, too,—why could he not attain that? It was the assurance that the world is one's playground which Peter wanted to feel.

Seeing her brother brought Marqua back to him very vividly in some way. She was like that, too, imperiously positive. In order to maintain any self-respect against her, he had always been obliged to make a tremendous effort.

Peter telephoned to Watkins, his butler.

"There is a man who will probably call at the apartment sometime today if he can find it. He claims to be my wife's brother, but I assure you that to the best of my knowledge and belief he is no relation of your mistress. I do not know exactly what he wants, but I prefer that he should not be admitted to the house. Do you think you will need any help, Watkins?"

"No sir."

"To be quite positive about it, keep the chain on the door."

"Yes sir."

Watkins obeyed orders so literally that Peter himself was unable to get in with a latchkey when he arrived at the apartment that evening, and was obliged to summon his major-domo.

"The young man was here, sir," the

latter reported, taking Peter's hat and gloves. "He seemed a bit put out."

"Doubtless."

"Said he would slit my spleen for me if he caught me on the street, sir. Very vulgar, if I may say so."

"And messy. Get yourself a spleen shield and charge it to me, Watkins."

"I'd like to see him try it," Watkins continued, a bit angrier now that he had some one to share his emotions with. "I've put better men than him to sleep with knuckle-drops soothing-syrup, I have."

"Um."

Peter was thinking of something else as he started to the drawing-room. He knew already that Watkins had once



been a pugilist. That was, indeed, one of the reasons why Peter had hired him.

"Hr-r-rumph." Peter turned as Watkins cleared his throat. That he knew was the preliminary to a request.

"Well?"

"I was wondering, sir," Watkins said semi-apologetically, "if it would be all right if, after dinner has been served, I should escort Julie, Mrs. Bernaberry's maid, to the cinema?"

Peter regarded his top servant with sardonic humor. "So they bother you too, Watkins?"

"Who, sir?"

"The women. What else ever really bothers men? Yes, you may go, Watkins, but a word in your ear. I've heard it said that these French girls are very, very wild."

"I hope so, sir."

As Peter went on upstairs, he was wondering how much longer he would be able to keep Anne hidden away. Complications, like this brother business, were bound to come along fast now.



The door was flung open, and a man with a gray derby came in. "I've been waiting quite a while for your daughter to come home, Mrs. Harkness," he announced, grabbing Anne's arm.

"Hello," he said to Anne in greeting. "How is the bum pin this evening?"

"Fine," Anne replied. "Just as good as it ever was." She had answered without thinking, and now drew her skirt up a little higher, to the top of her stocking, to show him. "We took the bandage off today, and there isn't even any swelling. Isn't that wonderful?"

Peter had to admit that it was. He had never been so intimate with a woman before, certainly not with Marqua, who had actually been his wife for the hour or so separating their wedding from her precipitate flight.

"Would you like to dine out somewhere tonight as a celebration of your recovery?"

"No," said Anne. "I think it would complicate matters for us to be seen together in public. Separately it is all right, and some day soon I will take a slight excursion on the street by myself—accompanied by Nurse Bingham or any guard you may select, of course; but anyone who knows your real wife might misinterpret our association if they saw us at a restaurant."

"Then we'll dine at home as usual?"

"At any rate we'll dine here," Anne smiled, "no matter whether it is home or not."

Anne was in evening clothes—probably that was what had prompted his suggestion that they go out, and Peter went to change into more formal attire.

Anne had looked very well, he reflected, considering the fact that she was wearing clothing that had been selected with another person in view—a person with quite a different coloring and personality. He made a mental memorandum to have one of the best couturières call upon her to design a new wardrobe.

When he had changed, he stopped at her door on the way down. She demurely accepted his arm, and they solemnly descended the staircase together.

Neither had spoken.

Now they confronted one another, still speechless, but there was a question in Anne's eyes. There must have been something in Peter's too, because she said:

"It aint right."

Peter smiled. "Wrong as hell," he concurred. "Do you think you could walk up again?"

Anne did not answer but turned and fled to the top.

There Peter caught her and swung her up in his arms.

"Let's always come downstairs this way," he suggested on the stairs.

"For the few days there are left, yes," Anne agreed. "It does break up any tendency to be solemn."

"Why," asked Peter at dinner, "did you say, 'For the few days that are left'?"

"Well," said Anne, "there can't be much more of this, can there? Your wife will soon be back, and then—"

"Marqua is coming back? How do you know?"

"One reason is because you want her back. That, in itself, will draw her. But besides that, she will begin to remember how very nice you are, and she'll begin to think that some one might steal you while she's away."

"Have you heard from her to that effect?"

"Haven't I told you that I'm not in touch with her—never have been in touch with her? The fact that I suddenly appeared in her place was the inspiration of a mad moment in the midst of an accident. Don't you believe me yet?"

(Please turn to page 111)

A Perfectly Natural Woman

By
Raymond S. Spears

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

BELIEVING that the truly extraordinary is to be found only in remote regions, Mr. Spears has made it a rule to explore such places.

PERRY DUTTON dropped down the Flinch River in a skiff he had shipped into Giles Ford for the purpose. He was longing for adventure, desirous of meeting unusual people and of adding to his breadth of mind. He carried a notebook, and had specialized in sociology with a view to writing literature and lecturing before learned societies.

He had paddled canoes on the St. Lawrence, spent summers on the Rangeleys in Maine and the Fulton chain in the Adirondacks, and winters on Indian River in Florida. He was one of those young persons under whose auspices meetings are held. He could mix flapjacks scientifically, catch black bass with a spinner, or shoot flying mallards with a shotgun, and carried a twenty-five-twenty-caliber rifle, which had in his hands brought down deer shot through the heart, head or backbone—the proper places to shoot deer.

In the bow and stern of his skiff were air-tanks; over the stern was an aluminum outboard motor, and he had grub-box, hammock, cooking outfit, gasoline stove, spares, fixtures and whatever he needed, or might desire. When he pushed out from the shore into the slowly eddying waters, some natives watched him as he uncovered his portable typewriter and proceeded to indite his impressions of various incidents and circumstances.

This was late autumn. The mocking birds were traveling with blue jays, learning how to laugh; and hickory nuts and acorns were raining on the ground with each passing gust of wind, and gray, black and fox squirrels were running in the dry leaves about the business of storing up winter food supplies.

Perry Dutton, without tutor, governor, guide, mentor, specialist or companion was at last fulfilling a dream. He was alone in the high spaciousness of the great Caledonians. When he had written ten pages of loose-leaf, and was thirty-five hundred words below Giles Ford, he sighed and removed his glasses.

He heard the cry of Bob White and stared agape at a flock of turkeys up the slope of a forest-clad hill—birds whose sudden flight betrayed their wild fears of humans. And then a shoal, a leaping, laughing, twisting rapid, caught his craft; and for a few breathless minutes he steered with a paddle and proved that he needed no guide to manage his wits.

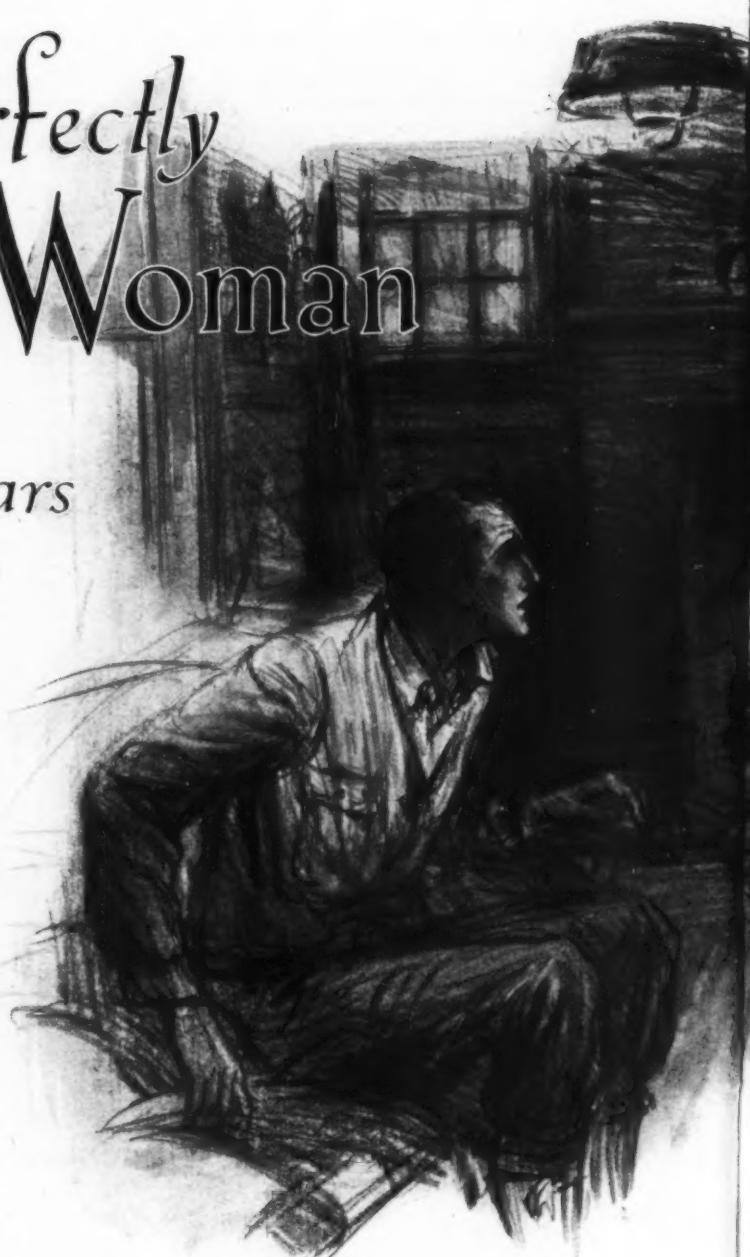
He pitched a dark green tent on a wooded bottom. He spread the floor-canvas and hooked in the tarp, laid his low bed and built

66

a tiny Indian fire on which to cook his evening meal, which he called supper in spite of his tendency to name it dinner. He was in Supper Land. And having eaten, he watched twilight approach—preserving the spectacle on loose-leaf and carbon, the carbon being for mailing home so that in case of disaster to his outfit he would still have a copy of his precious impressions. And in the dark he sighed with joy and relief. This was the life! And the rippling waters sung him to sleep.

Perry Dutton had sixty-seven thousand words of data in his loose-leaf holder, and six hundred and forty-eight photographs from his vest-pocket camera, when he landed at a small, weedy and deserted clearing in the river-bank forest. The sky was overcast; the wind was raw and dank; and the moaning in the trees, the chugging of the heavy stream waters, all were filled with the foreboding of the Line Storm, three days or so of autumnal rain. Dutton saw a small log cabin in the midst of the clearing. When he looked into it, he found a good floor, a large fireplace, a few pieces of abandoned furniture and a romantic aspect. He moved into the house, hauled his skiff high up the bank and listened to the downpour.

The place was cozy. The roof did not leak. The floor was





"You know, honey, if it wa'n't for you gitin' hung, we'd be married. Hit's awful hard luck."

A woman had come to the cabin unheralded and unheard. He could see that her clothes were mountain calico, bedraggled and steaming, clinging to her figure with wet shapelessness, but revealing curves and recessions of unmistakable perfection. Her back being toward him, Dutton saw that her head was bare, her hair wet and tangled. She had drawn an old backless chair before the fire to sit on and the light shone through her thin garments — Dutton blinked and looked away.

"Well suh," she suddenly inquired, "you going to lie abed all day?"

He sat up, rather bobbily. She was quite young—early twenties. Her features were comely, though a certain squint in her eyes was direct, hard and alert.

"I'm hungry," she remarked, when he made no answer. "May I cook a snack, suh—yours too?"

"Why—yes! I'll—er—uh—" He started to get up and yet sagged back.

She turned to the things on the slide-window table and began to work. She did not look his way again. He reflected that she was probably used to one-room cabins. He had seen many such in the woods. He swung out, and swiftly dressing, went outside to wash, and on reentering found fried squirrel, hot-bread, coffee and other provender all under way for breakfast in the fireplace. He noticed that his visitor had a shotgun in the corner.

"Right smart rain!" she declared. "Bring a fresh down the Riveh. I come down 'lowin' I'd kill a mallard duck, or a good mink skin. I aint but one shoot left for my gun."

They sat down at a home-made board table. She had an elaborate meal, gravy for the hot-

bread, coffee and condensed cream, fried meat and flapjacks of cornmeal, warmed-up potatoes—and she was hungry. While she was eating, she remarked that on account of the rain she hadn't eaten any since the morning before, except some hickory nuts.

"My lan'!" she exclaimed. "What all haven't you got? Yo' come down in that boat? Going to Texas, I expect. . . . No? None of my business—course!"

She was easy to talk to. He told her of his projects and his specialties, his monographs and his original investigations in sociology. She squinched up her face now and then, but politely did not admit she was wondering what in the world he was talking about, using so many words she knew, and yet with all the flavoring of a foreign language and equally beyond her understanding.

"You're all wet!" he suggested to her. "While they're drying —your things—you might—"

"Put on a pair of your little-boy pants?" she laughed, delighted. "Sho! I'd be plumb ridiculous—but—huh! I bet I will!"

He went after a pail of water at the spring. When he returned she was in one of his spare suits and had hung her clothes frankly before the fireplace, where they steamed away. She had his carbine, turning it in her hands. (Please turn to page 124)

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clean, and except for a small owl in the attic which clicked its bill rather scornfully, the place was unoccupied.

"I do not feel lonely," he wrote in his diary. "I do not miss human companionship. The River seems to be alive. The Forest has many voices. The wind carries by a host of whispering spirits. My owl, upstairs, reminds me of his presence. I observe a woods mouse of reddish pelt, white paws and alert demeanor over in the corner. I do not need masculine or feminine associations when I have these wild, lovely creatures so near to me."

So presently he turned the fireplace damper, banked the flames with heavy chunks covered with a few shovelfuls of earth, and went to bed in his pajamas, having swung his hammock across the corner of the one room of the cabin opposite the fireplace. The hour, by his wrist-watch, was after midnight. He was thoroughly sleepy, and he sank into deep slumber immediately—only to emerge with a start.

The rain-filled wind was growling through the valley. It was long after dawn, of a chill, gray and heavy morning. The blaze in the fireplace was roaring upward. Dutton blinked and swallowed, staring at the figure which was stirring the flames out of the charcoaled fuel.

By
Robert
Winchester

When I

Illustrated by
Leslie L. Benson

THE wide gallery of the Wythe "big house" down in Wythe County, Virginia, was cool, even if Ann Martha, who was sitting there with Sally Wythe, was not. Back of the house, in a field that had been leveled and smoothed, ready to plant, rested a trim, powerful monoplane, in which she had made a perfect three-point landing two days before. It was surrounded by quite a few colored folks, kept at a respectful distance by old Jefferson Stanley Wythe, boss, in his own estimation, of all the Wythe belongings—and of the Wythes themselves. "Git away frum dar, boy," he said sternly, to one man of at least seventy-five. "Dat flyin' airumplane libble to jump right smack at you-all and bite you, yassir! Hit's mighty dangerous to fool round onless you knows 'bout it. You, Mose!"—to a small boy who had slipped up almost to the rudder. "Does you even look like you wants to touch hit—you gwine to do some yellin' in no time! Yassir—Miss Ann Martha, she say she takes me up and den I flies one." And Jefferson, who would have to be tied and dragged bodily into the cockpit before he would even get into a plane, took the proper pose to receive the admiring gaze of the assembled crowd.

On the gallery Ann Martha was regarding a former schoolmate with an expression of the deepest scorn on her lovely face. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me, Sally Wythe, that you wont go up with me? After my flying all the way down from Washington to show you my bus and everything?"

Miss Sally Wythe, nineteen, same age as Ann Martha, shook her head and smiled, her pretty face showing as much determination as Ann Martha's did scorn. "Yes, darlin'," she drawled, "that's exactly what I do mean to tell you—and have been tryin' to tell you for the last two days."

"You!" went on Ann Martha. "You—who will ride anything with four legs and always led the rough stuff at school—afraid! Why, you're the one that stole the copper's badge—"

"All that was on the ground," interrupted Sally hastily, "and—"

"On the ground? Do you call sailing over a six-railed fence the way you did yesterday on that colt, being on the ground? Once more, and for the last time—are you going to let me take you up and teach you how to fly, and everything—or not?"

"I don't think," said Sally, firmly, "that Bud would like it."

"Now," said Ann Martha triumphantly, "we're getting to the real reason! Who is this Bud person—and what has he got to say about it, anyway?"

"I don't reckon it's any of your business, Miss Ann Martha Putney, but anyway—his name is Budlong Johnston, and some day, honey, he's goin' to marry me."

"Well, this Bud—how do you know that he doesn't want you to fly? And what difference does it make what he wants?"

"A heap of difference, darlin'. Honey, you fool around with Southern men, and you'll find you doing what they want you to do. Ann Martha, remember the arguments we used to have at school about the Southern and Northern men?"

"I remember you said that a Southern man would know the moment he met a girl whether he wanted to marry her right away and—"

"No, darlin'—I said that a Southern man would know the moment he saw a girl whether he loved her or not. He might love her, whether he

Twice from the hills the whine of a thirty-thirty rifle bullet came to them. Ann Martha promptly climbed higher with a steep spiral.

IMarry

To read Mr. Winchester is to enter at once a hospitable Southern home on the fringe of "the hills," where much suddenly happens.

could marry her or not. I said that he just knew right then that he loved her, and that the Northern man would want to be sure that—" "Are you going to fly with me or must I go to Richmond?" interrupted Ann Martha. "I know all about the Southern men. I don't believe they're one bit different from any other men."

"Honey, the Wythe men never spent much time courtin'. And the Randolphs are quicker than the Wythes. Darlin', for a hundred years the Randolph men have met the girl they loved, married her soon as they could, mostly always the next day, and there never has been an unhappy marriage yet. Honey-chil', they live happy ever after."

"Apple-sauce," said Ann Martha rudely. "I was born and raised in the Army and I know—"

"You don't know Southern men—or you wouldn't talk like that," interrupted Sally, highly elated at her success in teasing Ann Martha. "Wait till one of them sees you, Ann Martha—you'll be fallen in love with and married right away. And another thing, you'll fall in love with him, soon as he does with you, and—"

"Any old time I will!" said Ann Martha, hotly. "I don't care whether he's Northern or Southern. I'm going to—"

Ann Martha stopped as two lean, very much tanned young men came around from the rear and up on the gallery.

They were dressed in spotless whites, neatly mended in several places, and much worn. As Sally looked up, they smiled shyly and took off their soft wide-brimmed hats. "Why! It's—it's—" And she was on her way to greet them with a swiftness of movement that one wouldn't look for after seeing her indolent, graceful little body stretched out in the cushioned rocking-chair and hearing her slow, soft drawl and slurring of words. On reaching them, she put her arms around them and kissed them, first one, then the other. "Well, I reckon it's about time you-all came down here," she scolded, as she led them toward Ann Martha. "How is Miss Mary? Why didn't she come too? Nice way to treat kinfolks—never comin' near them for a month! Reckon I'll have Jeff lock up the corn-licker! Ann Martha, this is my cousin Buck Montgomery, and this one here is another cousin, Johnny Morgan. He isn't a preacher, even if he does look like one, honest, he isn't."

Are you, Johnny? I went to school with Ann Martha; she comes from Boston—"

"I can see he isn't," said Ann Martha gravely, shaking hands. "I don't think he looks at all like a preacher."

Both of the young men grinned, and Johnny said: "Buck, I reckon we better take Miss Ann Martha back up in the hills with us and show her to Miss Mary."

"That's a right good idea, Johnny," agreed Buck solemnly. "Reckon when she sees Miss Ann Martha, she'll quit bein' so snippy. Maybe she'll—"

"Sit down," interrupted Sally sternly, "and remember that Ann Martha Putney is my guest and—"

"Why do you want Miss Mary to see me," demanded Ann Martha, as they obeyed, "and what is she snippy about?"

"Shucks—you tell her, Buck," said Johnny, with an embarrassed smile.

"No suh," answered Buck. "You tell her."

"Listen to me, Ann Martha," said Sally. "I'm goin' to warn you—although you don't deserve it on account of the remarks you made a few minutes ago. Don't let either of these no-count scoundrels fool you. That Johnny sitting there may look like a preacher, but he'd make love to any woman between nine and ninety-nine, and that Buck Montgomery—if there's a girl in Wythe County that he hasn't—"

"I don't need to be warned," interrupted Ann Martha. "I'm an Army child and can tell 'em at sight."

"Doggone you, Sally," protested Johnny, "talkin' bout us that way! Miss Mary is Mrs. Mary Montgomery, Buck's ma. She's up in the hills yonder in the Little Walker Mountains. Miss Mary went up North once for a stay, and when she came home spoke up right smart about not seein' any Northern girls that could step up alongside of Virginia girls, didn't she, Buck?"

"Yes suh," agreed Buck, "she did—and does, even now, no foolin'."

"So," Johnny drawled, "me and Buck, here, we reckoned that if we could take you-all up there and just sort of stand you-all round where she could see, that we might get us a rest about there bein' no right pretty Northern girl, didn't we, Buck?"

"Yes suh," once more Buck promptly agreed. "We did, Johnny, that's right."

"Why," said Sally in amazement, "you darn' old fibbers, both of you! Aunt Mary's never been North, except when she took the boat for Europe, and she never said any such thing, at all. See—Ann Martha, they're starting already."

"Is that your flyin' ship out yonder," asked Buck, both of them ignoring Sally's accusation, "that Jeff is actin' guard over? We came around that way—"

"Yes," answered Ann Martha, smiling. "Do you want me to take you up for a ride?"

The promptness with which they both accepted her invitation took the wind out of her sails. She was prepared to do a little teasing, herself.

"Yes, ma'am!" both Buck and Johnny said, as one man, rising. "Is she hooked up to go right now?" Johnny added eagerly.

"She is," answered Ann Martha, getting up almost as quickly as they. If there was one thing Ann Martha loved to do, it was to have the controls of an airplane in her small hands.

"Doggone," said Johnny, turning back to where Sally still sat, having again refused an invitation, after they started down the gallery, "I mighty near forgot old Ellen's letter."

"A letter—from Ellen! And you've had it in your pocket all this time! Johnny Morgan, I hope that this Ann Martha here drops you over, way up in the sky! You give it to me, right away."

Ann Martha took them up, to a chorus delivered by the colored folks standing around! "Mah goodness! Misto Buck and Misto Johnny gwine up in dat thing! Dem boys has got de nerve of de devil an' all." And old Aunt Debbie cackled: "Iffen de Jedge and Miss Rita be home, dey wouldn't be no such goin's on at de Wythe place—no suh!"

Ann Martha flew with them for an hour, climbing in a tight spiral for altitude, then gliding down, then up—straightening up and going over the highest "knob" of the Little Walker Mountains. Twice from the hills the whine of a thirty-thirty rifle-bullet came to them. Ann Martha promptly climbed higher with a steep spiral. She had heard her brother and the rest tell of being shot at by moonshiners while over the Virginia and Kentucky hills. When she brought the plane to a stop, within twenty feet of where she had taken off, she turned and smiled at her two passengers, sitting behind her.

"Well, how did you like it?" she asked.

"Boy, howdy!" said Buck, his eyes eager. "I reckon I'll save up and get me one. How much do they cost, Ann Martha?"

"Maybe we could by puttin' together," said Johnny. "I would admire to have me one. Are they right expensive, Ann Martha?"

She laughed, highly pleased, knowing by the dropping of the prefix "Miss" that she had been accepted by them. "This one cost ten thousand dollars." Then as she saw the expression on their faces: "My brother is an Army man, and he might get you one of the old Army planes a good deal cheaper."

Johnny laughed shortly, as he stepped out. "I reckon it would have to be—a darn' sight cheaper!—if Buck and I were goin' to buy it." He saw Jefferson Stanley Wythe approaching, hat in hand, and his face, which had fallen a lot after being told the cost of a plane, lighted up. "Hurry up, boy," he called. "I haven't killed me a worthless old colored scoundrel since mornin'. I just bought me this here airplane from Miss Ann Martha, an' I'm goin' to have you fly it. Better had look her over, boy, 'cause if she stops up yonder, you gets out an' does the fixin', you hear me, Jeff?"

"Yassuh, Capt'n Johnny," answered Jeff, wetting his lips, his old hands beginning to twist the hat around. "Yassuh, I hyers you. I don't reckon better go up till de Jedge an' Miss Rita gits home. Taint fitten for old niggers like me to go traipsin' round up dar wid things to do an' look out for down yere, nosuh, Capt'n Johnny."

Sally met them as they came in through the big old kitchen. "My old Mammy Ellen's right sick," she greeted them. "And she's grievin' for me. Her letter made me cry, Ann Martha. She said: 'Honey, I know you-all don't want to be bothered with no old nigger woman like me fussin' all the time, but if I could only see you, I reckon I'd get well.' And—she took care of me, Ann Martha, when Daddy and Mother were abroad, and now she's living way up in the hills with Aunt Mary. Buck Mont-

gomery, I'm right good and fussy at you for not coming down and getting me before. You ought to have known that old Ellen would want me."

"Doggone it," said the surprised Buck, defensively, "she was all right up to yesterday. Quit jumpin' on me. I didn't even know she was sick."

"Well, she is, and I've phoned for Doctor Billy Randolph to go right up, and he's going to stop for me. Ann Martha, you'll have



"Bud Johnston was bringing down some prisoners from the hills," Buck ex-

to come with me—or you can stay here and take care of Johnny and this darn' old Buck till I get home."

"Not us," said Johnny. "We're leaving for Richmond right away, aren't we, Buck? We got us a car and everything. Woman, we're goin' in and strut our stuff."

"Yeah, boy," added Buck. "We only stopped over to deliver the letter."

Aunt Susie came into the kitchen. "You chilluns git outta mah kitchen iffen you-all wants chicken fo' dinnah! How come dere aint no place but mah kitchen—" Then she saw the trace of tears in Sally's eyes. "Whut's de mattah, sugar-chil'? Who been hurtin' mah baby?" And the tall gaunt despotic old colored woman, who was Jefferson Stanley Wythe's only disputant as to

who owned the Wythes, softened her voice to a croon. "Honey, come and tell yore ol' Susie. Has this yere Misto Johnny Morgan an' Misto Buck Montgomery been teasin' mah baby? Ifen dey has—"

"No, they haven't," interrupted Sally, smiling at her. "If they do I'll tell you, right away. Ellen is sick, Susie, and I'm goin' up to Miss Mary's as soon as the doctor comes."

"Dat wench always gittin' somepin' de mattah wid her,"

"We are not," interrupted Johnny firmly. "Everyone knows that Susie was the best-lookin' wench in Richmond. Doggone it, she's darn good-looking yet. Old Mose up yonder, he was sayin' just the other day that this here Susie Wythe had more gents courtin' her than—"

"Dat's plenty," grumbled Susie, a deaconess in the Afro-American Colored Methodist Church, highly pleased. "I reckon dat I was as good-lookin' as some, in dem days. You-all git

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plied. "And one of the Braggs, when he got near his pappy's old place, got him Bill Porter's gun in some way and killed him."

grumbled Susie jealously. "Dat whut she gits fo' goin' up dar, 'stead of stayin' yere. Whut's de mattah wid her, Miss Sally?"

"By gosh," said Johnny, "that reminds me. I got a message for you, Susie. Deacon Glory Hallelujah Mears sent down word that if you didn't quit goin' to Richmond and steppin' out to dances and theaters and flirting with all those high yallers down there he was goin' to excommunicate you from the church—didn't he, Buck?"

"Yeah—that's it. I don't know what kind of an operation it is, Susie, but you better watch out. It's sure mighty dangerous, I reckon."

"They're teasin' you, darlin'," soothed Sally. "Deacon Mears never said any such thing. He—"

outta mah kitchen—I got to make Misto Johnny and Misto Buck a huckleberry cake. I can't be foolin' all day."

After they were settled on the gallery again, Johnny looked at Buck and grinned: "Told you we'd get one of her cakes. Stick around with me, boy, and learn something."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, teasing Susie that way," said Sally primly.

"Go on—she liked it," said Buck. "Don't make any difference how old they are, they like it, don't they, Johnny? Oh, here comes Doctor Billy Randolph!"

Doctor Randolph, young, serious, with thin face, hawklike nose and calm, steady black eyes, smiled as Sally introduced him to Ann Martha. "I've heard a right smart lot about you, Miss Ann



Martha," he said. "Sally's principal topic of conversation for a year after she came home from school was the doings of Ann Martha Putney. Honey," —to Sally,—"I'm right sorry, but the bridge is out up in Deer Gap. We can't make it with a car. I'll go as far as Salt Run and walk in. Reckon you'll have to stay home, darlin'; it's mighty rough country that way."

"What? I not go to my—"

"I'll tell you what," interrupted Buck, "if Ann Martha can land here in your field, she sure can up yonder. There's a ten-acre field smoother than that by the church, isn't there, Johnny?"

"Yeah, boy—go on, fly 'em up, Ann Martha."

"Why, of course, I will," said Ann Martha eagerly. "That is, if they aren't afraid to—"

"What do you mean, afraid?" demanded Sally, her dark gray eyes the same color now as northern ice in the breaking dawn. "This darned old Yank here thinks we're afraid to go up in that airplane, Billy!"

"I am," answered Doctor Randolph with a cheerful grin; "very much so."

"What!" shouted Buck and Johnny as one man; then Buck continued: "You! Afraid? Don't you believe him, Ann Martha. This here scoundrel of a doctor isn't afraid of anything, anywhere. Why, he's the man that—"

"It's right bad weather to keep your mouth open so much," interrupted Doctor Randolph. "You might catch you something, Buck. I've a lot of sick people to think of," he went on to Ann Martha, who was regarding him scornfully. "Can you fly that bus of yours? I mean really fly it—so as not to endanger the lives of people that go with you?"

"What? Can I fly a— Well, Dr. Randolph, I have the Department of Commerce license that states I can. Would you like to have me go and get it for you to examine?" Ann Martha finished icily.

Johnny laughed. "Buck, I reckon we better go round and see how Susie's comin' on with our cake. It's gettin' right chilly on this gallery."

"You stay right here and fuss with Dr. Randolph, darlin'," said Sally, "while I go and get some things to take up to Ellen." And before Ann Martha could finish drawing a long breath and give battle, Sally was gone.

Doctor Randolph, lazily stretching out in one of the comfortable old rockers, smiled at Ann Martha, who was sitting much more straight than necessary in her chair. "This is the first time I've had a rest for two days."

"At school," began Ann Martha, looking as grim as a very pretty, dainty girl could, "there was always a standing argument about Northern and Southern men—and this morning I was asking her about a man named Bud something that—"

"Bud Johnston," supplied Doctor Randolph, filling his pipe. "The man Sally's going to marry next year."

"And," continued Ann Martha, "Sally said that she wouldn't fly with me because he might not like to have her—"

"Well, what of it?"—lighting his pipe. "Maybe he wouldn't." Doctor Randolph was looking out over the flower gardens, which were a riot of color.

Ann Martha, who was used to having young men, and older men also, pay strict attention and look at her as much as possible when with them, sat a little straighter. "That was what she meant," she said sweetly—so sweetly that young Doctor Randolph at once transferred his gaze from the flowers to her lovely face.

"What kind of a bus are you flying?"

"I thought you didn't know anything about a plane. You said you were afraid to go up, and—"

Buck and Johnny came back, each with a generous piece of cake, and one piece each for Ann Martha and the Doctor, and



"We piled out, and we run those blame' houn' pups that had Bud holed up, plumb off the hills."

what Ann Martha certainly was going to say was promptly shelved until later. . . .

Ann Martha circled the ground several times before making a landing up on the ten-acre field which Buck had recommended. She had flown as carefully as she could, no stunts, or, as Captain Monckton, her flying instructor, had said, "foolin' around." She had determined to show this—this darn' indifferent doctor, who wouldn't even look at her half the time and who paid no attention to her when she was talking, that she was a flyer. When Sally Wythe stood once more on the ground, she said, drawing a long breath: "Why—why—I love to fly! Why, Ann Martha, why didn't you tell me it was so easy? I'm going to learn how and then get one. All you did was to sit there and—and just fly."

"That's right," agreed Doctor Randolph, picking up his medicine-case. "All you have to do is just sit there and fly."

"That's right, honey—my gracious, I'm beginning that honey and sugar stuff myself! All you have to do is just sit there—and fly, with a few other little things to do once in a while that don't amount to anything," answered Ann Martha.

"Darlin'," reproved Sally, "remember sarcasm is the weapon of a brilliant mind. Boy,"—to an old colored man who was one of the first to reach the airplane,—"don't you let anyone come near enough to touch this—this bus, you hear me?"

"Yassum, Miss Sally, I takes care of it fo' you-all, yassum." And as Ann Martha murmured, "Now she's saying bus too," the duplicate of Jefferson Stanley Wythe for the Montgomery family began his duties.

"Where is this Ellen of yours, Sally?" asked Doctor Randolph.

"Why, in one of the cabins, I reckon. Darlin,'"—to Ann Martha,—"you better had be on your very best behavior; Aunt Mary's going to do what Johnny and Buck said."

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Mrs. Montgomery, dweller in the hills by choice, a beauty in the olden days and now, when her hair was white, still a beauty, looked only once at Ann Martha, then smiled and kissed her. "Honey, I'm mighty glad you came up with Sally and this Willy Randolph that's getting to be a famous doctor."

One of the doors opened from the library, and Frances Taliaferro Garrett came in, book in hand. She was a joy forever to her own family and the county at large—and without question the prettiest sixteen-year-old girl in Maryland; and also the most practical and matter-of-fact.

"Howdy, darlin'," Sally

they were gone. "You're a right pretty girl, Ann Martha. How old are you?"

"I'm an old, old lady, darling," answered Ann Martha sadly. "I'm nineteen."

"That's not so very old," consoled Frances politely. "Are you snippy, Ann Martha? You don't look as if you were."

Ann Martha laughed gayly. "I don't think I am, really. Only Doctor Randolph made me feel a little that way, I guess. Darling, would you believe that when I was talking to him, he didn't pay a bit of attention to what I was saying and wasn't even looking at me?"

"If you tell me he didn't, of course I believe it—but it's right strange that Doctor Billy Randolph would act that way; generally he's—"

"Perhaps he was thinking of one of those Maryland or Virginia girls," suggested Ann Martha hopefully. "Anyway, he made me feel that way."

"He's a very busy doctor," pointed out Frances gravely, "and it may be, Ann Martha, that he was thinking about some of his patients. Where were you born, Ann Martha?"

"I was born in Boston and I'm nineteen and my family arrived there in 1635. Now—go ahead from there and ask whatever you want."

Frances' pretty lips really smiled this time. "Why, I reckon that's all I wanted to know right now, Ann Martha. Except—I would like to know if you have planned to have the weddin' in Washington or Boston. If you decided on Washington, Ann Martha, we could all come up to it."

"The wedding!" echoed Ann Martha, her own lovely mouth half open in surprise. "What wedding are you

talking about, France?"

"Why," explained Frances patiently, "your weddin'. When you marry Billy Randolph, darlin'."

"When I marry—it will be a long cold—" Then Ann Martha stopped, leaned forward, and her dark brown eyes smiled into the hyacinth-blue ones of Frances Taliaferro Garrett. "Darlin', I decided on Washington right after Sally introduced me to this Doctor William Randolph, who wont pay attention or look at me. Word of honor as an officer and a gentleman, France—no telling!"

"I wont—I knew you had, Ann Martha. Well, there'll be a right smart lot of girls disappointed, but I'm glad it's going to be you, honey. . . . Here they come back."

Ann Martha could see by the happy expression on Sally's face that there was nothing serious the matter with Ellen. "My old Ellen just had a bad attack of rheumatism, honey," she announced, "and this no-count old doctor here fixed her all up. Sugar, Aunt Mary says that we are to stay all night, and that tomorrow morning she wants to fly with you."

Next morning at breakfast, Johnny Morgan and Buck Montgomery came in from the veranda through the long French windows. Their clothes were no longer (*Please turn to page 120*)



greeted her. "I didn't know you-all were up here visitin' Aunt Mary. Sugar-child, this is Ann Martha Putney, that went to school with me."

"I'm right glad finally to see you, Ann Martha," said Frances, doing what Johnny and Buck had said Aunt Mary would do.

"France, you're just the girl I've been wanting to see," interrupted Doctor Randolph. "After I get through fussing with this old Ellen of Sally's, you tell me all about this Ann Martha Putney—why she's so snippy and everything. You cross-examine her, France, while I'm gone."

Frances liked Doctor Billy Randolph, and her lovely face lighted up with a smile.

"Did you come in that airplane, Ann Martha?" asked Frances gravely. "I heard one coming down."

"That's the girl, France," said Doctor Randolph. "Start right in. Come on, Sally, let's go and see what's the matter with Ellen."

Frances resumed her study of Ann Martha's piquant face after

What Do Chefs Eat?

By George Rector



GEORGE RECTOR

Here is a holiday treat, the favorite dish of the world's greatest chef—also the preferences of other culinary kings, revealed by the famous head of "Rector's."

Illustrated by
Austin Jewell

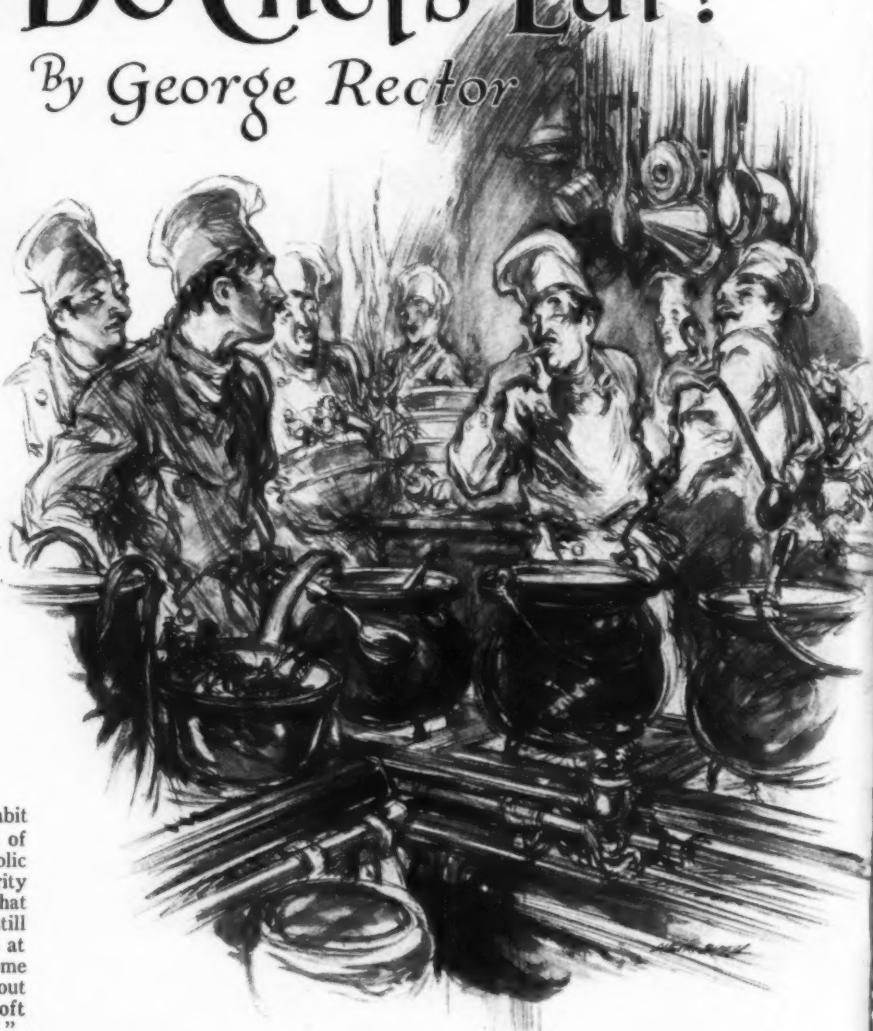
ALMOST everyone who makes a habit of eating—though with the spread of the practice of abstention in this republic I expect soon to hear that a great majority of the people has voted to give up that habit—almost every one of us who still clings to so old-fashioned a practice, has at one time or another been served with some dish by an amateur cook who handed out the questionable-looking plate with the soft words: "It's good. I ate some myself."

That, it seems to me, is an excellent approach to a question that was often put to me during my many years in the restaurant business; the question is generally regarded as a joke, but like all jokes it has its meaning. What do the cooks eat? I don't want to be like the bald-headed barber who is ready to recommend any hair tonic in his shop by swearing he uses it on his own crown, so I will have to admit right here that most cooks don't eat what they serve.

A meal that is fit for a king isn't always fit for a cook.

The question, "What do cooks eat?" may be answered with a sniff of the nose and a single word: "Nothing." Cooks don't eat. That is, they rarely eat in the fine manner of eating, the epicurean manner of eating, the grand manner of eating, the gourmet's manner of eating, or the gourmand's manner of eating. With a cook, eating rarely becomes the be-all and the end-all of all time. He does not preen himself with anticipatory juices and prime himself with teasers for the appetite. He is a taster and snatcher of snippets of food, a Don Juan among every other man's dishes, but for good solid devotion and regular enjoyment of his meals he is no man.

I have known a great many cooks in my time. I studied with some of the noblest chefs in the world during my student days in Paris, and I employed some of the ablest broilers and stewers of comestibles during my career as the head of Rector's. The rest of the great cooks I met during my recent tour of Europe. Among all these culinary kings, I can remember only one cook who could stand up as a devourer of food alongside the most voracious of customers, and hold his own, tooth for tooth and wing for wing. His name was Rouget. He was the second chef



The dreaded moment could be put off no longer. Le Veau would jab his finger in the sauce and lift it to his mouth. "Parfait!"

of the Café de Paris, and afterwards was chef at the Carlton Hotel in London. Rouget was a grand fellow. He must have weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, and reached about six feet two in his kitchen slippers.

Rouget's specialty was *Canard Rouennais Désosé*, or boneless duck. His specialty was preparing it and eating it. I never could find out at which part of his job he was better. I think the only one who could eat more ducks than Rouget could prepare was Rouget.

The only trouble with this hobby he had for eating *canard* was that the duck was generally intended to be eaten by a customer. That is the idea of most restaurants. It took a good deal of strategy on the part of the management of the Café de Paris to keep Rouget from putting an end to that policy.

In a way, he reminded me in his helplessness of the hogs that French farmers employ to root up truffles. Truffle hogs, you remember, are that especial breed of porker endowed with a diving nose which gives them the ability to detect the presence of the underground truffle. When they scent truffle, they immediately begin to go to the root of it. This would make life easy for the truffle farmer, except that the hogs have a habit of eating the truffle when they unearth it. In order to divorce the truffle from the hog at this point, the farmers have trained hounds who hang around the hogs, waiting until they unearth the delicacy; then the hounds chase away the hogs, while the farmer gets the truffle.

Well, the Café de Paris had a squad of kitchen boys who

function in life might be compared to that of the truffle hounds. They hung around the kitchen, watching Rouget while he prepared the *Canard Rouennais Désosé*. When the moment came for the tasting of the completed duck, Rouget would start in with a nibble that bade fair to change that dish from *Canard Rouennais* to *Ruinated Canard*. This was the moment when the kitchen boys, as we have it, did their stuff. Four of them would rush forward as Rouget lifted his nose heavenward for the first taste; they would slip the dish from under that estimable nose, and scurry for the dining-room.

Rouget, like most artists, had something of a temper; and if he ever caught one or all of those kitchen boys, they might have taken their places with the duck in the boneless class.

There was a sort of unwritten set of rules to the game, though, and if the boys got through the door with the duck, the cook contented himself with spilling a lot of epithets after them. He called them everything beginning with cabbage straight up through the vegetable kingdom into the animal kingdom. And the animals he called them were not always properly begotten.

Eventually the boys developed a system that was even more perfect. They would station themselves in a sort of semicircle extending from Rouget to the door. When the great moment came, the dish would be passed from hand to hand, or sometimes straight across the circle, so that Rouget never knew to whom it was going next, and before he could fasten on the boy with the duck, the duck was safely through the door.

The duck fiend, however, was the only one of his fraternity

part. Joseph Jefferson played *Rip Van Winkle* for so long a time that he finally got to believe he was Rip. Hippolyte Arnion, whom I consider in many ways the finest chef of all time, had to prepare *Sauce Mornay* once a day for forty years. The climax of preparing a sauce is the tasting of it. I don't know whether at the end of that time Hippolyte believed himself to be *Sauce Mornay*. But I wouldn't be surprised if he did.

Arnion, however, never developed a positive hate for his sauce as did his chief contemporary, Le Veau, for the *Sauce Marguery* which he had to make daily. When I landed in Paris with the object of stealing, borrowing, or begging the recipe of the *Sauce Marguery* for use in Rector's kitchens, I went about it as craftily as a government agent trying to get the formula of a new gas from a foreign war department. I got a job in the kitchen of Le Veau, who had been making this sauce for twenty-seven years. The preparation of the sauce took a good part of the morning, and Le Veau went about it quite cheerfully, mixing the yolks of the eggs and the white wine and the butter and the essence of fish with a sturdy arm in his huge cauldron. He sang songs to himself as he stirred away at the mixture, and no milkmaid in her pantry could have presented a more cheerful sight. But as the morning drew toward tasting-time, the song did a fade-out from his lips.

Presently he would leave the dish and go over to chat with Jacques La Croix. A sort of expectant hush would come over the kitchen, for everyone knew the painful moment had arrived. Jacques would be preparing *Sauce* (Please turn to page 140)

CHICKEN SAUTÉ À LA ARNION

Disjoint a young chicken, weighing about two and one-half pounds, into eight pieces. Singe and carefully remove all pin feathers. Wash and dry by patting with a towel. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and sauté the pieces in a frying-pan with butter. Always have enough butter in the frying-pan to keep the chicken from becoming dry. This is accomplished by adding small bits of butter to the pan as the butter is used up. Also add a bunch of herbs consisting of two sprigs of parsley, a few sprigs of celery leaves, one sliced onion, one-half bay leaf and a pinch of thyme. When the chicken is browned slightly on both sides remove the bunch of herbs and add to the frying-pan one tablespoon of brandy, one cup of strong white broth, one-half cup sliced mushrooms and one-fourth cup finely chopped truffles. Cover the pan and let cook for twenty minutes. Now remove the pieces of chicken to a hot platter while you make the sauce. Reduce the liquid in the frying-pan by cooking over a high flame for several minutes, uncovered. Then add two tablespoons of port wine and one pint of cream. Bring to a boil and add a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Pour sauce over the chicken and serve.

The favorite recipe of the greatest chef, revealed for the first time.



As Rouget lifted his nose heavenward, the kitchen boys would slip the dish from under that nose, and scurry for the dining-room.

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Forty-fives Don't Roar

Illustrated by
Frederic R. Gruger

IT is always a lucky break for me when the police pick up my friend Johnny Slaten "on suspicion," and detain him the legal limit of twenty hours in the holdover at Headquarters. Johnny has started a lot of stories, but the only ones he has time to finish are those he starts in jail. Some happy day when the dicks really get the goods on Johnny, and he is surrounded by the deliberate, leisurely atmosphere of a penitentiary, he will come through with a novel for me. Until that time I will have to be content with short stories like this. . . .

Leave them magazines and newspapers outside (said Johnny, with mysterious and unnatural emphasis). Give 'em to the screws or toss 'em over there. I'm off that tripe for life. See? They're the bunk. They're the old hooey. Huh? Sa-ay; have you wised up to 'em too? I thought maybe you had. Aint you heard what happened to Manfred Connealey? Yeh, Manfred—the Boss, the Big Rod. Well, they ruined him. Yeh. Plumb ruined him. Who? Naw, naw, not the dicks. Not the Jellyrolls, either. The newspapers and magazines. They done it. They gummed up the gears in Manfred's conk. The mob's all shot to hell on account of how Manfred's been actin'.

And sa-ay, while I'm at it, I got a squawk to make on my own. Which one of you newspaper boys put it in the paper that I was Rat-faced Johnny, the Doormat Thief? . . . Well, somebody done it. It was in the paper. Where do they get that stuff? Doormat thief! Sa-ay, I aint no petty larceny stiff. You know that. I'm plenty hot, I hope to tell you. You know that. The newspaper boys has been takin' lots of liberty—I'm talkin' cold turkey—lots of liberty. Somebody's gonna get hurt if they don't quit. While you boys is thinkin' up phonies to hang on us, why don't you get us right? Doormat thief! I know who done that. One of them Jellyrolls got holt of a reporter and put him up to phony-labeling me.

Them papers and magazines has done enough already, see? Well, maybe you didn't have nothing to do with it, but the result was all the same. Here us boys are without a boss, just because of how Manfred took it in his head to pay attention to all that song and dance you see in the papers and magazines. Publicity! Story-book hasheesh! It makes me sore just to look at anything that's printed. What business has a redhot got foolin' around with such hop?

That's what I told the Boss a hundred times. I said: "Boss, you lay off readin'. It's all right to look at the race-sheets once in a while and keep up on the box-scores, but you better leave it go at that." Well, I guess you know how Manfred is. He's a crazy red-headed Irisher, an' he always did have too much imagina-

tion. That's it—imagination. We'd get a neat job all laid out, and Manfred'd say: "Yeh, but 'sposin' that bull on the corner aint where we figure he'll be? 'Sposin' he's over by the curb chinning some dame?" And we'd tell him: "Pete knows that bull. He's a woman-hater and sticks to his station." And then the damn' fool would start worryin' about something else that might happen, only it was a dead cinch it wouldn't.

The mob was goin' great, though, until right after that North Side bank job. I—and Manfred and Joe Haley and Ricardo Drusso was layin' up in a flat across the river waitin' for the dicks to quit blowin' their sirens. We'd took—sa-ay, wait a minute: there aint no screw listenin' in on this, is there? Naw—well, as I was sayin', we got fifteen grand and everything was jake. But I noticed Manfred did a lot of walkin' around and ate up several segars. Fin'ly he says: "The papers ought to be out, now." "Forget the papers," I tells him. "They never have nothing right, anyway."

But in spite of all we could do to smooth him down, damn' if he didn't risk a pinch and go to the corner for the papers.

Well, it was just like I said: One paper had it that there was six men and another eight, when there was just us four. All the eyewitnesses, who was too scared to see anything straight, said we escaped in a high-powered car with an Illinois license. It wasn't nothing but a fly with an Iowa license, and we ditched it for Manfred's sedan two blocks away. The bank people doubled the haul we made like they always do to shake down the insurance companies. I and Joe and Ricardo got a big laugh out of it.

But suddenly Manfred lets out a squawk. He reads us from a paper something that sounded like this:

"The leader of the robbers, described as a fleshy, middle-aged man with black hair and bad teeth, brutally thrust the muzzle





News-gathering, in these amazing times, means the meeting of gangsters and getting the "inside" of gang war. Mr. Brennan has been a most able news-gatherer for a great city newspaper.

of his automatic pistol against the side of Mrs. So-and-So, one of the women customers, and pushed her inside the tellers' partition, with such force that she fell heavily to the floor. She suffered internal injuries and is confined to her home in a serious condition."

Something like that.

Manfred got red in the face and looked at us hard. None of us answered the description in the paper, but Ricardo come nearest to it. He had black hair and bad teeth, but he was only twenty and he wasn't fat.

"Drusso," says Manfred real hard, "they must mean you. Did you hurt that woman?"

"Not me, Boss," says Drusso. "That must be the dame that was doin' a one-step around the buzzer button. I pointed my finger at her and told her to get inside. In another minute she'd of kicked the buzzer and had the flyer squad down on us. She let out a squeak, and I guess she fainted."

"That's right, Boss," I puts in. "I had the side door look-out, and I warned Drusso about the dame."

But it didn't satisfy Manfred.

"This paper's libeled me; that's what it's gone and done," says the Boss. "It says I'm brutal to women. That's a blankety-blanked lie. I aint never laid a finger on a woman."

It was straight goods, too. Manfred never monkeyed with women. That's what made him such a good boss. I wouldn't trail with a mob if the Big Rod of it was tellin' everything to some broad every night. But all that was neither here nor there. I told Manfred so. I said: "What the hell do you care, Boss? Forget it."

Manfred was all frowned up. He kept pulling at his hair.

"I promised Mamma I wouldn't touch a woman, let alone jab

her in the ribs with a gun," he says. "This paper had ought to give me a correction."

Can you tie that? And he was even gonna call up the paper from a pay box and make 'em change what they said! I and Ricardo and Joe talked him out of it that time.

But he kept on readin' papers. We couldn't stop him. Several weeks later we grabbed off a four-grand pay-roll at the Gold Nugget Mine office. We missed a thirty-grand shipment that was to come in the next morning, on purpose. Our inside man tipped us off that the big roll would be too heavy guarded, and we didn't want a gun-fight that bad. Well, when the papers told about the stick-up, they all said we had miscalculated and passed by the big dough.

The stories got under Manfred's hide.

"They make us out dumb," he told me, cussing. "That's because they don't know what we was up against. I bet any of those reporters that are writing so smart wouldn't of gone up against two sub-machine guns in that blind street. I think I ought to call 'em up and explain why we didn't try for the big dough. Looky at this: the *Star* says we didn't even know about the thirty-grand shipment."

I got real sarcastic. I says: "Them papers sure would praise you for tipping 'em off on the fine points of the racket, now, wouldn't they, Boss? I can see the headlines. 'Carrots Connealey Explains for Readers of the *Star* Why He Didn't Try to Get Bigger Pay-roll.'"

Instead of seeing the joke, Manfred shakes his fool red head and says: "That's another thing. Those papers gotta stop calling me Carrots. They gotta quit givin' foolish nicknames to every boy in my mob. Some of the boys is right sensitive."

I sure began to worry about Manfred, cold turkey, when he said that. But it got worse and worse.

The Boss took to readin' magazines. We had plenty of spare time out at the Shack in the county. We'd been runnin' a streak of luck, and all the boys was flush. I couldn't see why Manfred didn't spend some of his dough playin' bridge—that contract game is sure swell—or doin' a little boozin', or goin' out on parties with the broads. Instead, he said he'd stick around and check the booze shipments we was runnin' from Kentucky. Sometimes I'd see him ridin' back a ways into Illinois on a truck with special-delivery cases, and he'd always be readin' some fool magazine.

Newspapers are bad enough. They get everything twisted and try to point out all your mistakes, but they don't try to tell you how your racket ought to of been worked. These magazines go the whole hog. All the stories about "good people" on the racket in the magazines cook up some nifty-lookin' scheme for the hoods in them to pull. Only, they aint practical. They're just imagination. See?

Take like for instance a yarn in "*Dead Shot Tales*" Manfred told me about. He said "*Dead Shot*" was his favorite magazine, and his favorite author in it was a guy named DeCourtney Link. Well, this DeCourtney Link got full of hop—morphine would of done it, too—and doped up a yarn about a big mail robbery. He had a main squeeze called the Purple Phantom, who was one of these master minds the papers talk about, and all this here Purple Phantom did was to ball up a big railroad system with a magic ray, bribe an engine crew to yank two mail cars off'n a train and run 'em down a specially made siding, stun the mail-car crew with his magic ray, blow open the doors with T.N.T. and lam off in an airplane with the swag.

"That's great stuff," says Manfred, admiring. "That guy has a real imagination to think up a lay that slick."

"Slick, hell!" says I. "No guy with any sense will fool with mail robbery! I got two friends doing it all at McNeill Island for monkeying with Uncle Sam. You can always beat a State case if you got plenty of dough, but when the Government starts after you, they get a jury of farmers, and all those Hirams can think about is twenty-five years. Nix, Boss, not any of that stuff for us."

Manfred gives a grin and shakes his head.

"Still and all," he says, "if you had a magic ray, I bet you could get away with it."

"Try an' find one," I says, real sarcastic. "Maybe that hop-head will lend you his."

The Boss just sighs.

He was ripe for more trouble, and it sure come to him fast. Manfred had got nuts about publicity. He said he wanted a good break in the papers after this, so he invited a lot of reporters out to the Shack, promisin' them he'd give 'em the real low-down. He still had too much sense to do that, but he wasted a lot of good

He brought the Blythe dame out to the Shack and lined us all up like a pack of school kids. "Now, boys," she says, "your thoughtlessness has seriously embarrassed Mr. Connealey."

boozie on the newspaper boys. I and Joe Haley tried to warn him. But he says: "Charley Birger always got a good break in the papers by bein' nice to reporters. Charley was smart."

"But they hanged Charley just the same, Boss," I says. "Publicity aint good for a redhot." It seemed, though, that Manfred had persuaded the reporters to use a good picture of him instead of Bertillon mugs, and they promised not to call him Carrots no more, and he thought everything was jake.

Then one day a reporter brought this dame Julia Blythe to see Manfred at Pete Daley's place downtown. I was drinkin' beer with Pete and Ricardo Drusso in a corner, an' Manfred was readin' "*Dead Shot Tales*" in another corner by the bar. Julia aint no relation to Betty Blythe, but she's built similar, and she'd be a knockout if she didn't wear horn-rimmed cheaters all the time.

"Mr. Connealey," says the reporter, "this is Miss Julia Blythe. She said she wanted to meet a real gang-leader."

Manfred tries to slick down his red hair with one hand and rub some of the freckles off his pan with the other. He stands up real important and says: "Do you wish an interview, Miss Blythe?"

Yeh. Just like that. Do you wish an interview? Can you tie it? Why, a year before that, if anybody had told Manfred they wanted to meet him because he was a gang-leader, he'd of said: "I don't know nothin' and I aint sayin' nothin', so it aint no use, sister." Them newspapers and magazines done it, see?

Well, Miss Blythe says: "Oh, no, let's just talk informally, Mr. Connealey. I'm not a newspaper woman. I just wanted the experience of meeting you and absorbing the real underworld atmosphere."

The Boss, not havin' monkeyed around with the broads, didn't know how to handle this dame at all. This Blythe dame give him the long once-over and took deep breaths and looked at him like she never seen anything so wonderful. Not that Manfred aint good-lookin' and all that, but several of the boys in the mob outdressed him, and any of 'em shot a faster line of hooey.

I never heard what they talked about, but they had a long chin-chin, with her sayin', "Oh, Mr. Connealey, did you?" and "Oh, Mr. Connealey, is that a fact?" You know the bunk.

After the Blythe dame had left, with Manfred showin' her to the door and wipin' off the bar with a handkerchief so she wouldn't get her dress dirty, though she didn't brush against it once, I says:

"Well, Boss, do we hijack them Jellyroll trucks from Herrin, tomorrow night?"



Manfred frowns like a master mind. I guess he fancied himself as the Purple Phantom or something.

"No, Johnny," he says. "I have other plans in view. As a matter of fact,"—he coughs when he sees me givin' him the eye,—"Miss Blythe is coming out to the Shack for dinner tomorrow night."

"What for? Is she a stool-pigeon?" I says.

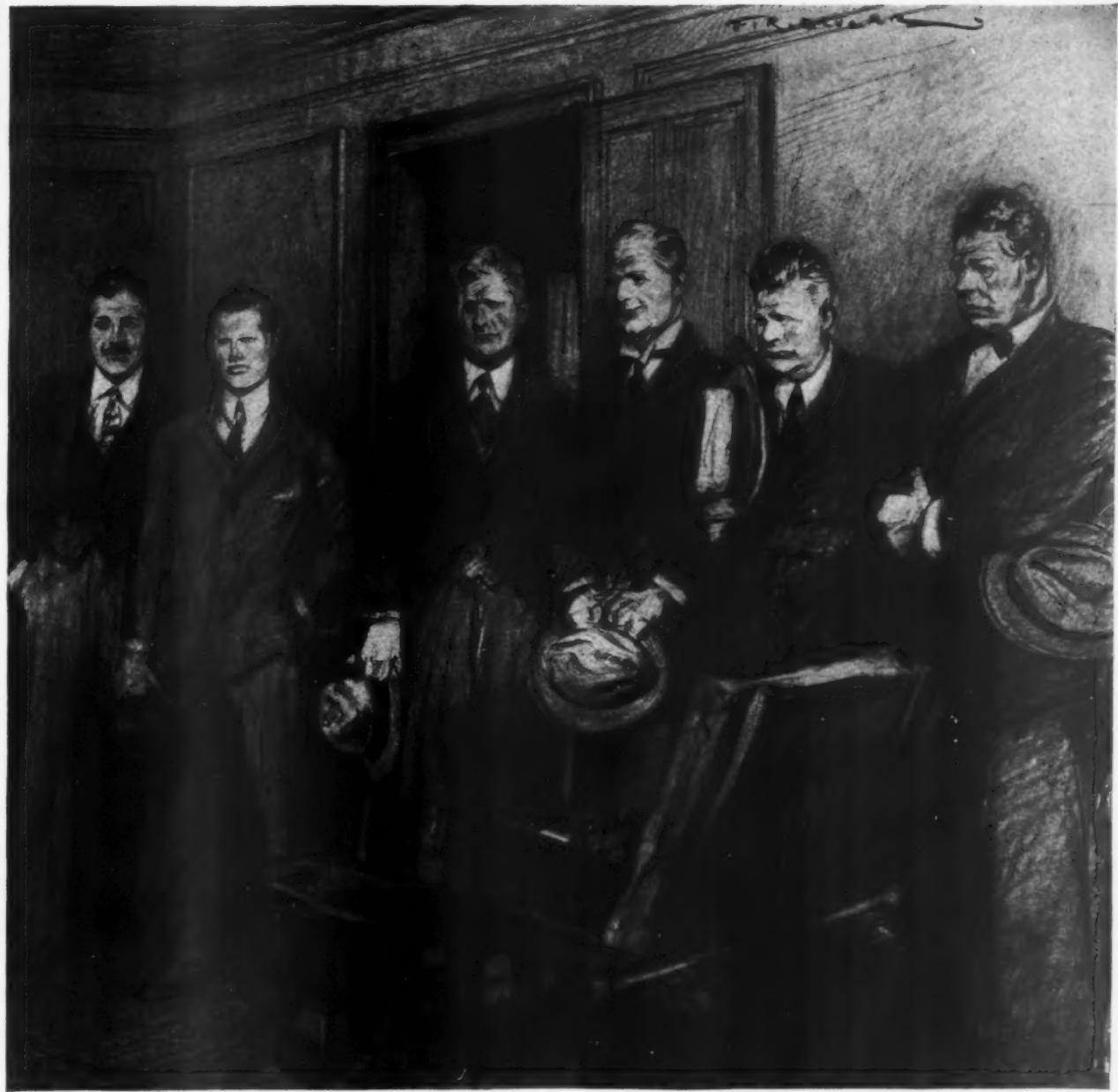
The Boss gets hard with me. I had to apologize quick. I told him I was older'n him and just wanted to protect his interests. Then he explains sort of awkward that Miss Blythe wanted to see a real gang hangout. I couldn't get the idea, because the Shack is just like any other county roadhouse, but I kept my trap shut.

Walkin' up the street to the car, Manfred says: "It's funny, but she's the kind Mamma always told me I should take up with."

Still, I didn't say nothin', but I did a lot of thinkin'. When we was drivin' out to the Shack, the Boss says: "I gotta send a car for her. This one wont do. It aint new enough. Has the blue sedan been washed recent?"

"It looks swell," I says, "but Reilly Simon busted a case of gin in the back seat hitting a bump in Belleville the other night. It smells pretty strong."

"It wont do," he comes back, scowling up. "Have Homer



Lynde send a car over from the garage tomorrow. One of the closed eights."

A lot of us boys talked it over at a hooch party across the river that night. The mob was worried.

Joe Haley says: "We ought to have a talk with the editor of that 'Dead Shot' magazine and tell him not to sell no more copies to the Boss." Of course, that wasn't no out, because Manfred could buy it at any news-stand. Joe was for givin' the editor a pistol whipping on general principles, but somebody said the magazine was published in New York. Ricardo Drusso said this Blythe dame might make trouble, and how about tellin' the reporter who brought her to see Manfred to steer her off. We argued about that, but decided the Boss might get wise and raise hell. Homer Lynde did the only straight talkin' there that night. I'd mixed drinks and was pretty cock-eyed, but I remember that the main part of Homer's spiel was to the effect that we had ought to start another row with the Jellyrolls.

Homer figured that the Boss was havin' things too quiet an' it had weakened him in the conk. He argued that if we got in a hot row with the Jellyrolls and knocked off a couple, the Boss would have his hands full and wouldn't have no time to read. Things was gettin' too tame around town, an' I guess the boys was anxious to do a little shooting.

Somebody started a fight on the dance floor where we was, and

we didn't get no more time to think about our troubles until the next afternoon.

I got out to the Shack about four, and when I walked into the dance-hall part of the place, I didn't know where I was at. Somebody had bought a lot of office furniture and moved it into one end of the room. They had stretched velvet curtains across the room halfway, sort of partitioning it off, and in the other half there was a new dining-room set. An electrician was fixing up some electric buttons on the desk, and he'd already put a panel of buttons under the dining-room table at one end.

I says: "What's the bright idea?"

"Buzzers," he says. "The big boss ordered 'em hisself."

That sort of steadied me, an' my mouth didn't drop open more'n four inches when I piped Manfred. He had on a Tuxedo, the first one I ever seen him wear, and he was nervous as hell.

"Who's been buying all the furniture?" I ast him.

He looked kind of sheepish. "I been wantin' to fix this dump up for a long time," he says. "So I thought this was as good a time as any. Besides—Miss Blythe said she wanted a lot of atmosphere."

"What's atmosphere?" I ast him.

"It's the stuff you read about," he says. "Miss Blythe's done a lot of reading, Johnny, and she sort of expects to see a lot of atmosphere. We'll just kid her along, (Please turn to page 116)

In Tune with

ZITA JOHANN

is the much acclaimed "discovery" of the season on Broadway — said discovery having happened in a way particularly encouraging to others carrying on obscurely or in failure.

Miss Johann went on the stage six years ago, playing in various productions; and it was due to her performance in an almost forgotten failure that she won her chance for great success. She did not know that one of Arthur Hopkins' staff, having seen her in the failure, remembered her through a thousand passing days and recommended her highly to his chief for "Machinal."

Given the chance, Miss Johann more than made merely good; the critics raved about her. She is Hungarian born and came to this country at the age of seven. (Her picture appears at the right.)



Photo by Irving Chidnoff



FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

was born a year after the start of this century and so was a bit young to go to the front in Europe; but he was just in time, at the age of nineteen, to arrive at the real battlefield of America as the gangs in the cities discarded six-shooters, sawed-off shotguns and other obsolete ordnance for machine-guns and bomb-grenades as standard equipment.

Reporting various gang battles for his paper, through several years, he has been saved — apparently by his sense of humor — to write such a short story of our day as appears upon another page of this magazine. His picture appears at the left.

He has written, also, talking films — for which he may not be spared — and a novel, "God Got One Vote."

Strauss Portrait

80

CHARLES BEAHAN

Often, while enjoying the splendid scenes — and sounds — of a great "super special" picture, one wonders who first saw the possibilities of the subject for the screen. The answer is usually an official of the producing company entitled "scenario editor." One of the guild — and one of the best — is shown below: Mr. Charles Beahan, scenario editor for Fox and formerly for Cecil De Mille.

He scouted and started toward the screen such successes as "The Volga Boatman," "Chicago," and Edna Ferber's "Gigolo."

He has also to his personal credit the dramatization, for the "spoken stage," of Jim Tully's "Jarnegan" and a very clever play of his own, "The Last Lover."



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Photo

Our Times

JOAN
BENNETT

is the youngest of Richard Bennett's three daughters, all of whom are now following the paternal footsteps on the stage. Like her sister Barbara, Joan made her début in support of her father. As he plays *Jarnegan*, she plays *Daisy*; the audience applauds her performance again and again; and she takes a curtain call with her father. The play, of course, is "Jarnegan," dramatized from Jim Tully's book by the Mr. Beahan whose interesting work and career are briefly described on the opposite page.

The Bennetts, father and daughter, are experimenting with talking pictures; and Joan (whose picture is reproduced at the right) already has appeared in films, notably in "Power" and "Show Folks."



COMMANDER
RICHARD E. BYRD,

more than any other man, reaps the romance of these times. We can recall few men, indeed, of any time who have dared as greatly and adventured as boldly as he.

Following his super-hazardous flight to the North Pole—when a small slip in navigation would have led to fatal disaster—he flew the Atlantic with a crew; and now he takes to the air in the intense polar cold above the stupendous plateau of Antarctica.

While the fate of this flight lies on the lap of the gods, let us recall the comment upon great adventure made by Pliny the Younger, nineteen hundred years ago:

"It is thoroughly unfair, but an ordinary custom, to praise and blame designs (which in themselves may be good or bad) just as they turn out well or ill."



Photo by
Florence Vandamm

HELEN
CHANDLER

who plays the lead in the Theater Guild's "Faust" is one of the youngest as well as one of the most popular stars in New York today. She broke in with a part in an Ibsen drama, no less than "The Wild Duck;" and played in the stage version of that popular novel of loyal and loving youth, "The Constant Nymph."

Since Miss Chandler (whose photograph is reproduced at the left) also was one of the cast that defied all traditions and actually played "Hamlet in Modern Dress," she undoubtedly was one of the reasons for the unique record made by that play. The record, you know, consisted of the number of playgoers who said, before seeing it, that it must be awful — and then "stopped the show" with their applause.



Photo © by Underwood and Underwood

Photo by Pinchot

The POOR RICH!

By
Sophie Kerr

Here is the great and difficult decision made by a girl of high ideals who married "money." At this money-mad moment in America these pages are of tremendous significance.

Illustrated by
R. F. James

The Story So Far:

LUCIA'S mother had been a prophet. "Money," she had said, "buys a great deal for the body, a few things for the mind, but nothing, nothing at all for the heart and soul."

For Lucia, lovely daughter of a professor in a plain-living little university town which had clung to its high ideals, met Alden Osgood, son of the great Quincy D. Osgood, multimillionaire and financial power. And these two fine young people, with their so-different standards and educations and backgrounds, fell in love with each other.

They were married—sailed for Europe—and almost immediately Lucia was brought in puzzling contact with Alden's wealthy friends, for a number of them were on board. There too, however, Lucia made friends with a distinguished French family, the Bravieres, and found them a present relief and a future solace—for later she occupied herself with translations of M. Bravierre's essays.

In England, also, Lucia found her new life offered strange complexities. Lucia's maid, Kane, was taken suddenly ill, and Lucia astonished and annoyed Alden by insisting on going to the hospital in London herself and making sure the girl received proper care. It was shortly after this, while they were visiting Alden's sister Irene, who had married an Englishman, that this new brother-in-law, Noel, tried to borrow money of Lucia, saying he needed it to suppress a scandal which would hurt Irene as much as him. Lucia, who had been warned of Noel's character, refused.

Months of aimless pleasant wandering about Europe followed; but finally Lucia insisted on returning home—though "home" proved to be an entire floor in a luxurious hotel which Quincy D. had engaged and furnished for them. And instead of taking a place in his father's business as Lucia had hoped, Alden decided to occupy himself with tennis—to train seriously in the hope of distinguishing himself as one of the Davis cup defenders. With this in mind Alden brought with him as trainer and coach a Rumanian prince whose unpronounceable name he shortened to "Gadget." And—a few weeks after their return, Alden's younger

sister Zoë came to Lucia, saying: "Lucia—I've been such a fool! Gadget—Gadget's got to marry me—right away. And Lucia—here's the trouble. He says he wont do it unless Dad gives him a half-million dollars for himself, outright."

Zoë's father dealt with Gadget; the newspapers reported that the Rumanian prince had somehow fallen off a dock and been drowned; but Lucia knew that Quincy D. had struck with his customary ruthless power. And Zoë returned from some weeks' absence to tell Lucia that her fears had proved groundless.

There were other dilemmas, however, which money could not evade—notably the growing alienation from each other of Alden and Lucia, an alienation which her approaching motherhood only accentuated. And late one night, hearing voices in a guest-room of the apartment, Lucia investigated—to find Alden and Kathleen, a hard-boiled young woman of his set, drinking together. Lucia started to laugh—then screamed and fell to the floor unconscious. (*The story continues in detail:*)

LUCIA'S son was born in the breathless heavy heat of a July dawn, born a little before his time because of the shock and excitement of the moment when she found her husband and Kathleen drinking together in the unused guest-room of the apartment. At her first sharp cry of pain when she fell before them, Kane, rousing, had run frantically to her aid, and found her unconscious on the floor, while Alden knelt beside her, terrified into utter helplessness.



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"She's dead, she's dead!" he muttered as Kane flung herself to the rescue.

"She's not dead—I wont 'ave it," cried Kane. "Call the doctor, call the nurse, don't stand like a himage—" She chafed Lucia's hands, lifted her head, and prayed aloud as she worked over her: "O Gawd, don't let my lady die—O Gawd in 'eaven—there, there—pretty—there! —Call the doctor, cawn't you, you two idjits!" In such disrespectful terms did Kane address Alden and Kathleen.

The latter had watched the scene in cool detachment. Now she picked up her cloak and wrapped it about her. "I'll get out," she said. "Don't bother about me, old thing; I'll get a taxi."

Alden did not hear. "She's dead—I've killed her," he repeated.

"Will you shut up talkin' and call the nurse, or 'Ap, or somebody!" cried the distracted Kane. "An' 'elp me lift her up onto the bed—oh, Gawd—" But Alden was paralyzed with fear. Kane struggled, exerted all her strength and by a wrenching effort achieved her purpose. Then, panting and breathless, she put her hand on the bedside bell and held it there until its alarm brought the nurse into the room and Hapgood and the butler to the door.

"You get 'im away," Kane commanded Hap, nodding toward Alden. "E's lost 'is head complete."

Then while the nurse took charge of Lucia, she telephoned for Doctor Pearson. He came at once and was followed by Quincy D., who had been roused by Hapgood. Within an hour they had Lucia at the hospital, and until the morning Pearson and his aids battled for her life and the life of the child with every weapon science and skill could offer. In the end, they won. The child was perfect and alive. But over Lucia they shook their heads. "She can't last out the day," said one of the great specialists, wiping his dripping face.

"You're a damned liar," replied old Pearson, haggard and hollow-eyed from the night's strain. "That girl's not going to die. She's got to live."

So, perhaps by the obstinacy of the old medical warrior, perhaps by the restraining love of James and Annie Thayer,—hastily summoned to her side,—perhaps by the devoted prayers of Kane, the grim affection of Quincy D. or the abased remorse of her young husband, but certainly not by her own strength or volition,

Lucia held the child and gazed at her husband. "What's become of the servants?" asked Alden abruptly. "Can't some one take that child while we talk?"



Lucia was held captive to life. When night came, she was still breathing, though still unconscious, and all through a second night without sleep or rest the doctors and nurses toiled to sustain the faint rise and fall of her breast, her thin, hesitating pulse. In the morning she opened her eyes for a second or two and looked about her, and at that look, so devastated, so piteous, even Doctor Pearson, triumphant though he was at his vindication, turned cold with fear.

There was nothing to do but wait, keep vigil, surround her with care. Slowly, uncertainly, with odd pauses and lapses, her youth,

being there except what I told her—*nothing*. I don't care anything about Kathleen Trumbull; I never did, except to play about with—”

“Nobody's anything to you except to play about with; that's the trouble. Shut up sniveling and try to be a man. Don't go blabbing this to everybody, either. I don't want people to think any worse of you than they do now, and I specially don't want Lucia's people to know. Great Lord, I wouldn't have had this happen for ten million dollars—no, nor twice that. Everything was going all right with her until you had to play the damned



Panting and breathless, Kane put her hand on the bedside bell and held it there until its alarm brought the nurse and butler.

her strength, began to assert a will to endure. Slowly, slowly, she came back, but in submerging weakness. She knew them, her father and mother, the Doctor, Kane,—who could not be barred from the sickroom by all the edicts of the nurses,—Quincy D.; but she did not speak to them or notice them. Alden was not allowed to come near her—he was too hysterical. He had told his father all that had occurred, and Quincy D. had scored him with contempt.

“If anything happens to that girl by your fault, I'll throw you out on your worthless neck,” he said. “I'll disinherit you; I'll break you! She's worth a thousand of you!”

“I know it, I know it. But there was nothing in Kathleen's

fool! How'd I ever happen to have a yellow dog like you for a son?”

There was more in this strain when he spoke to Alden at all, but for the most part Quincy D. preserved a malignant watchful silence with him. Hap was told not to let Mr. Alden out of his sight when he was not with his father. “He needs a keeper, and he's going to have one,” said Quincy D., “until I know how Lucia comes through this thing.”

And he hounded the doctors and berated them until old Pearson turned on him savagely. “You keep still,” he ordered. “You say you'll pay anything—well, your money's reached its limit, and I'm sick of hearing about it. There's no money can buy what

this girl needs. Too much money's responsible for her present state."

"What d'ye mean?" snarled Quincy D.

"Knowing Alden, I don't need to tell you," replied Pearson hardily. And Quincy D. dropped his head and was silent.

But still slowly, very slowly, Lucia grew stronger. She smiled, a pale curving of the lips, at sight of Annie Thayer. When they brought her baby to her, she did not smile but lay holding him in the hollow of her arm, her eyes closed, but not in sleep, her bright hair, grown longer since her illness, luminous against the pillow

No one considered the possibility of naming the child for his father except James Thayer, and even he only spoke of it to Annie. "It would be more natural, I think," he said.

"I can't suggest it if Lucia doesn't," said her mother. "There's something bitter between them. I don't understand it, and I don't understand Alden. He seems to hate the very idea of the baby; he hasn't asked to see him even once. And he's so strange—and nervous—I don't know what it can be, but he doesn't seem at all like he was when they were married."

Once more Lucia spoke with decision—when they showed her

the gifts for herself and the child. An elaborate gold and ivory rattle from Rhoda, another of gold and coral from Irene, pearl-and-gold buttons for his slips from Zoë—these were three of many expensive trinkets. James and Annie Thayer brought the silver porringer that had been for generations in the family. Quincy D. sent Lucia another string of pearls, matching those she had received on her wedding day from Rhoda; and Alden's offering to his wife was a solitaire pearl ring, miraculously beautiful and fine. Quincy D. had told him to buy it, and had paid for it. Lucia looked at all of these things with complete indifference. "Take everything out of my sight except the porringer," she said to Kane.

"But the ring, ma'am—" hesitated Kane.

"Take that too," said Lucia, and turned away her head.

Her room was filled with flowers; every exotic delicacy was brought to tempt her slight appetite, and every day there were more gifts, and messages from friends—it was a task to acknowledge them all, and a still greater task to dispose of the perishables and pack away the keepables. A constant stream of flowers and bonbons and fruit went down to the free wards of the hospital, and to the nurses' home. "But what one little byby's to do with all the mugs and plates and spoons, I cawn't himagine," said Kane. "And my lady takes no notice at all!"

When Lucia was well enough to sit up, Doctor Pearson told her that he thought she ought to see Alden. "You'll have to see him sometime," he told her. "Best do it and get it over. He's all shot to pieces, poor chap, and every day he waits makes him worse."

"You don't really pity him," said Lucia. "You only think—oh, well—I don't want to see him, but I will."

So, later that day, Alden, pale and hesitating, appeared at the door. She glanced toward him, and he ran across the room and dropped on his knees beside the

bed, burying his face in the cover.

"Lucia—Lucia—darling girl—" he stammered. "Oh, Lucia, I've been in hell! Lucia, what I told you about Kathleen was true; there was nothing between us, nothing! I could have killed myself to think you might believe—you didn't believe it, did you? You knew I told you the truth."

"Yes," said Lucia calmly, "I knew you told the truth. Get up, Alden, and don't carry on so. I believe you; I believed you at the time—"

"Then—then what made you laugh and act so strangely?"

"You wouldn't understand. And anyway, it doesn't matter."

He tried to take her hand, but she (*Please turn to page 125*)



"You get 'im away," Kane commanded, nodding toward Alden.

like a halo round a madonna's head. She spoke very little, but one day she said to her mother with decision in her voice: "The baby's to be named James Thayer Osgood."

"Wont that disappoint Alden's father?" asked Annie Thayer, secretly gratified but anxious to be just and kind, for Quincy D.'s devotion to Lucia had touched her.

"I don't know; I don't care. The baby's name is James Thayer Osgood," repeated Lucia, and closed her eyes.

When this was reported to Quincy D., he showed his sporting spirit. "It's a fine name," he said. "I'm glad to have him named that. I wouldn't have wanted him loaded down with a comic one like mine."

"Where You Loafs and Fishes"

By
Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett E. Lowry

From Alabama, where he resides, Mr. Akers passes on to the rest of the nation (via these blithe pages) some of the more credible enterprises of his dusky friends.

JEFF BAKER, colored, couldn't even see anyone on the Demopolis sidewalks—unless they owed him money. So far as ordinary negroes went, Jeff's optic nerves simply failed to register—until a chance-met contemporary, Latham Hooper, blocked his way with, "Whut ail you, nigger? Strychnine or dis heah Rough-on-rats? Seed a dawg once look' like you—all swoll' up an' no 'count."

Jeff noticed Latham. "Me an' Cun'l Elmer Revis gwine on trip," he divulged airily.

"Huh! Cun'l aint no dep'ty sheriff."

"Whut dat got do wid hit?"

"Only times I ever sees you go nowhar wid de white folks, dey wuz dep'ty sheriff settin' by you in de train seat—takin' you to de big jail-house in Mon'-gom'ry."

Jeff couldn't high-hat a boy who knew so much about him.

"Dis heah diff'ent," he announced with extreme dignity. "Me an' de Cun'l gwine to Bumin'ham—"

"Whut de matter wid de jail-house heah?"

"Shet up all time talkin' 'bout jail-house! Cun'l gwine dar to big Proh'bition meetin' in Bumin'ham. Got heap of clo'es an' baggage an' circ'lars to take 'long. He git me fo' he jan'tor, look after he business fo' him."

"Huccome he pick *you* fo' Proh'bition meetin'? You aint do nothin' nights but fight chick'ns an' peddle gin."

"Nigger, you so fur back on de news you thinks Cun'l House is still Pres'dent. Aint you heah 'bout me at de Af'can Predest'narian Chu'ch? Dat huccome de Cun'l takin' me wid him: gits me myse' sharpened up on some dis heah Rock Cut drinkin' gin t'other night, an' makes myse' a speech in de chu'ch—"

"What *you* make no speech 'bout?"

"Aint know. Niggers whut dar say hit wuz 'gainst licker an' bootleggin'. When I comes to, I's got fo' dollars an' eighty-two cents extra in my pants, collection of members takes up fo' p'omonot' temp'rance. White folks heahs 'bout hit, an' now Cun'l takin' me to Bumin'ham to make talk to dey big meetin' an' tu'n in dat fo' eighty-two puusonal."

"Lend me dollar."

"Aint lend nobody nothin'. Dem niggers gimme dat money to pay fo' mo' Proh'bition wid. Now Cun'l say I done refawm. Dat huccome he gimme dis heah li'l paper to de sto'; hit say gimme suit an' hat an' shoes."

Jeff headed into the big store on the Square and showed his



"Dat's hammer gin," explained Mr. Toombs. "If de hammer dissolve, you puts in mo' water."

paper. Things started. Colonel Elmer Revis was a man of parts, property and prohibitory zeal. The paper said that Jeff was Colonel Revis' negro—up to thirty-five dollars' worth. The store, in turn, saw a chance to move old but violent merchandise.

An hour later Jeff emerged, in need of steel bands to keep him from bursting. The four dollars and eighty-two cents that gave reason for his being was in one pocket of a brand-new brown suit with audible red stripes running up and down it. A derby of the fried-egg school of architecture, in stock since 1915, was in stock no longer.

The new prohibitionist's next stop was at his "Cun'l's." Wasn't any use in dressing up like Solomon, Junior, unless folks saw him. The Colonel was on his front "gallery" sorting statistics for telling use in the metropolis during the next few days. Jeff let himself burst on the Colonel gradually—particularly on account of his suitcase. Jeff had just borrowed it from the Colonel's wife without mentioning the matter to her, not so much to transport his wardrobe as for the note of traveled elegance that it gave one. It had the Colonel's name stenciled prominently upon it; but then, Jeff was the Colonel's negro.

Terrific though the strain was, Colonel Revis preserved his gravity. "Well, Jeff," he greeted the reformed and refurbished one, "looks like you're fixing to give those city colored girls a cure for eye-trouble!"

Jeff grinned a grin that hooked back over his ears and hung there. "Yessuh! Sho wuz pow'ful piece paper you gimme to de sto' gent'man. He say he fix me up so white folks be tickled to see me when I makes dat speech an' lays down dat fo' eighty-two. When de train go, Cun'l?"

"Eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Don't you miss it, either! It wont wait, you know."

"Naw suh; I be dar."

The Colonel turned to his figures, and Jeff turned his eyes to the sun. Civilization began pressing unduly upon him. Heretofore he hadn't worried about time. Night, morning and "evening" (Southern for afternoon) were as finely as he had had to subdivide the days. Now the white folks and the railroad were pinning him down to "clock time." Jeff saw but one solution: old train left at eight the next morning, and here it was the "evening" before already. With a sigh as he thought of his good bed



in the back of the Colonel's garage, he headed for the passenger station and established himself upon a bench in the colored waiting-room, on hand for the eight o'clock train next morning by a safe margin of thirteen hours. . . .

Jeff awoke, his finery but slightly rumpled by his night on the bench. Thereafter until the train left, Colonel Revis had no trouble in finding him. Once aboard, Jeff filled the opposite seat with his feet and suitcase, swung a mean palm-leaf fan, and hung out of an open window, that none might miss seeing him, until Demopolis was whipped from sight. Colonel had given him a ticket, and two dollars for rations; railroad was giving him free ice-water, fresh air, cinders and scenery. And single-handed, his clothes were giving him importance. Jeff rode and revised his specifications for heaven.

Three hours later Colonel Revis was having trouble with his help. Jeff wasn't half through riding, and the Colonel was having to convince him that this was Birmingham. Reluctantly Jeff disembarked, to be rewarded by a taxi-ride through more streets than he had ever seen in one ride before. Wise in his generation, the Colonel saw Jeff safely registered at the Royal Presidential Hotel for Colored—Steam Heat in Every Room, before going to his own hotel, the Corona.

Jeff looked out his window and saw more darkies than he had ever imagined lived in the world. "Must be gwine be circus in town," he muttered. Let him get down there among them, and there'd be more niggers looking at *him* than ever before in history, too. Jeff hadn't come to Birmingham to blush unseen.

The Colonel was attending a State meeting in the interest of Eighteenth Amendment enforcement. It was a man's-sized job. Jeff was there to help the Colonel, but the Colonel was all but too busy to be helped. Pending his platform appearance, however, Jeff succeeded in learning his way between the Corona and the auditorium where the sessions were held. Whereupon he got down to business as valet and messenger, with an extra key to the Colonel's room.

Off duty and lonesome in the Royal Presidential the second night, the devil discovered Jeff—the devil in the guise of the dark and portly Horace J. Toombs. Jeff took in the white vest, the spats and obvious financialness of Mr. Toombs.

"What you doin' heah, Mist' Baker?" followed the proffer of a whole stick of chewing-gum.

"He'pin' de Cun'l. Me an' de Cun'l heah to big meetin'. Gwine make a speech to de white folks soon as Cun'l git 'em tamed down some mo'. Dat hucombe dis suit."

"Knowned dey wuz *some* reason fo' hit," commented Horace J. agreeably. "Boy wouldn't git out in daylight lookin' like you does fo' nothin'. Whut you gwine make speech 'bout?"

"Lambaste licker an' tu'n in my chuch's collection to de Cause—fo' dollars an' eighty-two cents whut I collects an' fatch up heah to show dat de D'mop'lis niggers is dry durin' chuch time."

Mr. Toombs reached carelessly into his pocket for a match. A twenty-dollar yellow-back bill came out accidentally, it seemed, along with the match. "Fo' dollars an' eighty-two cents!" murmured Mr. Toombs. He looked at the twenty, but he was thinking about Jeff's four eighty-two. "Not 'nough to bother wid," he concluded his thought.

Jeff began to feel the same way about it. Old four-eighty-two had been shrinking ever since he passed Selma. He wanted to make a big impression when he made that speech, and it began to look as though four eighty-two wasn't going to be able to manage it.

In fact, he couldn't even impress one man with it now, let alone a meeting. The admirable Horace was plainly not interested in four-dollar men. His manner showed it, and Jeff's pride registered it. Four eighty-two wasn't enough. Jeff could all but hear now the whispering along Strawberry Street and the whooping in Hogan's Alley, not

Before Jeff's very eyes the hostelry suddenly boiled over at its doors and windows with outbound guests in haste.

to speak of the laughter, long and loud, up Baptist Hill. He had come to Birmingham all swelled and dressed up to make a speech to the white folks and present an offering to the Cause—and the offering was a measly four dollars and eighty-two cents! It wouldn't do.

"Fo' dollars an' eighty-two cents aint much money in Bumin'-ham," stated Jeff weakly.

"Boy, you said hit!" agreed Mr. Toombs pleasantly.

"Wish dey wuz some way to git dat money to growin'."

Mr. Toombs' spats and spirits suddenly stirred. His ears stiffened. Jeff was talking his language! Investment was his busi-

ness. And business had been woefully dull of late. Other negroes made the investments, and Horace J. got the money. While Jeff was mere petit larceny for Mr. Toombs in his present financial status, why not, thought Horace brilliantly, raise him to grand-larceny proportions and then operate as usual?

"Whut yo' line of bus'ness in D'mop'lis, Mist' Baker?" he es-sayed as a first step.

"Drives gobbage wagon an' cleans up white folks' yahds."

Mr. Toombs found no promise in this. He delved deeper. "Yeah, but whut 'bout nights? Whut else you do den?"

Jeff considered. His avocational interests seemed meager before so great a man. "I makes Proh'bition speeches—an' I boot-legs some—"

Horace J. Toombs had heard enough! A way upward, onward and outward had suddenly flashed over him. "Stay heah an' don't talk to nobody!" he instructed Jeff hastily but impressively. "I jes' remembered I got conf'ence on wid my oldest boy, Bismarck, whut bell-hops over to de Corona white-folks' hotel. Aft' dat, I sees whar you gwine make de white folks a bigger speech an' tu'n in heap mo' money dan you left D'mop'lis wid. An' dat's de kind delegate whut counts, Mist' Baker: leaves home wid li'l runty bit

two dollars fo' one fo' yo' chu'ch, an' makes clank whut is a clank at de end of yo' speech. Good bright business man whut keep he eyes open fo' cops an' cust'mers c'n make money in Fo'th Alley dat way. When dese gawn, I gits you some mo' like 'em. Sho likes see boy do well fo' de chu'ch."

Jeff looked about him. The idea sounded all right, but a boy was liable to slip up on the details. His eye fell upon his suitcase, only to call forth a fresh difficulty. "Caint carry dem bottles round naked," he mused aloud. "An' if takes suitcase out, de hotel lible see me an' want de room-rent."

Mr. Toombs destroyed difficulties faster than they reared their heads. "Leave dat to me," he gestured. "I tells de hotel clerk you's all right."

Thus Jeff, plying his old side-line in a new but amazingly profitable field, protected by the suitcase and stenciled name thereon of his patron, Alabama's ardent and eminent dry, Colonel Elmer Revis, of Demopolis!

For two days Mr. Toombs planted as Paul; Jeff watered as Apollos; and the increase was four dollars and eighty-two cents every time Jeff turned a faucet.

Bismarck watched and worried. Honesty might be the best policy, but to Bismarck's mind Jeff was overdoing it. He knew merchants that had prospered by a suitable handling of scales and sales. In the light of which view, full advantage of his opportunities were not being taken by Jeff. Which left an opportunity for Bismarck!

Bismarck fixed a baleful eye on Jeff's baggage and schemed. Jeff turned a mean spigot and kept busy. His side-line, indeed, kept him so occupied that he scarcely had time to attend to his main line of helping the Colonel put over more Prohibition at the big meeting in the Auditorium.

Then an opening and an idea presented themselves suddenly to Bismarck in one of Jeff's business absences from the Royal Presidential. Mr. Toombs, Junior, made no effort to resist either. And when it came to duplicity, he was no piker.

Jeff put every quart and quarter he could spare into rolling up a big financial showing for the African Predestinarian Church at Demopolis. Mr. Toombs, Senior, licked his chops, so to speak, and waited. Bismarck saw personal profit in his latest stroke, and parental admission that there might be something in the



"Laud, look at dat!" Jeff gasped; and he shrank behind a convenient garbage-can. For they were loading the second wagon now, and prominent among the prisoners was—Colonel Revis!

of money, an' raise hit up to a big pile whut goes *clank!* when you lays hit down at de end yo' speech."

Jeff heard the *clank!*—until Horace J. Toombs drowned it out with fairer and finer words: "Hit's gwine be one dem miracles whar you loafs an' fishes, an' I works hit out fo' you, an' de grand Proh'bition cause gits whut us catch in de way of increase."

Within the hour Mr. Toombs was back, importantly and with a package. Unwrapped, it revealed two quart bottles of peculiar shape, one empty and one filled with some liquid of a most pleasing and promising appearance. Jeff removed the cork and applied the olfactory test, which it passed with flying colors.

"Dat's hammer gin," explained Mr. Toombs complacently.

"Huccome 'hammer'?"

"Us test hit wid a hammer. If hammer floats in hit, you sells de gin; but if de hammer dissolve, dat's sign you needs put in mo' water."

Jeff saw. Mr. Toombs continued to outline his proposition. "Price of dese heah two bottles is fo' dollars an' eighty-two cents. Dey's special shape so aint nobody git fool wid 'em. Water's free. You buys one an' fills two. Dat how you make

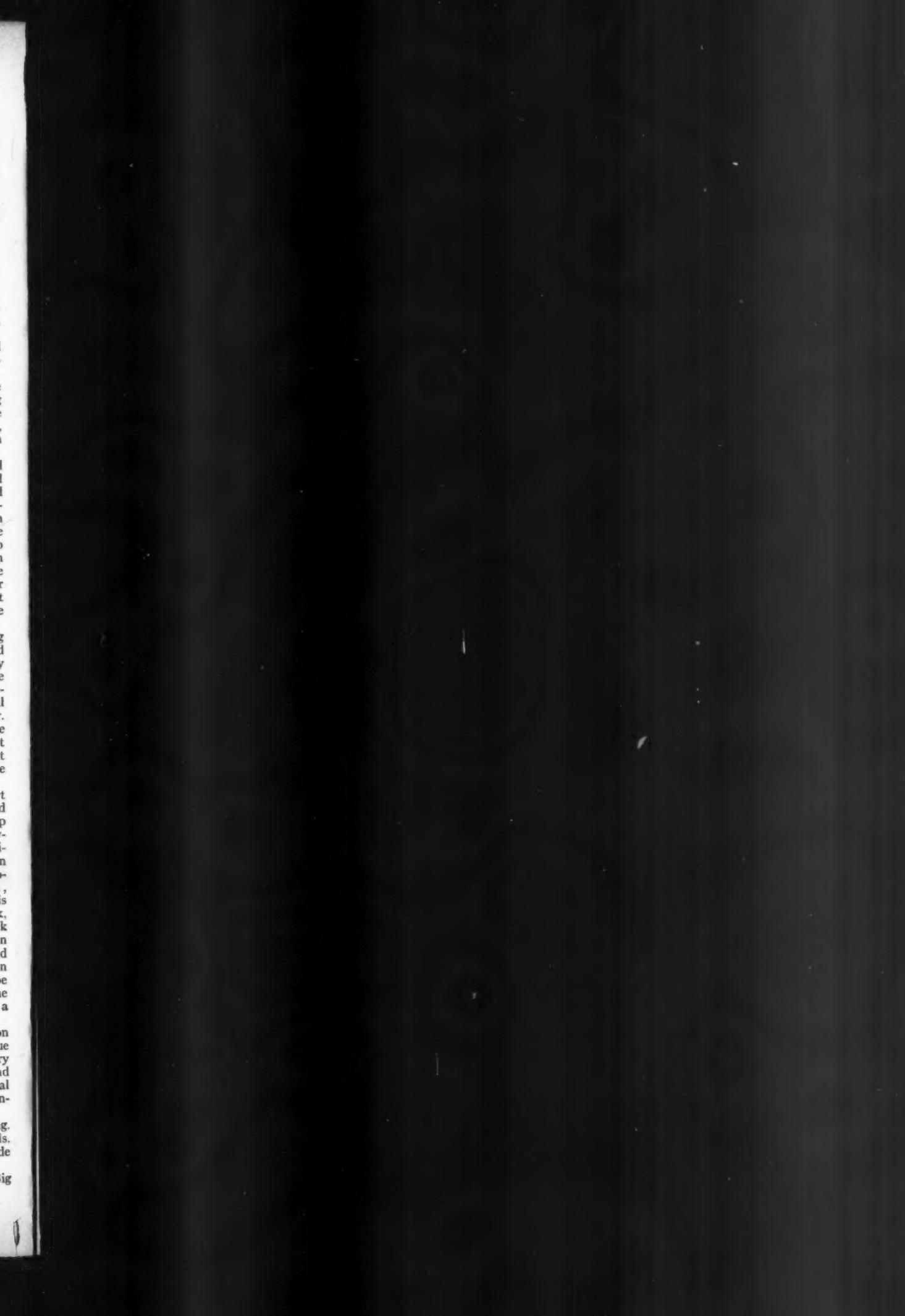
Woolworth system of success after all. Bismarck was at heart a retailer, his father strictly a wholesaler.

Then the white folks dropped a bomb. The first explosion was at another hotel for colored, farther down Fourth Avenue from the Royal Presidential. Before Jeff's very eyes this hostelry suddenly boiled over at its doors and windows with outbound guests in haste. One of them, ducking into the Royal Presidential lobby at high speed, collided with Jeff, also outbound to investigate.

"I never done hit!" screamed the new entrant without looking. Curiosity impelled Jeff to hang on to him for further details.

"Whut you doin', runnin' round hollerin' like ol' duck wid de toothache?" he queried.

"Dey's raidin' de hotel whar at I wuz!" panted the other. "Big





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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



The new Ford has a very simple and effective lubrication system

If you could look into the engine of the new Ford, you would be surprised at the simplicity of the lubrication system. It is a combination of pump, splash and gravity feed—an exclusive Ford development.

The oil pump draws the oil from the bottom of the oil pan through a fine mesh wire screen or filter and delivers it quickly to the valve chamber. Even when you are traveling at thirty miles an hour, the five quarts of oil in the pan pass through the pump twice in every mile.

From the valve chamber the oil flows by gravity to the main bearings

of the crankshaft and the front camshaft bearing. Reservoirs of oil are provided for each main bearing pipe opening through a series of ingenious dams placed at the bottom of the valve chamber.

After filling these reservoirs, the surplus oil flows down an overflow pipe to the front of the oil pan tray. In this tray are four troughs into which dip the scoops on the connecting rods. These scoops pick up the oil and throw it into the grooves of the swiftly moving crankpin bearings. They also send an oil spray over the cylinder walls, camshaft and timing gears. From the tray the oil flows back to the oil pan, from where it is again drawn through the oil strainer into the pump.

The oiling system of the new Ford is so simple in design and effective in action that it requires practically no service attention. Like every other Ford part, it has been built to give you many thousands of miles of use at a minimum of trouble and expense.

There is only one thing to do, but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below

low (L) and change the oil every 500 miles. If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubricating properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

The lubrication of the chassis is also important. It has been made simple and easy in the new Ford through the use of the high pressure grease gun system. In order to insure best performance, the chassis should be lubricated every 500 miles.

Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, the housings cleaned with kerosene and new lubricant added.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or carelessly done.

Ford dealers everywhere have been specially trained to oil and grease the new Ford. They know the best oil to use for each part during each season of the year and they have special equipment to do the job thoroughly and right and at a fair price.



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prohbition meetin' in town got de po-lice all stirred up—lookin' ev'ywhar fo' licker! Lemme at dem miles, boy, while I's fresh!"

Jeff heard him without happiness. Right off he detected symptoms of a jam in his own business. The Royal Presidential Hotel was squarely in the line of police progress, and in the Colonel's suitcase upstairs, which he had "borrowed" for personal use, he had four good and clearly labeled reasons for not wanting his own room searched—especially with the Colonel's name all over that suitcase. Lots of boys were outdoors in striped suits helping the good roads movement for half what Jeff had in his room now!

More negroes went by outside. Things seemed to be coming Jeff's way—entirely too much so. Then Jeff had an idea, right when ideas were in big demand and bringing a premium. Give him two minutes, and they were going to find the Royal Presidential as pure as a lily, so far as he was concerned.

FOUR at a time he took the steps to his room. A moment later he strolled forth at approximately twelve miles per hour, bearing the Colonel's fatal suitcase and headed for the Corona. Inside the bag, he had satisfied himself, was all the evidence against him, just as he had left it. *En route* to the Corona Jeff wasn't frightened; he was merely scared stiff. But nothing happened. And thanks to his key and his relation to Colonel Revis, he gained unquestioned access to his employer's room, and deposited his burden in the Colonel's closet. Later, when times improved, he would remove it. But right now his sigh of relief could have been heard as far as Texas if the wind were right, Jeff rolled his eyes and trembled at the mere thought of the narrowness of his escape.

Then, purified and strengthened by a fine new innocence, Jeff turned virtuously back toward the Royal Presidential. His desire now was to see dumber and guiltier members of his race suffer for any shortage of personal uprightness. Niggers ought not to be all the time breaking the law. For his part, Jeff could look anybody in the eye with a clear conscience now—except the Colonel.

Which made it no time for no other than Colonel Revis to hail him unexpectedly with, "Jeff!"

"Yessuh, jes' lookin' fo' you," lied Jeff ex temporaneously.

"What's all the big rush? We're going to have your speech and donation this afternoon—going to let all these big white folks know where you and the Demopolis darkies stand on this curse of liquor, you know."

"Yessuh, stands right flat on both feet an' lays down de money—*clank!*—when finishes de speech. Whar-at us meet you fo' hit?"

"In my room—three o'clock, sharp."

Jeff buckled slightly at the waist and tried to keep his eyes from blinking too fast. He hated to think of the Colonel alone up there with what was in that closet! Jeff didn't bother to wonder what would happen if he found anything—he knew.

"Yessuh, be standin' dar—waitin'," he managed unhappily.

But Jeff wasn't built right for worrying about anything long. A few admiring glances at his clothes as he sauntered out Fourth Avenue not only restored his morale but even whetted his appetite for still more admiration. His business began to check up just right. Not only were his white folks due to get a speech and approximately forty-eight dollars from him now, but personally he was just as good as vaccinated against liquor raids. For all he had now was money. Colonel had all the gin. Rectitude and laboring for the church sure did pay a boy! It naturally followed that it would be a crime not to let more negroes see him. Hence he set his course for the alley back of the Corona that afforded entrance and egress for those of his race who served in the hotel.

But his visit was poorly timed. Suddenly the customary calm of the Corona alley was all upset. The excessively uniformed Bismarck Toombs came forth from the hotel first, chiefly because he was larger and could step upon or over smaller though equally hurried members of the staff. In fact, Bismarck gave the appearance of leading a charge of the day force of bell-hops. And once outside, there seemed none of their usual tendency to congregate. Rather, each seemed to feel contaminated, incriminated, by his associates, and to desire immediate solitude in remote portions of the city.

Jeff followed Bismarck. "Huccome all dem boys makin' sich good time 'way from de Corona?" he panted when Bismarck could be overtaken, blocks away.

Bismarck recognized him and slowed down to forty miles an hour. It was the same old story: Jeff and the Colonel had pushed prohibition too far, had raised up indeed a *Frankenstein's* monster to destroy themselves! For, "*Dey's raidin' de Corona now!*" gasped Bismarck in horror. "Gov'ment men, too—aint know nobody! . . . Whut ail you, nigger?"

Normally correct of vision, Jeff had grown cross-eyed now, complicated by a lavender paleness that ill became him. Moreover his knees weren't acting right. They barely supported him to the curb, upon which he sank and began uttering a series of most startling groans.

"What you e't?" demanded Bismarck solicitously.

"Aint e't nothin'!" mourned Jeff. "Thinkin' bout de Cun'l when he gits out de jail-house!"

"Who he? When he git in de jail-house?" "Cun'l's my white folks. Aint in yit! Gwine be soon's dey find he suitcase. An' he sho gwine romp on me, quick as he git off de rock-pile!"

Bismarck scratched his head in the presence of such grief and saw a faint light. But he couldn't finish connecting it up. "Whut you keer?" he pursued. "How you git mixed up in hit?"

"Jes' moved my licker in to de Cun'l's room," wept Jeff, "count dem raidin' dem nigger hotels! Now hit's in he closet in he suitcase wid he name on hit!"

Bismarck dimly saw complications that were not yet visible to Jeff, and developed business elsewhere. He hadn't looked for this.

JEFF drifted deviously downtown toward the Corona. There he saw the first load of arrests coming out, sheepish-looking white gentlemen and two bellboys who had not responded with sufficient promptness to the general alarm. Things looked mighty businesslike! Self-preservation took Jeff by the elbow and steered him around into the alley.

But there, to add to his wretchedness, Horace J. Toombs reappeared and began hanging around Jeff like a dog around a meat store. Horace couldn't keep his mind and eyes off the bulge in Jeff's pants pocket where the money was—Mr. Toombs' money, if he could only evolve quickly a plausible scheme for getting hold of it. In fact, securing it had become practically an obsession with Mr. Toombs. The way Jeff hung on to it was maddening to a big Fourth Avenue financier like Horace J. Toombs.

"You aint lookin' so dawggon' good dis mawnin', Mist' Baker," he commented as pleasantly as he could in the face of his anxiety about the contents of Jeff's pocket. "Lookin' a heap better'n I feels," returned Jeff miserably, edging back toward the street.

Mr. Toombs' laugh was a feeble failure. So was his next attempt at strategy. "Police li'ble take all dat money an' not give you none back," said he, waving a bogey-man before Jeff's eyes. "Why aint you lemme keep hit fo' you twel times gits better?"

"Li'ble need hit now fo' de Cun'l's bail,"

demurred Jeff firmly. "Then—*"Lawd, look at dat!"* he gasped.

What Horace saw was exactly what Jeff was afraid he was seeing himself. Jeff shrank behind a convenient garbage-can in a position from which he could not have been dislodged without employment of artillery. It was all right for Jeff to see what he was seeing, provided the Colonel didn't see *him* at the moment! For they were loading the second patrol wagon now. And prominent among the prisoners, both socially and from the standpoint of resistance he was putting up, was—Colonel Revis! Right after him they loaded in a familiar suitcase: the evidence! That made the case complete and Jeff sick!

"Dat white gent'man sho could cuss, couldn't he?" admired Mr. Toombs as the well-filled patrol drew away from the curb and clanged its way down Twentieth Street.

"You aint heard no cussin' yit!" quavered Jeff fearfully. "Jes' wait twel he lay eyes on me nex' time!"

IN a rear room of the Royal Presidential Hotel, Father and Son week was being prematurely but heatedly observed. Father, in the person of Mr. Horace J. Toombs, was giving tongue to his sorrow that Bismarck, his first-born, had ever been born at all. Sharper than a serpent's tooth, it appeared, was his realization that Bismarck had also let Jeff get away with forty-eight dollars cash money. "You aint got no mo' idea of team-work dan a 'tater-bug on a chip in de middle de P'cific Ocean!" declared Father Toombs in closing.

Son counter-attacked warmly. "All time waitin' round twel dey got a big pile befo' you starts takin' hit 'way from dem!" he declared. "An' now look whut you done: Jeff loose in de town wid ouah fawty-eight dollars still in he pants! Who stuck round him all day like a busted brother-in-law, an' den let him git 'way wid he money? You!"

"Huccome you aint he'p me out wid him?" quarreled his parent. "Stead of all time monkeyin' round Jeff's baggage like you done? Why aint you use yo' hand fo' somep'n else 'sides keepin' yo' ears from rubbin' together, boy?"

Bismarck's manner suddenly changed—as though he had acted long enough. And in the change was something of the manner of a colored boy with a couple of extra cards in his shoe for emergencies; a note of optimism, as it were, crept into his voice now.

"Maybe I done already used hit," suggested Bismarck mysteriously, "while you wuz runnin' round warin' out yo' mouth."

Horace Toombs paused in mid-course to gain a better understanding.

"You say Cun'l done in de jail-house?" Bismarck questioned.

"Sho is. Gov'ment men done put him dar. Dey aint know nobody. Jeff says catch de Cun'l red-handed wid fo' quawks of Jeff's gin right in de room wid him in suitcase wid Cun'l's own name on hit. Dat's ninety days an' causts, even wuz he de boy what got up Prohbition."

"Hit is if he aint see me," muttered Bismarck still more mysteriously.

"Whut you mean 'see' you? Nobody aint never done deyse'ves no good lookin' at you—specially me."

But "You wait twel I comes back up heah," was all Bismarck vouchsafed. "I's got somep'n what fotch de fawty-eight dollars out Jeff's pocket when you cain't."

BISMARCK was back, and two cheap cigars had been nervously consumed by his worried parent before there came a knock at the Toombs' door.

"Git in de bathroom, Papa!" hissed Bismarck. "Ev'y time Jeff see you, he clamp he hand down on he pocketbook some mo'."

Mystified, Mr. Horace Toombs suffered

himself to be shoved, spats and all, into the bathroom. More mystified he beheld through a carefully retained crack in the door his son holding earnest converse with Jeff over a previously concealed box.

At the next phase of the negotiations Horace addressed his own eyes. "Quit lyin' to me," he breathed as he rubbed them. But their message was still the same: Jeff was pushing his money on Bismarck—eagerly, anxiously. And getting nothing in return but a fair-sized pasteboard box!

Then, stranger still—indubitable proof that Bismarck had not inherited his father's brains quite one hundred per cent—he saw his son hand back part of the money. At sight of which, irrepressible gurgling noises denoting agony emanated from the bathroom—to such an extent that Bismarck found himself forced to make violent threatening motions behind his back, at the crack of the bathroom door.

"Dat fix ev'ything," he addressed Jeff loudly as he pocketed the money and began shooing him out. "Jes' like you say, hit never would do fo' you fo' de Cun'l to stay in de jail-house: he might git to speciat' round 'bout who got him in dar. But dey cain't prove nothin' on him now. An' you gits back five, like I say—"

A VARICE, anticipation and admiration shone equally in the paternal eyes as Bismarck beckoned Mr. Horace Toombs from his exile. For his part, Horace was prepared to grant in advance of explanations that Bismarck was a chip off the old block, a credit to a fine father, *et cetera*. Barring a little weakness around final five-dollar bills, in fact, his technique was practically perfect.

Bismarck rocked on heels and toes and smiled superiorly. "Not so dumb 'bove de tonsils, is I?" he queried cheerfully, spreading Jeff's former forty-three dollars fan-wise before the watering mouth of Mr. Horace J. Toombs.

Mr. Toombs, Senior, blinked. The pace of modern business had lately grown too rapid for him. "Specify," he gurgled. "How you git dat nigger's money so easy after I been tryin' hard all day?"

"Huh! Dat easy. Aint no trouble gittin' money from Jeff when you works hit right. Dat nigger crave jes' one thing now—to git de Cun'l out de jail-house. So when I shows him how to do dat, he commence fightin' to gimme he money—all but five dollars whut I wouldn't take."

Horace still sought the light, earnestly but unsuccessfully. That final five still stuck in

his mental craw. "Yeah, but how you git him to give hit up? Whut in dat package you sells him fo' hit?"

"Sells him de ev'dence 'gainst de Cun'l." Mr. Toombs, senior, grew all but apoplectic with perplexity. "Ev'dence? Ev'dence? 'Gainst de Cun'l? Boy, yo' haid aint hittin' on all fo'. Me an' Jeff seed dat ev'dence bein' loaded in de same patrol wagon as dey puts de Cun'l in. Po-lice got dat ev'dence now."

"Huh! Whut you seen gwine in de patrol wagon aint whut gwine keep de Cun'l in de jail-house—hit's whut gwine git him out. . . . 'Ca'se aint nothin' in dat suitcase all time but fo' bottles of fresh water de same shape, whut I puts in dar after I takes out dem fo' quawts of hammer gin befo' de raids. I wuz gwine sell 'em on my own hook anyhow, so when I sees how 'pawtant dat gin is to Jeff, I jes' sells hit back to him fo' he fawty-three dollars."

"W-w-whut you give him back dat five fo', den?" questioned his parent, fanning himself feebly meanwhile with his hat.

"Dat? Why, dat's to send to de proh'bition folks! Speech or no speech, aint nobody honest as me, an' Jeff aint gwine steal no chuk's money!"

LIONS!

(Continued from page 37)

ing sky. In that amber light their coats were like green-gold bronze, and like bronze statues they stood there, the great maned lion regal and unafraid, the lioness a sinuous curve of menace and apprehension.

That instant's picture was to Johnny worth the price of the night, worth the trip to Africa; for it was Africa, at last, the old glorious wild life of it. He stared, forgetting to raise his gun quickly enough.

King took cool aim, remembering wisely to shift his sights, for the beasts were three hundred yards away. He fired, and the air was split with the roar of his rifle and the answering roars of the lion. The big-maned fellow dropped like a stone in the grass.

Johnny made a clean miss at the lioness, and she was off like a streak of lightning—no waiting to do battle by her mate, for her!

SO their return ended in a triumphal entry into camp. Gun-boys and porters, hearing the shot, had come hurrying out to the scene, and brought in the great lion, swung from a pole carried high on the heads of jogging porters.

Everybody came out to admire the trophy and congratulate King—Colonel Lake and Sallie, and MacAllister, the white hunter and guide of the expedition.

"I told you it was a grand lion country," said MacAllister. "Look at the size of that fellow! It was the lions that chased me out of here when I tried ranching."

Their camp had been made beside the old ranch-house that MacAllister had once built in these lonely plains—a low, rambling building of mud, once whitewashed, its sharply sloping roof thatched deep with grass. It had the look of unkempt age that anything abandoned for even a short time wears in Africa—some of the wooden shutters sagged crazily, and much of the whitewash had peeled from the walls, leaving large brown splotches.

A tangle of untended mango trees grew thick at one side; behind were the dilapidated mud-and-grass kitchen and outbuilding where the personal boys were quartered; the tents of King and MacAllister were pitched on the other side, and Colonel Lake and his daughter were occupying the house. MacAllister had kept the interior in fair enough repair for just such hunting parties—he had discovered, these five years, that guiding white hunting parties, in Kenya, paid better than ranching.

The lion was borne in state to a cleared space at one side of the tents; there a tarpaulin was hastily erected to protect the skin from the sun, his whiskers and teeth counted to make sure that no natives made off with any of them for *dawa*, or magic charms, careful measurements taken, and then the skinners set to work.

Everybody praised the clean shot King had made. And he certainly had skill, Johnny had to own, hiding his own base envy as best he might. It had been a good shot, clean through the heart—a darned good shot.

He tried to be funny about his own shot, explaining how he had counted upon the loyal nature of the lioness to give him a second chance, but it was thin work. And he hated the friendly sympathy in Sallie's understanding eyes. He didn't want her sympathy. God knows he needed it, but it didn't exactly fill the bill.

He wanted the admiration that King kindled. Sallie was such a hero-worshiper, she had such a little-girl wholeheartedness for great exploits! Courage and selflessness were the qualities of her heroes, and at the moment he was not overstocked with either.

He was glad that the excuse for sleep took him off to his tent out of sight, and he tried to lose himself in sleep, but for all his need, his rest was a fitful affair. He could not get the girl out of his head. He loved her so desperately, and he had lost her so irretrievably!

If there only were—something hard, something dangerous and full of hurt that he might do to win her, to show her the measure of his love and his capacity for serving her! But there was not a thing that he could do but hide his hurt at giving her up. Just grin and bear it.

"Well, it will be all the same a hundred years from now," he told himself, his blue eyes, bloodshot from lack of sleep, staring haggardly at the ridge of his green linen tent; and then, mirthlessly: "But the first hundred years are the hardest."

Toward afternoon he fell into a heavy sleep from which he was only awakened by his boy's bringing in hot bath-water at sunset. It was a comfort to look over at King's tent and see that he too was just getting up—he had been getting in his beauty sleep all day, and had not been with her. Nothing could have happened yet between them. But it would happen soon.

But Africa was a poor place in which to try to be alone with a girl. He had found that out for himself. You had to keep to the beaten paths, and the paths were full of people, of companioning whites and attendant blacks, for you never moved without a gunboy at your heels and a porter or two for raincoat and camera. And there were always the natives.

Evening was the poorest time of all. Then you were confined to the firelit spaces of the camp, and the companionship of the entire group, all under the eyes of boys and porters squatting about their own fires, singing and gossiping, but never losing track for one instant of what the *Wazungu* were up to. Not a gesture escaped them, not an inflection of the unknown tongue.

THAT night everybody was especially social after the affair of the lion. After dinner the five whites of the party sat out in their camp-chairs about a blazing fire, for those African highlands chilled swiftly when the sun was down, and drank their coffee and smoked their cigarettes, while a little farther away the porters built up a huge fire of their own about which was impromptu song and dance with much surreptitious passing of gourds of *pombe*.

It was a gorgeous night. The sky was brilliant with stars, the Milky Way so white it seemed a gauze floating through the heavens. The air was sweet as May, yet tonic as October, and rich with the smoky fragrance of the green-wood fires. In the tree-tops of a distant ravine a baboon mother woke to scold her unruly young and threaten them with leopards.

It was just such a night as Johnny had dreamed of, but there was no magic in it for him now. In his mouth was the bitter taste of a cup that had yet to be drained to the dregs.

The talk ran mainly upon lions, upon the newly discovered lion country down in Tanganyika, where lions played about in the open by day like kittens in the grass, upon old lion-stories, on King's shot of the day and on the lion tracks that had been seen that morning about the little grass cook-house.

"You'd better try the cook-house for your boma, Johnny," Colonel Lake advised with a chuckle, and though Johnny dutifully grinned back, his spirit writhed.

"Oh, Johnny will get his lion yet," Sallie



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said quickly, and smiled across the firelight at him as if eager to be kind in all the little things she could.

"Certainly he will," King echoed heartily, and Johnny wanted to push his handsome face in.

And then King took to deprecating his own shot. "No excitement in it," he said. "If only the brute had been charging!"

"You might not have shot so straight," said MacAllister, the guide and white hunter of the expedition.

King stiffened.

"I fancy I'd shoot a great deal straighter—with the need."

"It doesn't always work that way," Mac mentioned dryly, and he threw out: "No man knows what he's going to do when a lion gets after him."

Out of the tail of his eye Johnny threw a glance at the old hunter—was Mac getting fed up with King too? Had he divined there was some weak streak in him, something uncontested by civilization that might break? But why should Mac feel that way? Why did he himself feel that way, except out of raw jealousy? What had King ever done? Looked out for himself, saved his skin in little things, but what reason did that give for these sour sneers?

Gad, he was a back-biting worm! Sallie was dead right to look past him to a chap who could really do things, who had something beside his own coveting heart to give her! Whatever Sallie did was right, anyway. But he couldn't stand more days of seeing it go on. King's hand now, in the shadow—was it resting on her arm?

Well, what if it was?

But it was relief to his tense nerves when Sallie rose and said that she'd be turning in—she'd been out picture-taking with Dad that day, and she had done as many miles as the antelope.

It was relief not to see her lovely profile there in the firelight, her troubled eyes, avoiding his, staring out before her at her own thoughts. She was not happy about him, Johnny knew, for her heart was tender—none of your hard-boiled flapper about young Sallie!

In gruff tenderness he wanted to tell her to forget it, to go her own way and be happy, only be sure the man she chose was worthy of a lifetime of her, but as there seemed no opportunity for such speech between them, he only rose, in dumb politeness, for the good-nights. Probably she thought he was sulking.

It was King who had the wit to offer to accompany her—for the camp-fire was a little away from the men's tents and the mud-and-grass house that the Lakes were occupying. Off went the pair together, King carrying Sallie's candle lantern, and a gourd and horn she had bought that evening from a porter. The moon was out and shed its radiance like a blessing on her small dark head and white frock—she had exchanged khaki for white in honor of that evening—and on King's tall figure bent above her.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

who wrote "Audacity" and "All the Brothers Were Valiant" has a startling new story in an early number of this magazine—

"The Mystery
of the Swagging Man"

Johnny could hear her low laughter floating back. She had a lovely laugh, as genuine as a child's.

GRESHAM KING had the same thought about it. He was in that mood when everything the woman he loves does is beautiful to him, when her very presence is enough to make the world an enchantment. He thought that if Sallie were his forever, then he would have everything he wanted in life—heath, wealth and happiness, the old rhyme come true—and, he hoped, a long jolly lifetime to enjoy it in.

Her room was at one end of the rambling, inconsequential old ranch-house. The room had evidently been added as an afterthought, and was reached only by a long, narrow hall plastered on one side of the house, opening out of the main room which they used now as a dining-room. Another big room behind that they used as storeroom for their goods; Colonel Lake's bedroom opened out of that, and there was a jutting addition which he had made into a developing-room.

The place was dark as the grave, and King swung the candle lantern with elaborate care to guide the girl's steps as they crossed the dining-room and went down the long hall. The trophies he was carrying for her gave the excuse for continuing with her, though they were hardly heavy enough for much of an excuse. So he added: "I'll see you safely to your room."

The hall was dark as a tunnel. He had rather hoped things from that hall, but she was keeping behind him in one of those little-girl panics of hers which he had learned to recognize—staving off life, flying from decisions. He felt too cumbered, with the lantern and the trophies in one hand and arm, to try conclusions then, so he strode on and pulled open the door at the end of the passage.

It opened back into the hall; and as he set it ajar, she was past him, into the room. He stepped after. It was like stepping into the moon, for the room was bright with the white light of it, pouring through the open window whose wooden shutters lay back against the outside walls.

It was bright as day, yet with a brightness softer than any day can offer, a diffused and shining radiance that turned Sallie into a moon sprite, smiling her elfin smile at him. What a darling she was! How that dear loveliness of hers had power to quicken a man's blood and set it hammering in his pulses. How soft those lips were, curving in that soft, teasing, prankish smile. And he had never even kissed her!

"Sallie!" he said quickly. His voice was husky with feeling. He had never heard his voice like that.

SHE seemed to move a little away from him, expectant yet withdrawing—well, he never liked women too eager. That always put him off. Not that he had ever been in such earnest before. This was real. This was his life.

"Sallie," he said again, entreatingly.

"Yes?" she murmured.

He became aware that he was carrying the lantern and the trophies, and he set them carefully on the floor in a corner. Her cot bed, opened by the boy, was against one wall, its white net falling straight about it. It looked virginally out of place in that room of MacAllister's, with his grim-looking trophies of spears and shields, of mounted heads and skulls and horns nailed on the walls, and a pair of old elephant tusks in the corner. On a box were arranged the toilet things, the funny little jiggers a woman always liked about her. . . . He'd buy her gold for their home. The Colonel had none too big an income.

"Sallie, I'm mad for you," he said, and went toward her.

But she slipped farther away, her hand holding him off.

"Wait!" she said breathlessly. "Not—not yet—"

"Wait—"

"We hardly know each other—we're just beginning—"

He could smile at her childishness. "You darling! Don't we know all we need to know? What don't you know about me? How much I love you? Let me tell you—in this moon. I love you more than anything in life, Sallie, more than life itself—"

He could not go on framing sentences. He could only repeat, "More than life itself," over again, watching her hungrily in the moon. She was so lovely, so desirable!

And then—she must have heard it first, for the dark head that he was watching slowly turned. He seemed to sense her horror before he saw its reason for himself.

The moon was shadowed for them. In that white square of window, opened to the night, there showed the blotting outline of a lion's head, framed in its bristling mane.

IT seemed to stay there motionless, for an eternity of time. Then the lithe body flowed like water through the opening, and he heard the thud of feet landing on the wooden floor.

There was no time for incredulity, though incredulity was one of the emotions that knocked at his stunned senses. The lion was there in the room with them—a lion so used to prowling about this abandoned ranch-house that he had not hesitated to come inside!

It was there, in the room. . . . The three of them made a triangle.

King thought his legs would give way under him; then they worked like mad things, and he was plunging to the door, crying, "Door, door!" to Sallie in a strangled voice.

The lion was after him. He shot through the opening, and hurled the door back behind him with all his strength, flinging his weight against it. He was a strong man, and he had need to be, for four hundred pounds of lion were against that door, launched like a catapult.

Every ounce of force in him went against the door. It gave an inch or two, but he held it with a madman's strength, digging his feet in the hard clay mud of the hall floor. The beast slid down, then sprang again, at shorter range, striking and clawing and snarling with its fury to be at him.

How long could he hold it, he thought frantically. Why didn't some one hear? Why didn't some one come? He couldn't hold this door forever. . . . Was there a bolt to drop? He couldn't risk taking off one hand to fumble about in the blackness for it. Oh, help, help!

He was not crying it out aloud; he was making odd beastlike noises of terror in his throat, grunts of fear and anguish, his heart pumping like mad, his very entrails sick in him with horror.

And Sallie was in that room—behind that lion. Sallie, alone, unharmed!

WHAT, in God's name, was he to do? To open the door was to invite the beast upon him, to offer himself sudden death. He'd be killed, and killed hideously.

He thought of jerking back the door and hiding behind it, but the hall was so narrow and the door opened so flush with the wall, there would be no shelter for him, even if he were capable of the move. If he sprang away and ran down the hall, the beast would be on him in an instant. Not even terror could wing him from that pursuit! His only hope was to hold on that door for dear life.

And life was all that mattered! To live, somehow, anyhow!

But if the lion turned to Sallie? Cold

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sweat drenched him. . . . Oh, but surely, if she were quick and clever enough, she must be out that window—if the lion could get through, she could. . . . Desperately he obliterated from his mind every remembrance of the smallness of that window, its height from the floor. Surely she was safe already. He could hear nothing from that room but the snarls of the wild beast.

He wanted to shout, "Window!" to her, but he could make nothing but those strangled noises in his throat.

He was frantic at the situation. But what could he do? He had but his bare hands. To open that door was to let death itself upon him.

KING knew at that moment that he would pay any price for life—that he was paying it. Honor, love, courage—let them go by. Life, with its reality, was the only thing that mattered. Any man in his place would do the same, could do nothing else. What else could he do? Oh, to live, to live, to hold that brute away from him! It was on the door again. . . . God, this was a nightmare!

The hall was so narrow he could brace himself against the wall. But he could not hold out forever. Why didn't some one come? And yet—something in him veered wildly from the idea of aid. No one must come and find him like this! No one must be a witness to this stark necessity. . . .

The lion had stopped warring on the door. It was suddenly still in the room.

The lion must have turned toward Sallie. Perhaps she had made a rush to the window. . . . Now the beast was stalking her.

He felt as if he could look through that wooden barrier before him and see into the room, see it in merciless detail. She would be shrinking back against the wall (there was no pretense in him now that she was out the window), huddling back fearfully, utterly helpless, her white face turned to that lion—

And the lion! Facing her, its maned head low, its back curved in that sinuous, stalking way, its belly low on the ground, stealing

closer on noiseless feet—its tail lashing once or twice before it straightened into the whip-like tensity of the final spring.

As if his thoughts had truly timed it, there came a ghastly scream from the girl and a wild roar from the beast—then a succession of fearful snarls and the sound of struggle.

He turned and ran like mad down the blackness of that hall. Then, just outside the entrance from the dining-room, he hung, trembling, against the wall, trying to control himself, to think. . . .

They were coming now, those people who had been sitting out by that camp-fire, ignorant of this horror—brought now by that roar, that scream. Voices, high-pitched with terror, were shouting futile questions through the night. Feet were running heavily.

In the darkness a heavy body bumped sharply into him, staggered, recovered and tore on. It was Johnny Riggs, tearing by like a madman. King ran suddenly after. Johnny would think they were both coming to the rescue; he would never know, no one would ever know, that King had been in that room. No one would know what had happened.

No one—unless she could still talk. But surely she was dead—mercifully dead. Surely she was past speech—except such speech as they might take for babbling. . . . In that moment King prayed her safely dead.

The hall was a pandemonium of people, of racing footsteps, of the Colonel's senseless bellows of interrogation and MacAllister's shouts of, "Wait! Wait for a gun!"

JOHNNY did no waiting; he stumbled against the half-open door, flung it wide, and charged into the room—the same white-flooded room. . . .

The lion was in the center of it, clawing—not what their horror-strained nerves feared to see—not at a bloodied rag that had once been Sallie's sweet white flesh—but at a broken shaft of spear-handle protruding from his own throat.

Sallie herself was crouching against the wall, a flimsy arrow in her gripped hands

now her only defense. With swift presence of mind she had snatched down these old trophies from the wall, and had thrust that spear straight into the oncoming beast with the desperate strength and nerve given to such moments of deep need.

BUT the work was not yet done. The lion had reared his great head and with another roar of fury launched himself straight upon her. . . . But Johnny was between them—Johnny, with nothing but his bare hands to fight for her, but with his body to shield her and take the blow.

MacAllister's gun rang through the tumult, and as the roar of it died away, the room turned strangely still. The lion lay where it had dropped, at Johnny's feet. It shuddered once, convulsively, and was dead. Johnny, with the blood streaming from a torn arm, had the other arm about Sallie, a limp Sallie who clung to him in trembling yielding to that awful terror, and sobbed, "Oh, Johnny, Johnny, I knew you'd come! Oh, Johnny, did he get you?"

"I'm hardly hurt," he heard himself saying, and indeed he hardly felt his hurts.

"You will be," MacAllister's harsh voice was declaring, "when I get some permanent into those slices. . . . Johnny, you fool, what did you think you could do—without a gun?"

But there was a gruff tenderness in his loud voice.

"Wasn't time—to get a gun," Johnny gasped back. He thought, perhaps, he had acted like a fool. But he had been in time! Sallie wasn't hurt. That was what counted—that was everything in God's green world that counted.

And she was still clinging to him. She understood. . . . And what had she said—that she knew he'd come? A joy, before which he was half-afraid, stole through him.

But he had a moment's sympathy for Gresham King—who had been trying to come to her too, but hadn't been quick enough—standing there now so strangely stiff and still, like a man at his own death.

THE MADDEST OF ALL FOLLIES

(Continued from page 57)

don't know my home, Prof." And she smiled quizzically.

Come to think about it, I didn't. All, in fact, that I knew about Isabel was that for five years she had been a dancing light in a life otherwise pedagogical. I understood that she came from a small city downtown. Her sophistication and the quiet costliness of her clothes suggested an old, small-city family—probably, I thought, of our coal-lands gentry.

"What does the absent smile mean, Prof? Do my rougess lips make you grin? Isn't it indecent to see a girl without make-up?"

I decided against revealing my thought. I couldn't see that it was rational. I had been irrelevantly thinking of my Uncle Henry, whose name I perpetuated. He also had been of the coal-lands gentry, and had bequeathed me the income that allowed me to dwell comfortably in pedagogy.

When I went away, I was still glowing from her pleasure in my flowers. Almost, I was glad she was ill. I pronounced myself quite irrational when I realized that I was heading for the florist's to renew my order, and when I went from there to a bookshop, remembering her preferences in contemporary fiction.

Then, suddenly, I was greatly depressed again: what would Olympus be next year when Isabel was gone from it? And when the trio had turned serious-minded? Clouds had piled up and a warmer wind meant snow. Yes, by heaven, I was going South. A blue sky might heal my dissatisfaction

with the life of a college teacher who was old at thirty-four.

Meeting Nixon on the street, I told him of Isabel's illness and ordered him to muster the trio at her bedside. He inquired whether college gin or cod-liver oil would be the better tribute.

"Only two of us can go at once," he added. "Somebody has to nurse our hero, Stote. It seems we got to be great friends by takin' him to you. He slobbers round with one or all of us all day long, and has to be told whether this redhead cutie will love him if he's only a bond-salesman. Can you figure a case-hardened bozo like Cam Gorby givin' advice to the loveworn?"

"It must be a great dilemma for all three of you," I remarked. "Torn as you must be between preserving Stote from what seems to you the maddest of all follies, and your normal desire to interfere with the purposes of a dean."

"By golly," Nixon said, "if I had an idea it would really upset Dean Hedges, I'd raise a fund to marry that pair tomorrow."

"Anything that suggests that life is more urgent or fleshly than a missionary tract upsets her dreadfully. But don't plunge Stote into premature matrimony on that account."

"All it takes is psychology," he said cryptically. "You could stand some psychology yourself."

SABEL was downstairs when I called, the next afternoon. A bunch of my freesias was pinned at her shoulder. As she lay back

on the couch, I told myself that only the lack of her customary rouge gave her the appearance of fragility. But that wouldn't wash: she really was tired and dispirited.

"What girl would get well while you were so nice to her, Prof?" she said. She glanced at books and flowers. "Who told you that guava jelly was heavenly for invalids? . . . The trio has been calling in pairs, yesterday and today. John brought me a mustard plaster. I've heard about your anti-matrimonial campaign. Helen Fisk is a charming little nitwit. So empty-headed that everyone adores her. I think you're working against the interests of Olympus by keeping her in school."

Here Isabel, my delightful Isabel, turned her face to the wall. "Why should I talk? I haven't finished that thesis of yours, Prof, and you send me flowers and books to encourage me not to. I'm as futile as she is. Oh, damn it, Henry, why did you let me come back for an M.A.?"

I wondered sharply. But no, she hadn't realized that for the first time in five years she had acknowledged my Christian name. "I ought to have stayed home to manage the house beautiful and blend with the bookends."

Out of conflicting emotions I found myself saying: "Damn the thesis! Get it out of your mind." I had almost said, "your adorable mind." As a Professor of English I had not employed that adjective in years.

Isabel seemed to be angry—angry at me. "Don't talk nonsense, Prof. I'll finish that

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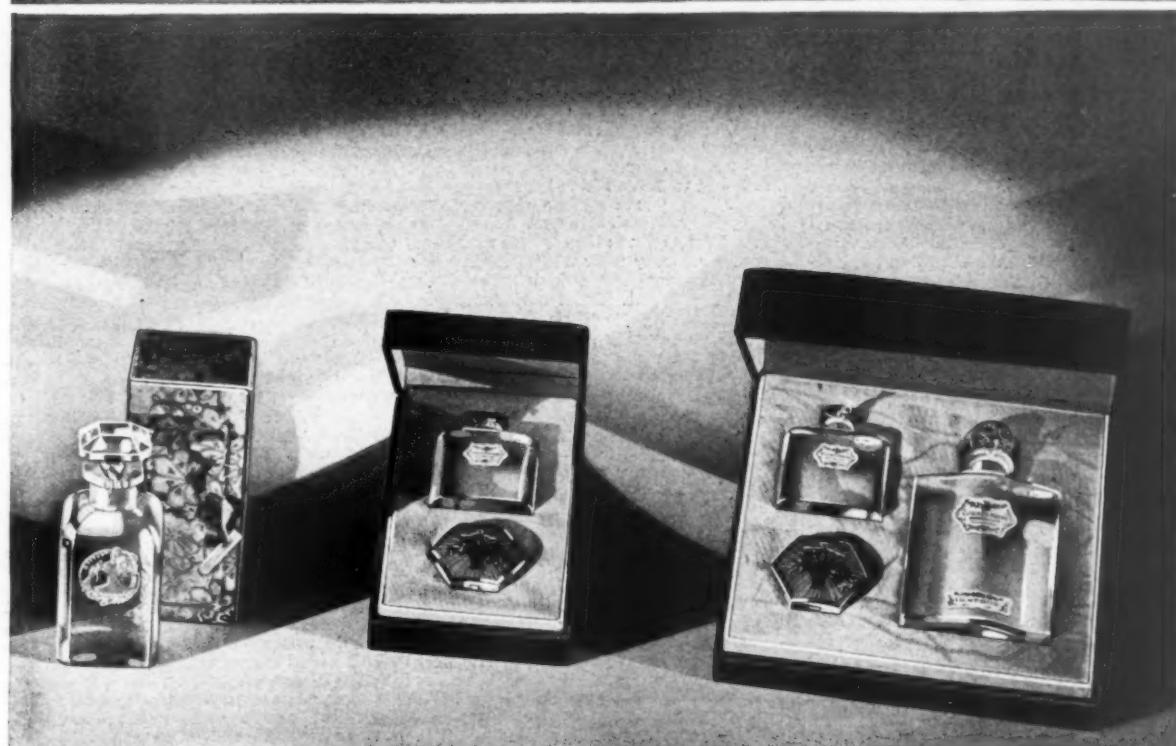
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thesis before midyears. But I loathe it, and I loathe college, and I'm quite sure I loathe you. I was a giddy little fool that fraternity boys liked to think they were in love with. I ought to have retired on that. I shouldn't have tried to pretend to have a brain. People like Helen and me ought to be a charge on the state. You must let her get married. Then somebody with a mind can take her place at Olympus."

Pedagogy had shown me how to handle many situations, but I was at a loss now. I could only stare at her. A flush had suffused those pale cheeks, and her eyes were stubborn. She returned my stare uncompromisingly, but gradually relaxed and at last contrived a faint smile.

"Invalid's privilege, Prof. If you will insist on being nice to me, you'll have to stand my rotten temper. I'm fed up on trying to be a scholar. . . . I'm getting to work again Monday. I'm coming to your seminar on Tuesday. But"—she was doleful again—"how I loathe that dingy old room!"

"We all do," I said. "And it's midwinter. Suppose I have the class meet at my apartment Tuesday? I can have some food sent up, and you will pour. God knows, thirty solemn graduate students can stand one civilized afternoon."

WHENCE the inspiration had come I did not know, but I found myself vigorously approving my originality. Isabel, too, was at once enlivened. Gravely she asked my ideas about refreshments, disapproved the caviar and *foie gras* that exhausted my invention, substituted various cheeses and *hors d'oeuvres*, named a tea that might be got in the metropolis, and had me list the extent of a bachelor's china and silver. We spent an hour planning what would seem to the authorities a meretricious departure from pedagogy.

"I have a new interest in college," she said when I rose to go. "You remain the Veuve Clicquot of teachers, Prof. And you'll simply charm all those earnest scholars."

"It will be a farewell. I'm cutting the seminar the week after. I'm going to New Orleans between semesters."

"Why?"

I nodded toward the window where a sooty sky lowered over discolored snow that was melting to slush.

"Having restored you to health, I can stand a release from winter," I remarked. "And you aren't the only one who has an intense loathing of scholarship."

Isabel's eyes widened. "What did you say, Prof?"

"It's true. Are you surprised that a professor can sometimes despise the life he leads?"

"New Orleans would be nice. Have a good time, Prof." But I saw that her mind was not on her words. There was a look of surprise and bewilderment, even shock, in her eyes. I wondered what was up.

So I went about preparing our innovation. I posted a notice in the library changing the meeting-place of Tuesday's seminar to my apartment. I searched the near-by metropolis for exotic foods and gave a staggering order to our local caterer. I would see to it that my most scholarly class had one afternoon's escape from dreariness—picturing the dismay of some elderly high-school teachers on leave of absence, who would be sure that I was defaulting my obligation to them. Well, let them discover that one scholar could be civilized as well as learned. But, I began to understand, I wasn't preparing so much to give scholars a lesson in amenity as to entertain Isabel. The discovery somewhat startled me.

ON Tuesday afternoon it was only three o'clock when she came to the apartment—and the class was not due till four-thirty. If she was to be hostess, she announced,

it was well to familiarize herself with her equipment.

She approved my purchases and then wandered about examining my books and prints. She wore a subtly colored frock that was new to me, and her illness had left her appealingly fragile. But I missed the gayety, the mirthfulness, that five years had taught me to expect from her. It rose momentarily to her fine eyes, then faded before a new gravity I could not understand. But I liked to have her wandering among my books, pouncing on this one or that one, impersonally asking me about something, confessing an admiration or an abomination of something else.

Finally, abandoning the books, she made order at the tea-table and then relaxed in a deep chair. Her hands went into a frivolous belt and her legs stretched out before her. Her head drooped. This strange dejection that I could not alleviate!

"Isabel," I said, "what ails you?"

"I couldn't get my favorite lipstick. . . . I've talked to Helen Fisk. Poor little dumbbell! Maybe you're kind to keep her from losing the one illusion that's left. But how you can deny anyone the chance to flout college and get away from it!"

My charming Isabel had annoyed me many times of late. I was unreasonably exasperated now.

"Why do you stay on?" I asked.

She turned slowly in her chair. "I wish I knew. I wish I knew why I came back last fall. I'll say this for you, Prof, day by day in the classroom you certainly help make clear just how worthless I am."

"My dear child—" I began, but she scolded me.

"Don't bother to be polite. And don't call me a child. I know you like to send me flowers. I'd feel better if you liked to talk to me like an adult."

ASUREDLY the old basis was changing. Isabel was no longer a frivolous, colorful relief from a lecturer's futility. She was deeply resentful of something in me, and I could not learn what it was. The trio working calculus and Isabel unwilling to be gay! I decided that I would not come back from New Orleans. . . .

Isabel sat silent, gazing steadily at the tips of her slippers, and perchance I did too. Presently I found myself studying them. Their simplicity, their exquisite shape, assured me that they had not been inexpensive. The immaterial chiffon of her stockings. The sophisticated line of her skirt. The patrician curve of her modish little hat with its green feather.

"Thank God for Uncle Henry," I found myself saying. Isabel looked inquiring. "It was Uncle Henry, not Olympus, that bought our *hors d'oeuvres*." I did not care to explain my thanks further. I had already seen in them private implications that I hardly dared realize myself. "It was sweet of you to dress so charmingly for a pedagogical tea," I hurried on.

"Oh, I can dress to look like a courtesan in polite life," she said with deep bitterness. "I'm good for that. What I'm not good for is to associate with intelligent people. The most hopeful thing you've ever said to me, Prof, was that you sometimes despised scholars."

What our midwinter depression needed was a hint of distant spring. My living-room seemed unnaturally quiet. "Are we being very serious?" I said, as lightly as I could contrive. "Then shall I confess that scholarship has never been anything to me but a defense against loneliness and frustration? Who would work at it if he could have warmth and color in his life?"

Isabel said, softly: "You're a dear, Prof." She gave me a glimpse of eyes that were more gentle than I had ever seen them. She rested her hand on mine. I found the mo-

ment strangely desirable, strangely reassuring. But the elevator began to empty graduate students into the hall outside the door. Isabel went to her tea-table and I became a teacher trying to prove himself human to embarrassed scholars.

It was a chaotic but amusing hour. When they found that they didn't have to discuss the reputation of Rousseau in late Eighteenth Century England, they unbent. I strolled about being as undignified as possible, thawing ice-jams, sternly repressing scholarship, and exercising as much hospitality as I could. From time to time I perceived that Isabel was doing handsomely at her table. On one occasion I overheard her describing a "Scandals" finale to a delighted theologue from the Divinity School.

IT was nearly six when the telephone rang and I heard the voice of Alicia Hedges, excited beyond its habitual calm. "Wasn't the Dean of Men's committee to meet with you this afternoon?" she demanded.

"Tomorrow," I corrected her.

"Well, he isn't in his office or at home. I've got to find him. Helen Fisk and that Stote upstart have eloped."

For some inscrutable reason I was at once delighted and sardonic. "You want Dean Kennedy to tell Stote to behave? Threaten to put him on probation if he dares acknowledge an increased metabolism?"

But the good spinster could not be deterred. "I want him to drive me to Antrim. That's where these fools always go."

"I see. You intend to be a witness to the wedding? A sort of guardian of its legality?"

"I intend to see to it that there is no wedding. I promised Mr. Fisk, and I keep my promises. The operator is putting in my long-distance call to him this minute. And I must say, Professor Sloane, that this celebrated influence of yours has not been very effective."

She rang off and left me wondering what my indicated duty was. I decided that it was to notify the trio. I could not get the Delt house where Gorby and Larrabee lived. While I wondered how to reach Nixon, the phone rang again; Nixon had reached me.

"The lovers are off to Gretna Green, Prof. Larrabee got back from lab ten minutes ago and found last lines from Stote and a prayer that the brother Delts would raise a fund for him."

"And word has got to Alicia already," I said, "and the bloodhounds are out. She'll stop the wedding if she has to call out the National Guard. She is paging the Dean of Men to take her to Antrim."

"Oh!" I could fairly hear the wheels of his mind racing to meet the emergency. "Well, Stote didn't say he was going to Antrim. He said he'd wire for the fund tomorrow. We doped it out there's two other places they might make for. I'm going to Antrim and Larrabee hops a train for Estabrook, and Gorby takes the interurban to Woods Cross. I got to chase down a closed car—I wouldn't drive the flivver to Antrim tonight for a million."

"Is all this defense of the lover or offense against the Dean?"

"We just wanted to look on. But if the Dean's gone native—say, Prof, you want to help out the course of true love, don't you? You cash a check and let me meet you somewhere before I start. Even if you'd want to, you can't stop them now, and we ought to help Stote out on the honeymoon he's let himself in for. Where will I meet you in an hour?"

Opposing the authorities, the trio had resumed their normal function. The demand that I fund their activities, too, was customary. I grinned: college had grown interesting again. "Dining-room of the Hotel Merrivale," I said. "I'll see if I can raise an endowment."

My guests made their farewells as soon as I returned. I told Isabel what had happened. "Dean Hedges!" she said appreciatively. Something of her old amusement returned. Four years as an undergraduate had sufficiently informed her about the Dean. "She'll have to be extinguished, of course. She has always resented nature's failure to make young people as passionless as pansies. She confuses college and the monastic life. Heavens! Think of the Dean of Women at one's wedding! You'll get those children some money, wont you, Prof?"

"At the Merivale, where I'm taking you to dinner. But how much? How much does it take to get married?"

She gave me her carriage boots to adjust for her. "I don't know, Prof. My undergraduate passions never got that conclusive."

AT the hotel I cashed a check for a hundred dollars and then, trying to estimate all the demands of the situation, another one for the same amount.

Nixon did not appear during dinner. We had removed to the mezzanine lounge when he came, flakes of snow melting on his sheepskin collar.

He told us that he had succeeded in borrowing a limousine from a townsman who was under obligations to his skill. He announced, too, that Stote's fraternity brothers had raised a hundred and forty dollars in enthusiastic approval of the elopement. Larabee was taking it to Estabrook, a possible county-seat, and would wire it to the lovers if they proved to have gone elsewhere.

"I never helped anybody to a life sentence before," he said. "If I had to think it over beforehand, I'd probably sit on his chest till he got sense again. But he made a good get-away. Borrowed the Beta Ford coop. Hub? Oh, this redhead, it seems, got a letter from her old man this afternoon, orderin' her back to Kellogg County. That's what Stote's note said, anyway. Maybe they just dreamed it."

I produced my wallet. "Do you think you can make it in time for the ceremony, John?"

"Yeh, if they have gone to Antrim. They been gone just a little over an hour. Roads like this, I'd ought to beat the flivver in. But you folks are coming with me."

Isabel was drawing on her gloves and smiling. "Yes, I think we will, Prof. Since those foolish children have run off to attain the kingdom of heaven in a justice's office, it's only decent of us to make it as nice as possible for them."

"Just how do we help?" I asked.

"Well, it may be romantic to rush off to Gretna Green. But it will look much more seemly in the newspapers that so terrify Alicia if we're there. You're the dignified Professor Sloane, and I used to be the president of the bride's sorority. Wont we look better as witnesses than a corner loafer and a scrubwoman?" Isabel inspected her cheeks in vanity mirror. "Besides, at my advanced age, one begins to take an interest in elopements, and I've never been to one. And we've all been praying for something to happen. And Alicia is going to Antrim."

"Let's stop gasbagging and hit out," Nixon said impatiently.

HE put us into the rear seat of the car and directed us not to distract his attention from the icy roads. Isabel and I wrapped ourselves in the robes we found there. The exhaust heater gently warmed the darkness. It was all cozy and delightful.

Ahead of us, the merging beams of lights fell on drifts and trees. The white countryside flowed toward us and on into darkness behind. Nixon's silhouette above the wheel was symbolic of competence. Beside me Isabel was profile against glass. I watched her swaying to the motion of the car. I found myself remembering that Antrim was

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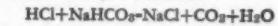
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sixty miles from Merivale, and regretting that it was not two hundred.

We had chatted aimlessly for a while when Nixon ordered us to close the window between his seat and ours. "I try to listen in on you so's I wont miss any wisecracks, and the first thing I know we'll go into a skid that'll pile us up in the ditch."

Isabel screwed the window shut, but our *rappart* had been disturbed and we fell silent. I saw her cross her knees and slide lower in the cushion, resting her chin on her palm.

The snow-flurry had stopped, and the night grew lighter as clouds lifted. The whisper of our tires on ice was pitched a little higher. Stars were apparent, and the white emptiness of farms. . . . For five years she had been laughter and delight in my life.

"Prof," she said, after a long time, "who will give your examinations if you go to New Orleans?"

"Some earnest English assistant. I'll write them out before I go."

"Oh. I wonder if I couldn't find some obligation to make you change your mind."

She said no more and we slid quietly onward behind the hurrying anticipation of our lights.

We had got into hilly country now—whitened crests veering obliquely across the sky. Crossroads villages were ladders of single light-globes or minute clusters of arcs. Between them, only the narrow road with fields half-revealed by our lights, and sometimes trees clasping ice-crested boughs over us. . . . Isabel's chin was etched clear against the window. I was so aware of her! And disturbed, bewildered, uncertain. Gradually my consciousness filled with something odorous of spring and rain-washed flowers, of one flower in particular, a flower I could not quite remember. It awoke memories, gardens I had played in thirty years ago. I fought to name it. But I could not.

"Isabel," I said, "what kind of perfume do you wear?"

She laughed gently. "One doesn't tell, Prof. That's a girl's secret. But it's mignonette. And very hard to find."

I could not follow the tangent of her thoughts. For, as if I had touched upon some secret resentment, she was suddenly bitter.

"So little Helen Fisk makes a success of college! That's why we come, I suppose, to make sure that opportunity wont pass us by. We bait ourselves with charming clothes and expensive perfume, and tell people we're here to be educated. She's got herself a husband, and so college has done its best for her. What a mess of lies, Prof! Why do they talk about educating women?"

I did not see how I could bear much more depression in her; and she could not say such things without setting my own frustrations to throbbing. "Why do they talk about educating anyone?" I said. "Do you suppose it's a life of abiding satisfaction, this

standing up before children and emitting nonsense? Do you suppose a college teacher has any purpose but to talk loudly and so deaden the knowledge of his own futility? Do you suppose I can shout and clap my hands because I'm growing old without having anywhere found anything worth growing old for?"

"You shouldn't have let me come back, Prof. I was a good undergraduate—all the fraternity infants liked to dance with me. I should have married one of them, like Helen Fisk, and so kept intact the illusion that I might have been something more. Why did I have to test out the illusion? Why did I come back this year?"

"Yes," I said, the words fairly wrenching from me, "for God's sake, why did you come back this year?"

"Why," was in my mind, "why did you come back and give me another year of remembering that I was a professor and you my pupil? Why did you let me grow from day to day more dependent on your mirth—on your loveliness? Why didn't you stay away and let me talk myself at last into a fatuity that could forget about you?"

But I had not foreseen the obvious interpretation of my words. I had not counted on their coming viciously from between clenched teeth. Isabel shrank into her corner. When, in a moment, she answered me, a cold lofiness in her voice fought with a hint of tears.

"So you've wondered, too. I wonder what you'd say if I really told you. I'm glad we've faced the question. I'll not be here when you get back from New Orleans."

AT this worst of all possible moments, Nixon stopped the car and pounded on the window between us. I made no move to open it but, his pounding continuing, Isabel at last reached out and screwed it open.

"Damn you, John," I exploded, "what's the matter?"

My *protégé*'s deliberate voice had never before angered me. "See anything back of us?" he inquired.

"In God's name, why should we?"

"Well, every time we get to the top of a hill, I see a pair of lights about four-five miles back. I figure it's the two deans. I sorta get a kick out of that pair chuggin' across the prairies, hell-bent to stop two imbeciles from getting hitched."

Two hours before, I should have appreciated the thought, myself. Just now it infuriated me. I drew breath to say something crushing to Nixon, but he went on: "By golly, if they called the wrong turn and Stote aint here, Dean Kennedy ought to marry Alicia just to save the college from disgrace. Wild ride alone together all over creation at night! If he wasn't married already!"

"There's too much talk about marriage tonight," Isabel said.

"This is Antrim, just ahead. Now what I figure is: we go right to the town hall. If Stote telephoned ahead, the county clerk is waitin' there to get his extra special fee. If he didn't, or if we're too late, then the county clerk is home—maybe in bed—they roost at nine o'clock in the sticks. Well, if Stote didn't telephone, or if the knot is tied, or if he aint comin' to Antrim, then the way to find out is to look up where this county clerk bozo lives and rout him out. That suit your ideas, Prof?"

"The wedding is not my production," I said. "You're managing it. Do what you damned well please about it."

Nixon's long whistle annoyed me exceedingly. Saying no more, he kicked the starter and sent the car on toward Antrim. He had neglected to close the window. I silently cursed him but decided against the ostentation of closing it myself. Isabel, beside me, might have been on another planet. I watched the first pale lights of Antrim.

We drew up before the town hall. Nixon, investigating, found the door locked and the offices within quite dark. "They've been, or else they haven't come yet," he shouted, and moved off to a corner drug-store, whose lights shone depressingly on soiled snow.

I snapped on the dome-light of the car and looked sharply at Isabel, urged by a necessity of seeing what effect our strange two hours had had on her. For me, certainly, they had been disturbing to a degree quite out of keeping with the quiet of pedagogical life. The unexpected light revealed her pensive and relaxed, but when it went on, she turned to look out of the window. But not before I had seen mistiness in her eyes, and not so far that I could not see her cheeks turning from too pale to too flushed.

Nixon emerged from the drug-store. "The county clerk lives a block up the road," he announced. "I'll see what he knows."

HE had been gone but a moment when a small car drew up to the curb in front of us. At once Isabel leaned over and snapped out the dome-light. "It's the deans," she murmured. "There's no need to have them see us."

It was indeed the deans. The large determined figure of Alicia Hedges emerged first, followed by the slighter, more debonair Kennedy. They marched up to the main door of the town hall and tried it. Then Alicia planted herself in front of it while Kennedy went around the building trying doors and looking in windows. Convinced at last that no entrance could be had, they argued, inaudibly to us but with a visible excitement. We could see, in the faint light, Alicia making vigorous gestures. At last they made for the drug-store that Nixon had entered.

I had laid my hand on Isabel's arm. I became aware that its tension had been considerable while the deans were visible. I withdrew it.

"It seems a shame that two maidenly deans can come and spoil a wedding," Isabel said vehemently. "Those poor children!"

"They can't," I said. "Those poor children are of legal age. If they want to get married, all the bloodless deans in the world can't stop them."

"They can make a terrific scene. That wouldn't be nice to remember all one's life. Prof, can't you do something? How would you like to have the Dean of Women appear at your wedding?"

I was suddenly of her mind. If these youngsters wanted to get married, they should do so in peace. "Yes," I announced. "I can kidnap Alicia or violently assail Kennedy. At any rate, the moment the lovers show up, Nixon and I will go into action."

She sighed her satisfaction in my undogmatic stand. Soon the deans came out of the drug-store and started up the path Nixon had taken. At that moment the town hall clock began to strike ten, and immediately the dozen or so arcs that lighted the city of Antrim went out.

"What a metropolis!" Isabel said.

She laughed a little—with considerable effort, I thought. I did not understand her. She had been pleased by me, resentful of me, aloof from me—all in the course of two hours. She had been all these things, by turn, for five years—for five years that were, if I told the truth, the only period of my life when I had not been desolate. The sedan was alive with my perception of her, with my memories of five years. The elusive scent of mignonette suddenly meant to me the living mirth of Isabel—Isabel, whom I was not fool enough to let go.

"So you're going home for good?" I said abruptly.

I could just hear her breath catch. She stirred a little, said: "Yes."

"Why?"

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"It's wisest."

"Wouldn't it be wiser to—wouldn't you rather go to New Orleans?"

I did not know whether her two syllables were laughter or a sob.

"Just how?"

"Aren't ten days enough to get ready to be married, Isabel? We needn't leave for ten days."

I had never experienced such unnatural quiet as filled the car. I was aware that my voice had been terribly strained, that my shoulders were trembling, that if she did not speak at once I would take her in my arms and make her speak.

But she did. A faint, uncertain voice, out of the far corner of the car, said: "Have you lost your mind, Prof?" It attempted the old friendly railraiy and derision. But to my great joy, it failed.

"I haven't," I said, more able to control my own voice. "I'm merely tired of holding back what I have held back for five years."

"Do you think it has been easy on me for five years? Why have you ever been stupid enough to hold it back? It was so long! So now,"—she sat erect,—"now you know why I came back for an M.A. It was your M.A. I came back for! Oh, Henry, for weeks and weeks I've wanted to cry in your arms. I'm going to, now."

ICANNOT say how long it was before Nixon returned. He came, however, and flung open the door, announcing, "He's on his way." Then, at once, he said: "Oh! Well, thank God you people have come to your right minds." He closed the door, opened the one at the front seat, climbed in, thrust his head and shoulders into our compartment, and began to make a speech.

"Well, by God, I'll say it's time! Now maybe Olympus won't be a gloom-factory the rest of the year. The pair of you gloomin' around with a long face and givin' everybody the heebie-jeebies! But don't say I don't know my stuff. All it takes is psychology. I figured even a pair of damn' idiots ought to get wise if a bird like me applied the right kind. What I want to know now is, are you goin' to waste one perfectly good county clerk that I had to rout out of bed and order to put on his trousers?"

"Waste him?" Isabel asked, declining to relinquish my hand.

"Yeh, waste him. All he's good for is to license weddings and perform them."

"What about Helen and Ray Stote?"

"Hell, Izzy, use your head," John said disgustedly. "That's been the trouble with both of you—you haven't been able to use your heads in months. Gorby and Larrabee drove 'em to Estabrook. The boys are home now, and that pair is married and gone wherever you go when you're married. Listen, Izzy, would anybody eloping pick a place where the deans would be sure to hit for?"

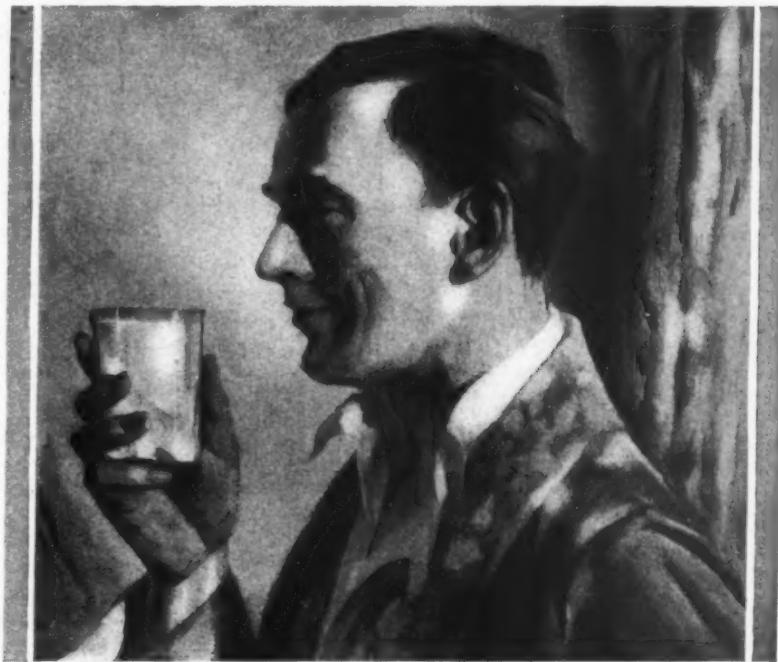
"Then," I said, "this whole ride is a job on Isabel and me?"

"Didn't you need it? I'll say you did. Are you doin' any high-power regrettin' that I did you thinkin' for you? What I want to know—are you goin' to make use of the county clerk I've already bribed for you, or don't I drive married people home to Merivale?"

"It does seem a shame to waste the clerk," I admitted. I turned to Isabel.

She laughed—in the way she had been laughing in my life for five years—and drew my arm around her. "Didn't all this begin in the Dean of Women's determination to prevent a student elopement? And the catty old darling is here right now! Wouldn't it be thoughtful to invite her to witness a faculty wedding? And isn't it distressing when these infections spread to the graduate school? Go find Alicia, John."

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DOUBLE
(Continued from

sion visible on the head, and no trace of blood around such parts of the cupboard as Lieutenant Valcour could see.

He suddenly wondered where Endicott's hat was. It wasn't on Endicott's head, nor in the cupboard, nor in the bedroom, which struck him as strange. He was a strong believer in the paraphrase that where the coat is, there the hat lies too. One could look for it more carefully later. Just at present, of greater importance was Exhibit A.

Lieutenant Valcour went to the desk, picked up the note and studied it. The pencil used had been a thick-leaded one, almost a crayon. And there, right before his nose in a shallow tray that held an assortment of office things, was a pencil with a very thick lead that was almost a crayon. He copied the note with it on the back of an envelope he took from his pocket. He compared the result with the printing on the note. They were alike. . . . One began, he informed himself gently, to wonder.

Chapter Three—9:45 P. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR put the scrap of paper and the crayon pencil in his pocket and turned to greet five men from the station-house who flooded into the room on the heels of his, "Come in."

They were intelligent-looking young men, well-built, alert, and their uniforms immaculate—five competent bluejays outlined sharply against gray walls.

Lieutenant Valcour nodded to the starched-looking of them. "Cassidy," he ordered, "stay by the front door, and keep Hansen with you to carry messages. There's a servants' entrance at the front, McGinnis. It's yours. And you, Stump, watch the door from the back of the house into the garden. If anyone wants to leave the house, send them to me first. You can let anyone in, with the exception of reporters, and find out their business. Now, in regard to the reporters, just be your natural, genial selves and say that apart from the plain statement that Mr. Herbert Endicott, the owner of this house, is dead, and that"—Lieutenant Valcour choked slightly—"foul play is suspected, you can tell them nothing. The police, as usual, are actively on the job, have the case well in hand, and there is every reason to believe that in view of our customary efficiency the guilty parties will soon be brilliantly apprehended, etcetera and so forth, amen. Excuse me please."

"Cuckoo," confided O'Brian to Hansen as with Stump and McGinnis, they filed out.

"Cuckoo as a fox," agreed Hansen, who had worked under Lieutenant Valcour on a case before. . . .

Lieutenant Valcour and young Cassidy were alone.

"Tell me, Cassidy, how the servants are taking all this—if you bumped into any of them."

"Sure, I only saw the girl at the front door, Lieutenant. She's a sorry piece, and was shivering worse than one of them new and indecent dances."

"Did she say anything?"

"She did not, beyond telling us to follow her upstairs. She took us to that door across the hallway first, and some lady said you was in here."

"How did that lady's voice sound to you, Cassidy?"

"Smooth, sir."

"Not nervous?"

"Devil a bit."

"What are you looking for, Cassidy?"

"The corpse, sir."

"It's in that cupboard."

"Is it, now!" said Cassidy, casually removing himself as far from the cupboard

MURDER*(page 33)*

door as he could. "It aint one of them Western hammer-murders, is it?"

"I don't know what kind of a homicide it is, Cassidy. There are no marks on him that I can see."

"Will it be poison, then?"

"Maybe."

An important knock on the door disclosed a stranger. Lieutenant Valcour addressed him, correctly, as Dr. Worth.

Dr. Sanford Worth did not merely imagine that he cut a distinguished figure; he was sure of it. A certain grayness clung impressively about the temples of an intellectual brow, and he was probably one of the few physicians left in New York who had both the audacity and ability to wear a Vandyke. He was dressed in evening clothes, and had not removed his overcoat or his hat.

"Dr. Worth? I am Lieutenant Valcour, of the police. Mr. Endicott is in here."

Dr. Worth bowed gravely, and with a sparklingly manicured hand stroked his Vandyke once. "I have been afraid of something like this for quite a while, Lieutenant," he said. His voice, in company with everything else about him, sounded expensive.

Lieutenant Valcour raised his eyebrows. "It begins to seem, Doctor, as if everybody except Mr. Endicott himself anticipated his murder."

"Murder?"

It was Dr. Worth's eyebrows' turn. They raised. They fell. They became, in conjunction with pursed lips, judicious. He removed his overcoat and hat.

"I believe you will find, Lieutenant, that it is just his heart. His—Dear God in Heaven, man, what have you left him slumped down like this for?"

"You mustn't touch him, Doctor—unless you think he isn't dead."

Dr. Worth stiffened perceptibly. "Fancy that!" he said. "Well, one would infer that he is dead, all right. Just the same, Lieutenant, is there any legal objection to opening his coat and shirt-bosom? I dare say I could slit them, if you preferred. You see, it might be advisable to test for any trace of heart-action with the stethoscope."

"I had no intention of offending you, Doctor. Go right ahead and do anything you think is absolutely essential to establish life or death."

Dr. Worth melted conservatively. "You see, sir, I know his heart. He had a nervous breakdown two years ago which left its action impaired." He loosened Endicott's overcoat, and the black pearl studs set in a semi-soft shirt-bosom. He listened for a moment, and then removed the stethoscope. "No trace," he said. "He's dead. Shall I button up the shirt-front and coat again?"

"It isn't necessary, Doctor."

THE hall door opened abruptly. The homicide chief and the medical examiner came in, followed by a squad of detectives. Lieutenant Valcour was well acquainted with both officials. He introduced them to Dr. Worth and placed at their disposal such information as he had gained.

The Department's experts automatically began to function at once. A photographer was already arranging his apparatus to make pictures of the body from as many angles as its position in the cupboard would permit. A fingerprinting man went about his duties along the lines laid down by established routine. The medical examiner and Dr. Worth gravitated naturally together and began a discussion of Endicott's medical history.

The homicide chief, a well-built, alert-looking man of fifty, by the name of Andrews, drew Lieutenant Valcour aside.

"What do you really make out of it, Valcour?" he said.

(Continued on second page following)



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Illustrated by L. T. Holton

No. 1—THE JUMP-OFF

By Donald Ogden Stewart

[Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad"]

"I WANT to go around the world," announced Mrs. Ferguson J. Titcomb, looking up from a travel book.

Mr. Ferguson J. Titcomb, better known as "Peewee" Titcomb, stopped in the middle of two soft-boiled eggs and winced.

"Now please, dear," he protested. "You said I wouldn't have to travel any more this month."

"Yes," continued his spouse with a firmness backed up by a strong chin and a recently inherited three million dollars, "I think that we had better go around the world."

Peewee looked remorsefully at his remaining egg.

"Right away?" he asked fearfully. But Mrs. T. had begun to make notes in the book with a large gold pencil.

"London," she murmured, "Paris—then Rome—"

At that point little Junior Titcomb came running into the breakfast-room of Titcomb Vista.

"Mamma," he yelled, "I want you to buy me a machine-gun."

"Shhh!" cautioned his father. "We're going around the world."

Junior regarded his male parent interrogatively.

"What world?" he asked.

Peewee shook a doubtful head and stroked a doubtful mustache.

"This one—I hope," he replied.

Mrs. Titcomb put down the pencil and knitted her chin.

"What would you say to India?" she requested.

Peewee smiled politely.

"Why, I don't know," he answered, after a moment's considera-

tion. "Hello, India," I suppose." And then he added, "Listen, dear—you don't really mean us to go around the world, do you?"

The eyes of Mrs. Titcomb became part of a bead curtain.

"You're going around the world," she announced, "and you're going to like it."

"That's telling him, Mom!" said little Junior. "Say, Mom—can I have a machine-gun?"

"May I have a machine-gun?" would be better, Junior," suggested his father. "And anyway, you wouldn't want to carry a thing like that all over Europe."

Mrs. Titcomb arose.

"We leave on Saturday," she announced. "That will give us a week in New York."

"Saturday!" exclaimed her husband. "Listen, dear—I've got to play golf on Saturday."

"We leave on Saturday," said the granddaughter of the inventor of Pearson's Vegetable Tonic. And she was right. Two weeks later, on the occasion of the midnight sailing of the *Isle de Aquigaria*, the mild little gentleman holding a Pekinese and smoking a cigar on deck B was Mr. Ferguson J. Titcomb; and the rather large woman beside him who was arguing with the steward about her deck chair was his wife; and the little boy who was trying to climb over the rail so as to fall into the Hudson River was his son Junior.

The trip had begun.

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(Continued from page 105)

"Oh, it's undoubtedly murder, Chief—but I doubt whether there'll even be an indictment unless we get a lucky break, establish a definite motive and get a confession."

"I feel that way about it too. Any signs of an entry having been forced?"

"I haven't looked. I've been in here all the time, and my men just came."

"Well, Stevens and Larraby are making the rounds now. They'll let us know. If the autopsy doesn't show poison or some wound, it'll be a nuisance. If it's a straight heart-attack, as Dr. Worth claims, we might just as well drop it. Can you imagine getting up before a jury that's been shown a picture by the defense of a big husky like Endicott and saying: 'This man was scared to his death?' Suppose a woman was the defendant. They'd laugh the case out of court."

"Maybe it won't be as bad as all that, Chief. While you're busy in here, I'll wander around and try to scare up something. Would you mind sending for me when the medical examiner reaches some decision as to the manner of death?"

"Sure thing, Valcour. I'll see to it, too, that those brushes and comb are looked into."

"I'll probably be in Mrs. Endicott's room. That's the door just across the corridor."

Andrews was aware of Lieutenant Valcour's reputation in the Department for the painless extraction of useful information from people. "Go to it," he said. "And squeeze every drop you can."

Chapter Four—10:02 P. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR wondered concerning Mrs. Endicott as he walked slowly across the corridor and knocked on the door of her room. A curious, curious woman, with youth and a beauty that almost passed belief.

Roberts opened the door; and her eyes were the quality of glass.

"Ask Mrs. Endicott, please, whether she feels strong enough to see me for a moment."

Mrs. Endicott's voice was definitely metallic. "Certainly, come in! I wish, Lieutenant, you would give up the tiresome fiction that I am going to collapse. I'll ring, Roberts, when I want you."

"Yes, madam."

As Roberts passed him on her way to the door, Lieutenant Valcour felt an imperative awareness of an attempt at revelations—an attempt to impart to him some special knowledge. Her eyes, as she glanced at him, lost their cobwebs and grew sharply informative. It was entirely an unconscious reaction on his part that forced from his lips the word, "Later." The cobwebs reappeared. She left the room.

Lieutenant Valcour drew a chair close to the *chaise-longue* upon which Mrs. Endicott was nervously lying; flung across her knees was a robe of China silk. He launched his campaign by first swinging, wordily, well wide of its ultimate objective.

"It is the tragedy of a detective's life," he said pleasantly, "that the sudden slender contact he has with a case affords such a useless background for human behavior. You can see what I mean, Mrs. Endicott: were I you, or some intimate friend either of yourself or of your husband, I would already be in possession of the countless little threads that have woven the pattern of Mr. Endicott's life for the past five or ten years. You'll forgive me for outraging oratory? What I'm trying to express is that in that background, that pattern of Mr. Endicott's life, one thread or series of interrelated threads would stand out plainly as the reason why some one should wish to kill him."

"I," said Mrs. Endicott, "have several times wished to kill him."

Lieutenant Valcour nodded. "There is nothing left for me but the trite things to



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say about marriage. And trite things, after all, are the true things, don't you think?"

"If they're just discovered. I mean by that, that to the person just discovering their deadly aptness, they're true."

"But the aptness wears off with usage?"

Mrs. Endicott's slender hand and arm were models of quietness in motion as she reached for a cigarette. "Everything wears off with usage," she said. "Love, quicker than anything else."

"But it doesn't wear off completely, love doesn't—ever."

Mrs. Endicott looked at him sharply. "Why are you a detective?" she said.

"The accident of birth—of environment; only geniuses, you know, ever quite escape those two fatalities. My parents emigrated from France to Canada, where my father held a certain reputation in my present profession. My parents died. There was enough money to secure an education at McGill; one had contacts here in the States—" Lieutenant Valcour smiled infectiously. "I reversed Caesar in that I came, was seen, was conquered."

Mrs. Endicott was amused. "How utterly conceited!" Then the smile vanished from her face with the peculiar suddenness of some conjuring trick. She veered abruptly. "What are they doing in my husband's room now?" she said.

"Dr. Worth and the medical examiner are determining the cause of death." Lieutenant Valcour transferred his attention to a Sargent water-color above the mantel. "Dr. Worth has already expressed the opinion that it was heart-failure," he said.

Mrs. Endicott offered no comment for a moment, and her voice was rather expressionless when she spoke. "But that isn't murder."

"It could be—if the disease itself were used as a weapon."

"I don't believe that I understand."

"Why, if some person who knew that Mr. Endicott was subject to heart-attacks were deliberately to shock or scare him suddenly, or even give him a not especially forceful blow over the heart, and he were to die as a result of any one of those things, that would be murder. It would have to be proven pretty conclusively, of course, that it had been done deliberately."

Mrs. Endicott joined him in his continued inspection of the Sargent. "It would indicate a rather circumscribed field for suspects, too, don't you think?"

"Yes. One could confine one's suspicions to those who were intimate enough with him to know of his physical condition. But apart from all that phase, there are those things we technically speak of as attendant circumstances. They point to murder."

Their glances brushed for a second in passing and then parted.

"Such as?"

Lieutenant Valcour explained, with certain reservations. "The note you showed me, the position of Mr. Endicott in the cupboard, the fact that he is completely dressed for out-of-doors, but no trace of his hat—oh, several little things that speak quite plainly." He focused her directly. "Where did Mr. Endicott usually keep his hats?"

"I've never noticed particularly. There's a cupboard downstairs in the entrance-hall, and of course the one—"

"Yes, I've looked for it up here. I wonder whether you'd care to tell me what happened—what you did, I mean, and what you remember of Mr. Endicott's movements from the time, say, of his reaching home this afternoon."

Mrs. Endicott's face sought refuge in the very pith of candor. "Why, nothing much—nothing unusual."

Lieutenant Valcour laughed pleasantly. "That is where I fail in my background," he said. "The things done were usual to both of you, and therefore of no importance. To me, however, they would prove interesting

because of their unfamiliarity. Did you talk at all?"

"Elaborately—Herbert makes a point of talking elaborately whenever he's lying."

"I see—he was lying, then, about Marge Mylen."

"And unoriginally. But Herbert never was original, much, in his emotions. He told me he was going to an impromptu reunion of some men in his class at the Yale Club. These reunions have occurred with astonishing regularity once a week for the past month, in spite of their impromptu character. I detest having my intelligence insulted," she ended, not unfiercely, "more than anything else in the world."

"You will forgive me for becoming personal, but I doubt whether Mr. Endicott understood you very well."

"He didn't understand me at all."

"And you, him?"

Mrs. Endicott momentarily disarranged the perfect arch of her eyebrows. "I could see through him perfectly," she said. "A child could see through him. But understand him . . . I don't think anyone could understand Herbert. He made a fetish of reticence. He was," she concluded, "half animal."

"And the other half rather cloudily complex?"

"A fog."

"And when he came home this afternoon at five?"

"Five-thirty—nearer six, even."

"Toward six, he joined you in the living-room and gave you the weekly excuse."

"I didn't say the living-room. It was the top floor—you may have noticed that this house has a peaked roof—in what would correspond in the country to an attic—" She stopped sharply, and her defensive veneer cracked for an instant, long enough to show that she was definitely startled. "I—"

"You feel that you shouldn't have told me that. Perhaps you shouldn't. If the fact of your having met Mr. Endicott in the attic has nothing to do with the case at all, it will cause us to snoop around among your personal affairs unnecessarily."

"He didn't 'meet' me there, as you say. He—I don't know why he came up there. I never will know why."

"You didn't ask him?"

MRS. ENDICOTT forced Lieutenant Valcour's full attention by the almost startling intentness of her eyes. "There has never been a direct question put or answered between Herbert and me during the whole period of our married, or unmarried, life," she said. "My hold on him was the static perfection of my features, and a running, superficial smartness in attitude and mind that passed for intellect. His hold on me was that I loved him."

"Even when you wished to kill him?"

"I suppose even then. Mind you, I never wished him dead—there's a difference."

"Oh, quite." Lieutenant Valcour smiled engagingly. "You often felt like killing him, but you wanted it to stop right there."

"You know, I wish you'd come to tea sometime—" Mrs. Endicott's eyes contracted sharply. Her voice became a definite apology, not to Lieutenant Valcour, but as though its message were being sent along obscure and private channels to some port where it would find her husband. "There are moments," she said, "when you make me forget."

"Forgetting isn't a sin. That's natural. —Did you both stay in the attic and go through the trunk together, or whatever it was you were going through?"

Mrs. Endicott smiled as if at some secret knowledge. "I wasn't going through a trunk," she said.

"No? I just mentioned it, as nine times out of ten that's what people do in attics."

"And the tenth customary thing," said Mrs. Endicott, reaching for a cigarette, "is suicide."

Chapter Five—10:17 P. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR'S eyes narrowed slightly. He had a habit of dividing suicides into two classes—those who talked about it, and those who committed it. He knew that the two rarely overlapped. He felt a shocking conviction in Mrs. Endicott's case that she might well have been the exception which proved the rule. "I suppose an attic is the conventional place for suicide," he said, "—or at least to think about it."

Mrs. Endicott's laugh was without humor. "One doesn't need an attic in order to think about it."

"That's true. And so you went downstairs with him then?"

"He followed me in here. That is," she corrected herself with noticeable carelessness, "we went into the living-room, and he wondered, while he kissed me, whether I'd mind very much being alone for dinner. I doubt whether you've ever experienced, Lieutenant, the rather perfect torture of a—well, an abstract kiss. Men don't."

"We're too self-centered, I'm afraid, or conceited or something—or else our sensibilities aren't refined enough to be hurt by it."

"But you could understand—if you could vision the background?"

"Everybody knows what love is, Mrs. Endicott."

"That's just it—it's the comparison with what is, with what has been. It's an indescribably vulgar subject—kissing; but it's either very wonderful or, very painful. People who claim it can be a combination talk nonsense. We can eliminate, of course—"

"Of course—'petting,' they call it, or did. You never know from one minute to the next just what a thing is being called. And then he went to his room to dress?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Certainly."

"Has he a valet?"

"Herbert? Heavens, no."

"And you dressed?"

"Yes."

"Roberts helped you?"

"Of course."

"Then when Mr. Endicott said good-by?"

"He called it through the closed door."

Lieutenant Valcour almost visibly showed his surprise. "He did say good-by?"

"Herbert insists upon saying good-by. He rapped on the door and called in. If it would interest you to know his exact words," she said bitterly, "they were in the falsetto voice he uses when he thinks he's being especially funny and were: 'Don't be angry with Herbie-werbie, sweetheart. Goodie-bye-skie.'"

"They're almost a motive in themselves," said Lieutenant Valcour, smiling. "Which door did he rap on, Mrs. Endicott?"

"The hall door."

"I see. And you heard him going down the stairs?"

"One can't hear footsteps with the door closed."

"And that was at—"

"The clock over there on my mantel was striking seven."

"And after that there is nothing further you can tell me about Mr. Endicott."

"Nothing."

"You dined. You went to his room. You found the note. You began to worry, and then you called us up."

"That is it."

"Was it in this room here, or up in the attic, Mrs. Endicott, that you told him you were going to kill him?"

"Here, after he— That wasn't exactly fair, was it?"

"Heavens, no, but awfully smart." Lieutenant Valcour's smile was the essence of pleasantness. "I do wish you'd continue

with the 'after he—' After he did what? Or was it something he said?"

"Did."

"Yes?"

"I told you," she blazed, "that he was half animal. You can hardly expect me to become more explicit."

Lieutenant Valcour was genuinely upset. "I do beg your pardon, Mrs. Endicott," he said. "About this afternoon—were you in the house?"

"Partly. I had tea at the Ritz, about four-thirty—with," she added defiantly, "a man."

"Ah!"

"Exactly so. That will permit you to reverse another tradition and go *cherchez l'homme*."

Lieutenant Valcour found instant good humor. "So you decided to fight fire with fire," he said.

"If you care to call it that."

"JUST who is Marge Mylen—and what?" Lieutenant Valcour said suddenly.

"There are several terms one might apply to her. They all mean the same thing. I believe that recently, however," Mrs. Endicott said very distinctly, "she has lost her amateur standing."

"Recently?"

"The past year or so."

"Mr. Endicott has known her long?"

"Until the past month or two my husband had not known her at all. He'd heard of her, of course, and so had I."

"Then she is a woman who once had position?"

"She was the wife of one of Herbert's friends, a man who died two years ago and left her penniless. They say, incidentally, that she killed him."

"Killed him?"

"It was just gossip, of course. They had a camp near some obscure lake up in Maine. The canoe they were in one evening upset. Harry Mylen couldn't swim."

"And Marge Mylen?"

"Marge Mylen was famous for her swimming."

"Then the inference is that she—well, neglected to save her husband?"

"That—and that she deliberately upset the canoe. I repeat it's all gossip. People dropped him, you see, after he married her. That's a commentary for you."

"You mean they still accepted him while he was—that is, before the ceremony."

"Yes, while he was living with her. It's thoroughly natural, of course. People didn't have to recognize her then; they could ignore her. But you can't ignore a man's wife; you either have to recognize her or not. The note had it. If she had been a genuinely nice person, or an amusing one, I doubt whether the fact of their having lived together really would have mattered. But she wasn't."

"What was she before her marriage?"

"A member of that much-maligned group known as the chorus."

"And recently she had gotten in touch with your husband?"

"She looked up all of Harry's old friends. Don't you see? As a widow she again had a standing—a shade higher, but similar to the one she held before Harry married her. I don't know how many others she landed, but she certainly landed Herbert."

"And you were afraid she would do something to him."

"Well, she killed Harry."

"Then you personally believe the gossip?"

Mrs. Endicott did not bother to give a direct reply. She shrugged, and twisted a little on the *chaise-longue*.

"And do you associate her in any way, Mrs. Endicott, with what has happened here tonight?"

She continued to evade direct responsibility for an opinion. "Who else?" she said.

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"But the actual mechanics of it, Mrs. Endicott—how could she have gotten into the house?"

"It could be done. Herbert himself might have let her in."

"That's going a little far, isn't it?"

"Yes. It was rotten of me to suggest it. I never really thought it, Lieutenant. I just said it."

"And after all, Mrs. Endicott, why should she want to kill your husband? You weren't trying to keep him from her."

"He might have been trying to keep himself from her."

"He might. It's stretching it a little, though, to think she'd deliberately kill him for that."

"She wouldn't do it deliberately."

"I don't know—when a woman starts out to kill, she invariably chooses some weapon, or a poison. Every case has proven it again and again. But we're only speculating, aren't we? Who was it who took you to tea?"

"I haven't any intention of telling you."

"Because it might involve him?"

"He couldn't possibly be involved. If I thought he were, I'd tell you in a minute."

Some one knocked on the door.

"Just the same, Mrs. Endicott, I wish you would tell me who he was."

"No."

Lieutenant Valcour was able not only to recognize finality; he could accept it. He considered Mrs. Endicott's very definite refusal to answer his question as of small consequence; there were so many more ways than one for frying an eel. He stood up and crossed to the door. He opened it and stepped into the corridor, closing the door behind him. Even in the dimmish light, young Cassidy's normally ruddy face was the color of chalk.

"What's happened, Cassidy?"

"Honest to God, Lieutenant, I'm scared stiff. They're getting things ready in there to bring that dead man back to life!"

Chapter Six—10:32 P. M.

FOR a puzzled instant Lieutenant Valcour stared at the white face.

"What do you mean, Cassidy?" he said.

"Honest to God, Lieutenant, I mean just what I say."

"But that's impossible."

Cassidy went even further. "It's sacrifice," he said.

"Nonsense," Lieutenant Valcour said sharply. "You have simply misunderstood Dr. Worth. It is possible that Mr. Endicott was not dead at all, but in some state of catalepsy. No one, Cassidy, can bring back the dead."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, sir."

"Then let us go in."

"Must I go back in there too?"

"You must. Forget the fact that you're a superstitious Irishman, Cassidy, and remember that you're a cop. Cops, as you've been told more times than one, should be noble, firm, and perpetually cool, calm and collected."

"Sure, now, you're kidding."

"Tut-tut!"

"Well, and I'll try, Lieutenant, but—"

"But nothing," advised Lieutenant Valcour as he opened the door to Endicott's room.

The effect was shockingly garish. All shades had been removed from their lamps, and the various details of the furnishings stood out in the painful white light, brightly clear.

Andrews was alone. He stood near the bed upon which Endicott had been placed, looking in rather shocked bewilderment at the body. Lieutenant Valcour joined him. A blanket had been drawn up to Endicott's chin, and the face which remained exposed looked very waxlike, very still—very much like a dead man's indeed.

"This is the damndest thing, Valcour."

"What is, Chief?"

"They say there's a chance that this man isn't dead. Worth is going to operate."

"Operate? But Dr. Worth himself admitted that the heart had stopped beating, after testing with a stethoscope. What sort of an operation?"

"Worth's going to inject adrenalin into the cardiac muscles."

"I wonder just how much value there is in that stuff."

"Well, unless Endicott's been poisoned, the medical examiner and Worth both seem to think there's a chance. They feel there's no harm in trying, anyway. It sounds silly to me, but they reminded me of that recent case in Queens—you probably read about it—where a man had been pronounced dead for six hours and was revived. Of course, they said he wasn't really dead, just as they now think that Endicott may not be really dead. No one can bring back the dead."

Lieutenant Valcour threw a bland look at Cassidy, who was standing in as convenient a position to the hall door as he could possibly get.

VALCOUR shrugged. "It will make things pretty simple for us if it works with Endicott," he said. "He can make a statement and prefer charges himself. Where is everybody?"

"The medical examiner and Worth are downstairs telephoning and making arrangements for the operation. My men have finished and have gone back to Headquarters. There wasn't any sign of forcing an entry, so it looks like an inside job, if there was any job. I tell you, Valcour, if it wasn't for your suggestion that robbery was a motive, or for that note that might have been a threat, I'd drop the whole thing. It's a different matter if the adrenalin doesn't work, and an autopsy proves poison or something. Find out much from Mrs. Endicott?"

"Enough to be interested in learning more. Want the details?"

"Later, if I have to get to work on the case. You want to keep on handling it?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead. Call for any outside stuff you want us to check up on for you. I'll send you a report on the brushes and combs as soon as they finish with them downtown."

"You going to go, Chief?"

"No use in my sticking around, Valcour. We haven't a case yet, really, that calls for any Central Office work. Hell, according to those two six-syllable specialists downstairs, we haven't even got a *corpus delicti!* Robbery there may have been, and it's your precinct—so go to it. I'll find out from the medical examiner when he gets back how the operation turned out, and if there's going to be an autopsy. If poisoning is proved and you haven't pinned it on anyone by then, I'll get on the job again. I suppose you'll see that the people in the house are given the once-over?"

"Certainly, Chief."

"I'll run along, then. Good luck, Valcour."

"Thank you, Chief."

ANDREWS left the room and closed the door.

"I bet he's got a date," said Cassidy.

"He'd stay here if he had twenty dates, if he thought it was necessary," said Lieutenant Valcour.

"Well, I wish I had a date."

"You'll have a whole vacation if you don't brace up. I'm going to take a look in that cupboard, now that Endicott's no longer in it."

Even a cupboard seemed to Cassidy preferable to being in the room. "Can't I help you, sir?" he said with almost fervent politeness.

"No, Cassidy, you can't. You can stay just where you are."

"Oh, very well, sir."

Lieutenant Valcour picked up a straight-backed chair and took it into the cupboard. There were shelves along the back of it, the lowest one being at the height of a man's head. Numerous suits of clothes were hanging from beneath this lowest shelf. Valcour stood on the chair and played his flashlight along the top of it. There was nothing there but an accumulation of dust. He felt a distinct and highly satisfactory thrill when he noted that streaks showed where the dust had very recently been rubbed away—as if somebody had deliberately wiped both his hands in it. It linked with the dirty cake of soap.

Andrews had said nothing about these streaks. It was pretty obvious that the Central Office men had overlooked them—had casually observed that the shelves were empty and had let the matter go at that.

Lieutenant Valcour began to feel quite pleasant, and informed himself gravely that a deduction was in order.

He stared at the dust and began to see pictures in it: a crouching person tormented by hate or fear, or both, who knew that Endicott was going to open the cupboard door. What, in the name of the lighter humorists, to do? The person dreads recognition—is there no disguise? No, curse it! But yes—the dust! The person's hands are smeared, and by means of the hands, the face. . . .

"Aint there *nothing* I can do for you, Lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Valcour sighed and got down from the chair.

"Yes, Cassidy," he said. "You can take this chair and put it over by the hall door. Then you can sit down."

"Very well, Lieutenant," said Cassidy bitterly. "But when you're in that cupboard there ain't nobody in the room with me but that live corpse."

"Then sit where you can't see it."

HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 65)

"I'm inclined to, I'll admit, but I still do not see why, if this identity was wished on you while you were unconscious, you have not made any effort to regain touch with your own family and friends. That, you must concede, looks as if you were being paid to continue in this job."

"Either that, or that this identity is better than my own."

PETER lifted her out of her chair and carted her not very gently into the two-story drawing-room, where he pretended to bounce her on a *chaise-longue*.

"What were we talking about?" demanded Anne.

"You were talking about nothing at all so far as I could make out," Peter informed her. "But I like to see you talk."

"See me talk?"

"Yes. Any motions that you make with your lips are interesting even when not reminiscingly so."

Anne blushed because she knew to what he referred. . . .

"Oh, Mr. Bernaberry!"

An individual whom Anne knew vaguely as "the cook" and whose field of operations surely did not include the drawing-room, rushed in, fully panoplied for dish-washing.

"What's this?" demanded Peter, rising.

"I couldn't keep him out. He pushed right by me."

"Who pushed by you?"

"Why, I did." The reddish blond young athlete who stood in the doorway to the dining-room answered for himself.

"You must have forgotten to tell the kitchen force to put a chain on the service-door. It was even standing wide open, so I came in."

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR reentered the cupboard. He examined the corner in which Endicott had been slumped. The suits on the hangers had fallen back a little into shape. He carefully went through their various pockets. They were empty, and from the rumpled condition of their lining he knew that they had been hastily gone through before. Perhaps the Central Office men had done so, but he doubted it. They would concern themselves rather exclusively with the effects taken from the clothes Endicott had been wearing at the time of the attack.

It interested him to note that the suits against which Endicott's body had been slumped showed evidence of having been searched with the rest. It confirmed his theory that that was what the attacker had been doing when caught in the cupboard by Endicott's sudden appearance in the bedroom, and it also strengthened his theory of the ingenious use of dust from the shelf-top as a disguise.

Shoes lined a low shelf along the bottom of one side, and hat boxes occupied a corresponding shelf on the other. Lieutenant Valcour dismissed the possibility that the particular hat he was searching for—the one that Endicott had been wearing, or intended to get at the moment of the attack—would be in a box. Perhaps it was in the cupboard Mrs. Endicott spoke about downstairs in the entrance-hall. The point kept nagging at him irritably, and he considered it important enough to go down and find out.

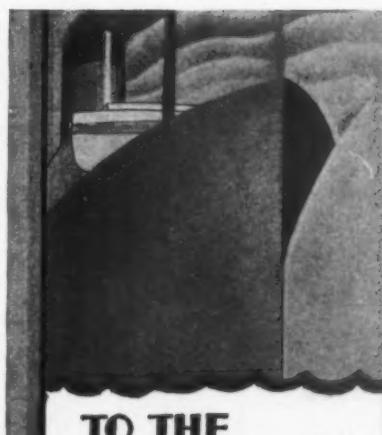
Cassidy barely restrained himself from clutching Lieutenant Valcour's arm.

"Honest to God, you aint going to leave me in here alone, Lieutenant?"

"Honest to God, Cassidy, I am."

And Lieutenant Valcour went out.

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Before Peter could quite regain his balance, the visiting fireman swung a left-hand sledge-hammer against his host's ear and then nudged with a short-arm blow into the ribs to make it emphatic.

An antique Oriental tabouret took the count, but Peter did not. Peter went down, but he came up again. The tabouret never would. It was forever toothpicks.

And by this time Peter was mad. No one had ever knocked him down before in all his life. He had rather thought that it could not be done.

Now he was quite positive that it could not be done again.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself among those splinters," the young man greeted him cheerfully. "If you like, I'll pick the quills out before we start again."

"Shut up," growled Peter, "and keep up your guard."

"Thanks. I always do. Do you know this trick?"

Peter did. As the red-head led swiftly with his left Peter hooked it with his own left, pulled his opponent toward him and smashed his right fist square into the approaching nose.

"My word!" The young man was too dazed to say anything else for a moment. "It always irritates anyone profoundly to get soaked in the beerer. As soon as I can see you, I'll show you what I mean."

"I can't wait." Peter hit him again in the same place.

"Oh, I say, this is too much. The party is getting rough."

That was the last anyone said for several moments. Peter got a black eye out of the next exchange of blows, and in a minute he retaliated by cutting his knuckles on the stranger's teeth. One of them probably came out; anyway, it disappeared, either down or out.

Blood was now flowing quite freely. A two-thousand-dollar grand piano had been readied for resale at about a hundred and fifty, and the antique library table which had once served in the sacristy of a Dominican Monastery, A. D. Circa 1400, was aged one or two centuries more right while Anne was looking at it.

ANNE, not having the faintest idea what it was all about or who the stranger might be, had prudently retired to the stairs, where, a few steps up, she had a really excellent view of what was going on in the stadium. But as the contestants had no numbers on their backs, it was sometimes difficult to know just how the tide of battle was going. For by this time scientific boxing had been tacitly abandoned—well, almost tacitly; anyway, the language cannot be repeated—and the game became a sort of combination of wrestling, football, *hara-kiri* and mayhem—practically everything but the high-jump and the two-twenty hurdles.

They were getting groggy, though; even Anne noticed that; and sometimes they would stand punching at each other's stomachs feebly with one hand while clinging affectionately to each other's necks with the other.

Finally Peter went down and didn't get up.

"One—two—three—" The young man with the red hair, and also a red nose, was doing the counting himself, none too clearly on account of the missing tooth and swollen lip. "Four—five—three—seven—where was I? Begin again. One—two—buckle my shoe; three—four—set 'em straight. One—two—"

He too sank to the floor. He was tired anyway, but the more immediate reason for his loss of equilibrium was because Anne had hit him quite adequately over the head with one of the table legs which had become detached earlier in the fray.

Then Anne bent over Peter, sat on the floor with his head in her lap and tried to wipe the blood away with her handkerchief.

"Peter, my dear!" she was saying over and over again. "Open your eyes. Please, Peter!"

"Hello."

Anne stopped rocking back and forth with her unconscious burden and made a gesture as if to reach for her club.

The red-headed stranger repeated "Hello!" He was feeling his head and dragging himself to an unsteady sitting posture.

Anne regarded him coolly. "As soon as you are able to walk, I suggest that you leave this house."

The intruder shook his head.

"Nope. Can't leave until I see Mrs. Peter Bernaberry."

"You can leave right now, then," Anne told him. "I am Mrs. Peter Bernaberry."

The young man laughed. He seemed to recover his spirits and strength almost miraculously. "Sorry to doubt a lady," he said. "You're very beautiful and charming and all that, but you're not Mrs. Peter Bernaberry. I know, because Mrs. Peter Bernaberry is my sister; and believe it or not, she's hell-cat!"

Chapter Eleven

HIS realization that there was some trickery afoot with regard to his sister did much to aid in Roger Mackilvaine's swift recovery of his senses.

"You're not Mrs. Bernaberry," he repeated as if for further emphasis, although with a lisp on account of the missing tooth. "But you're in love with her husband."

"I am not."

"You are. I can tell by the way you make a disgraceful fuss over him."

"Sh!"

"Wont sh! I've been sh'd all my life. You are making a horribly conspicuous fuss over him. Why not make a similar or even greater fuss over me? I'm a pure-minded bachelor, and I'm a better-looking hombre, besides, aint I? Answer me that."

Anne smiled—then laughed. "You haven't looked in a mirror. I wouldn't advise you to, either."

"That don't alter facts. You're a beautiful quibbler, but you're in love with my sister's husband, and I believe you've made away with her."

"Nonsense."

"Then produce her. Where is the little old she-devil? She aint here, I know—because if she was anywhere around, she would have been in the fight, protecting her little brother from that Cossack there."

Anne had no means of knowing whether he meant a single thing that he said. Probably he really was M. T. B.'s brother,—otherwise he would not have known that Anne herself was an impostor,—but he seemed to regard everything with a sort of detached cynical humor that made it difficult to guess whether he was dealing with facts or fanciful hyperbole.

"Produce the real Mrs. Bernaberry," he was insisting, but without emphasis. "Produce her or I shall summon the constable."

Peter was beginning to stir with symptoms of returning consciousness, and Anne wanted to devote her care to him.

"Everything will be satisfactorily explained," she told the invader, "and in the meantime you will find a bath up the stairs and down the hall at the end. Arnica, iodine and bandage materials are in the medicine-chest. Bring them to me along with a wet towel, and I'll try to cover up enough of your faces so that you wont scare the servants when they come in."

He obeyed docilely enough. Edna, the cook, who had been listening at the swing door in the dining-room, but in a crouching position (headed the other way, in case the battle veered in her direction), came to Anne when she called.

Together they dragged Peter to the *chaise-longue* and boosted him onto it. Roger returned with the first-aid supplies. Actually

Peter's features, when washed off, did not look so bad as Roger's. The missing tooth was the largest factor in the latter's facial peculiarity.

"That wasn't my own tooth," he explained glumly when Anne commiserated with him on his loss. "It belongs to a dentist who just put it in for two hundred and fifty dollars and I hadn't paid him yet. I don't know if he can collect for it now without proving delivery. Thank God, I didn't sign for it."

"Where are you?" Peter was struggling through the fog to consciousness. "Where are you, dear?"

"Does he mean you?" asked Peter's recent opponent.

"I think he means me," Anne confessed, blushing a little.

"So! And you say there is no love-affair going on between you two?"

"I can't explain just now," Anne retorted, annoyed a little at the stranger's harking back to his original obsession, "but I assure you that you are all wrong."

Peter had regained enough consciousness somewhat to comprehend the dialogue that was passing between Anne and Roger MacKilvaine. He struggled now to a sitting position and regarded his late opponent sourly.

"Are you still here? I thought I kicked you downstairs."

"No," Roger informed him, "that was only a pleasant dream that you had while you were unconscious from the knockout blow I landed during the eighth round. I'm still here, and I expect to stay until I find out what this is all about, who this woman is, and what you have done with my charming though temperamental sister."

Peter regarded him coldly. "Why should I have done anything with your sister?"

"Well, I thought you might have discovered the real reason why she married you."

"The real reason?" Peter smiled and answered with a slightly patronizing tone. "The real reason was because we were in love with one another."

"Bologna," Roger retorted inelegantly. "Not my sister! She never loved but one man and never will. It isn't you, either, though I've got to admit that in some ways I like you better. He's a kind of an irresponsible bum—you know, the kind that women really go crazy about—a little like me in that respect. Modest, what? But true, none the less."

Peter interrupted him impatiently. "Never mind the bouncing bouquets. What did Marqua marry me for? If you know any reason, come across with it."

"If you want to know the cold truth, Marx married you because I was in a hell of a jam." Roger stated the facts soberly and succinctly, the first time that he had dropped his mask of frivolity since entering the apartment. "Sis and I really care a lot for each other, and she seems to think she's responsible for my welfare. She's about an hour older. Well, it looked like jail for me if I couldn't raise quite a number of thousand dollars, and Marx found it out, that's all. So she hunted you up and married you. It was a dirty trick on you, too, I suppose, but you'll get over it. Other men have loved Marx and have lived to die of gout and hardening of the arteries. Besides, you seem to have consoled yourself rather hastily with a mistress who—"

Peter got up as if he had been electrically inspired. "Just for that I'll break your damn' neck!"

THERE was another outbreak of the same epidemic. This time there was no more furniture to ruin so the damage became more personal. Peter had been coldly angry before. Now he was boiling with a blind fury that he could not have explained, but which obliterated all sense of pain.

They fought more quietly this time and

without profanity. Anne wanted to do something to stop them, but realized that she was powerless. It was a sort of primitive warfare in which a woman's part could be only that of spectator, or at most, the bone of contention.

Inside of five minutes Peter had knocked him out—absolutely cold.

Peter remained on his own feet, swaying over his recent opponent. "You wait there," he said belligerently, "until I rest a minute, and then I'll throw you downstairs."

Anne went to him and led him to the chaise-longue again. He followed docilely enough. He was so different from what he had been a few seconds before that Anne almost had to laugh as she sponged off his face once more.

"Why," she demanded, "did you start the fight all over again?"

"Didn't you hear what he said?"

"Yes, I heard. But isn't that what anyone would think who did not know the actual facts—or even if they did?"

"But I cannot allow anyone to speak like that of my—"

"Yes," Anne prompted, "of your what?"

"Of a woman who is under my care," Peter concluded lamely.

"I wondered how you classified me."

ROGER, who seemed to be the owner of resilient vitality, sat up now on the floor and grinned.

"Best fight I ever was in," he complimented Peter. "And I apologize to the lady. My mistake. No lady with a boy friend who packs a wallop like that could ever have anything but an absolutely spotless reputation, and—"

Peter was getting ominously to his feet.

"Please be quiet," warned Anne.

"Quiet! Hell, I'm trying to square myself!" Roger also got up and assumed a defensive attitude. "I want to be friends with this man-eater. Between us we could probably whip the police force of any two cities in the country, something I've always looked forward to." He referred the matter to Peter. "Which shall it be, mate, a kiss or a blow?"

Then he sat down swiftly on the floor and braced himself with his arms from landing flat on his back.

Peter started to lean over. But he too was dizzy and had to sit down also before he fell down. He landed within arm's reach of Roger and tried to swing at him. But he could not spare the support of the prop and had to give it up.

Roger laughed. "I can't fight any more. Can't even see you. We've got to be friends or I'll be mad at you. What say?"

Peter raised his hand. Roger started to duck before he noticed that the fist was open. Then he swung his own right palm into that of his recent adversary and by hanging onto each other that way they could sit and laugh together.

Anne felt strangely out of it. Something had happened that women have nothing to do with. But she did not feel bad about it. On the contrary, she was curiously happy. Perhaps it was because she did not remember to have heard Peter laugh before.

But women are useful when it comes to clearing away the wreck of battle, and Anne went to the wall and pressed the button which would summon help from the kitchen.

There was a little delay and then some one entered, a bit flustered as if after an exertion of some sort.

"My word!" It was Watkins. "And there was me sitting in a cinema show while this was going on right at home."

He bent over the semi-reclining figure of Roger Mackilvaine. "I told you to keep away," he said, "and now whatever you get is what you asked for. Will you walk downstairs or shall I throw you down the dumbwaiter?" Watkins was quite capable of do-

ing it, too, and he proved it by picking Roger bodily from the floor.

"No, no!" Both Peter and Anne stopped him. Then Peter continued with further instructions. "Take him up to the guest-room and put him to bed."

Watkins stood a moment bewildered. "Put him to bed?"

"Yes. A hot bath will not do a bit of harm. And take him up a bottle of rubbing alcohol and—"

"Drinking ditto?" inquired Roger feebly.

"Scotch?"

"Any nationality that you have labels for."

IN a moment or so Watkins came back and helped his master up the stairs also. Peter wouldn't let Anne do it, and he was still a little too groggy to make it by himself.

"Did you have a pleasant evening?" Peter asked as Watkins eased him onto his bed.

"Not entirely, sir."

"No? What was the trouble? Julie too wild for you?"

"Yes sir, but not in the way I expected. Look at those scratches. And I haven't seen my shins myself, but I dare say a couple of bones are broken from the way she kicked me. The heathen!"

"The language of love seems to be about the same the world over. Julie apparently understood you perfectly."

"Yes sir."

Anne had followed them up the stairs and now came in.

"You take care of Mr. Mackilvaine," Peter instructed Watkins. "Mrs. Bernaberry will look after me."

"Yes sir."

"Good night, Watkins."

"Good night, sir. Good night, madame."

"Ex—good night."

For a moment after Watkins had gone, Anne wondered if she ought not to be frightened. Then she had to smile at herself. There could be no danger to herself in being left alone with a man who had been as thoroughly mauled as had Peter.

At that it was the first time she had been in his room while he was in it—or any man's room, save that of her father.

"You need only stay a moment," Peter told her, divining her thoughts. "I can take care of myself all right. I said what I did to make Watkins feel perfectly justified in neglecting me a trifle in honor of our guest-patient."

"Don't be silly," Anne scolded. She had gone to the drawer of his dresser and taken out a suit of pajamas. "This shade will go best with a purple eye, I think."

"How did you know where those were?" Peter asked curiously.

"Why, I put them there myself."

Anne had not thought of it as anything but natural that she should put away his things, but to Peter it was a new and slightly disconcerting experience. This idea of having a woman whom you did not pay for service fussing around about your comfort—that was something strange in the way of human relationships. He was not sure that he liked it as an idea. Then, again, he was not absolutely sure that he did not like it.

"I always took care of my father's clothes," Anne explained. "I did all his mending, too. Your things are all so new that there is practically nothing at all to mend." She was rather reproachful about that, so much so that Peter resolved to wear out at least a few buttons in order to give her something to do. Mended clothing must, in a way, be more comfortable. It would seem that a woman probably puts a little of her own gentle softness into the things she works over.

Anne took off his shoes—in spite of Peter's protests.

"I took care of my father until he died," she told him in reply to his objections.

"That may be, but you're not going to take care of me unless I do die. So that's



Mrs. Bradley and her first lion. Just as this photograph was snapped, the lion—wounded, only, it proved—came to life; and a very lively moment ensued.

“Drums in the Dark”

A story of Africa you will not soon forget.

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You who have enjoyed Mrs. Bradley's "Lions!" in this issue, and her "The Custom of His Country" and "The Ghost Girl" in previous numbers, know how colorful and dramatic her stories are. Moreover, she knows her Africa well from long hunting and exploring journeys through remote regions of the Dark Continent; and her work rings clear with reality. "Drums in the Dark," her next story, is splendid in its stark power. Be sure to read it—

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that. You may draw a bath for me if you want to, but that will be all."

Anne did. Then she helped him to get up and started him toward the door, he protesting all the time. It rather amused Anne to bully him a little. There really wasn't an awful lot of resistance left in him.

While he was splashing around in the tub, she turned down his bed and went to her own room for soothing solutions and bandage materials, which she laid out in professional style on a small table beside his bed.

When Peter came out of the bath in his pajamas and a dressing-gown, he docilely got into bed as she ordered him to do—not, of course, without an occasional grunt when a bruised muscle telegraphed a complaint about the harsh and lumpy material being used nowadays for sheets and mattresses. He was nice and like a baby somehow, Anne thought, a slightly peevish baby almost ready to go to sleep.

And his skin was soft and smooth, she reflected as she dabbed witch-hazel on spots that she knew must need it.

He went to sleep right while she was fussing with him. At least, his breathing became slow and regular; and his body, that had been slightly tense before, relaxed and grew limp under her touch.

Anne kept on for a little while longer and then gradually ceased her ministrations altogether. She turned off the lights and went out. Then, halfway down the hall to her own room, she hesitated and went back.

She opened his door.

It was silly, but he would never know. Anne had a foolish semi-maternal impulse to kiss him on his upturned cheek. So she did.

Chapter Twelve

WATKINS, admirable major-domo that he was, no matter that he failed somewhat in the rôle of Byron, had magically restored a semblance of order to the devastated regions downstairs before anyone got up the next morning. Of course the piano would never be the same again, but some of its scars were under a drape, and the table had been screwed together by a skillful workman who had left no traces of modern craftsmanship on its time-worn surfaces.

Anne was the first one down. She had passed a restless night, not unhappily restless but excited, rather. The world, which had been quieted down around her for so long now, seemed to be on the move again. On the whole she was glad of it.

A bell tinkled musically. It was the special muffled telephone.

Without intentional curiosity Anne answered it. "Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Bernaberry's residence?" It was a nice voice—a woman's.

"Yes."

"May I speak to Mr. Bernaberry, please?"

"I'm sorry. He's not down yet. Can I take a message?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I am Mrs. Bernaberry, and—"

A slight laugh interrupted her.

"There is no message. Good-by."

The caller had hung up.

It rather disturbed Anne for a moment. She was not exactly able to classify her reaction to this woman's voice—it did not sound like that of an employee, a secretary.

What difference did it make who she was? Anne shook herself out of it with a laugh. Peter's life was no concern of hers. The proprietary feeling that she had assumed while taking care of him last night and in putting away his things was merely a playtime emotion. It was a doll she had been pretending was just a tiny bit real. . . .

After a while, the two men, Roger and Peter, came downstairs together. Apparently they had been talking things over and had arrived at some sort of mutual un-

derstanding that may not have been exactly a declaration of eternal peace but was, at least, an armed truce.

"Marx dearly loves a black eye," Roger was saying, "—on somebody else, I mean; and I'm sure that if she could see you now she would be unable to resist you."

As a matter of fact, neither one of the men showed any very marked traces of the fracas of the previous night. Peter was a hardened outdoor sort of a man, and Roger was one of those fortunate individuals of tremendous vitality which reckless living seems powerless to impair.

"Women," Roger was continuing, "are most partial to gentlemen who live in caves, especially if they have a slight flavor of raw wolf about them. Oh, good morning, Mrs.—er—oh, hell, I'll have to call you Priscilla, whether you like it or not. That's on account of your funny triangular little face and the curly tail of the mouse you have just eaten, which is sticking out of the corner of your mouth. Pretty idea, isn't it?"

"I like men who talk all the time," Anne told him. "It saves making any explanations of anything."

"I merely did it to put you at your ease."

PETER so far had said nothing. Now he greeted Anne rather formally.

Roger noticed the constraint. "She's a nicer girl than that," he offered semi-critically. "Even I, who only met her last night, like her better than you do."

Anne, who knew very little of modern young men, nevertheless suspected that Roger was merely handing out a very fast "line," but Peter had no intuition to guide him and resented the implication. He stiffened perceptibly in his cordiality toward his enforced guest.

"No offense intended," offered Roger by way of apology. "I just thought that as long as Priscilla, or whatever her name is, did not really have a partner for this dance, I might sit it out with her, whispering sweet nothings in her ear. It will be a great load off your shoulders and you can devote all your worrying to my spectacular and spangled sister, Marx, whom you persist in loving in spite of the insight into her character which I have just been giving you by assuring you that it is just like mine. If you really want to find Marx and make her listen to reason, I can tell you where she is pretty apt to be. Treat her the way you did me last night, and she'll be eating off your hand,—nearly up to your elbow,—as soon as she regains consciousness. And I'll tell the world that when she gets you, she's getting a man."

The boy was evidently sincere! Anne realized for the first time that the younger man was really trying to express in a somewhat handicapped vocabulary an unbound admiration for Peter's queer combination of dignity, power and gentleness. She gave Roger credit for a superior insight.

"I think she's at the—"

"Never mind telling me now," Peter interrupted. "If she is safe, I think I would rather that she should be away until I finish the task I have set for myself—that of tracking and destroying the woman who killed my brother. When that is done, your sister may not want to see me—my hands may not be clean."

Anne shuddered. Sometimes she had been able partly to forget Peter's chill determination in the matter of his revenge. Now, as occasionally in her darkest nightmares, she could feel his fingers about her throat. She knew what those fingers could do—she had seen him crack seasoned mahogany by simply closing his fist.

THREE two men Roger and Peter had gone away together after breakfast.

While Anne was at lunch quite alone, Julie came to the dining-room to summon Watkins, who was serving.

"There's a lady in the drawing-room who wishes to—"

"How did she get there?" Watkins interrupted sharply, and certainly out of character. "You know that no one is to be admitted during Mr. Bernaberry's absence."

"I opened the door for a boy with the mail, and she walked right in. I told her not to, but she didn't mind."

The lady in the drawing-room was Mrs. Marque Bernaberry.

Anne gazed at her again on this second meeting with much the same amazement that had been hers on the occasion of their first encounter on train-board—amazement that the feminine sex could have produced so gorgeous and so legendlike a person. Men, somehow, explorers and the like, are sometimes surrounded with an iridescent mist that obscures the fact that they are human clay and akin to us all. But women are seldom such dazzlingly remote personalities.

Marx, now, was something that Anne could never be. And Anne, in consequence, marveled at the splendor of her and, for the moment, forgot herself in an emotion that was similar to a small boy's hero-worship.

Marx sensed the tribute, and laughed.

"Dismiss the servants so we can talk," she requested.

Anne nodded to Watkins and the latter departed rather reluctantly.

"Before we talk much come upstairs to my bedroom," Anne invited. "I think Watkins has developed a keyhole ear."

She led the way to her own quarters.

Marx looked around curiously. "You do yourself rather well. But I'll admit I scarcely expected to find you here."

"I had no choice in the matter," Anne explained. "At first I was confined to my bed by my injury and since my recovery I've been practically a prisoner. You can see how the servants acted."

"Yes. Tell me the rest."

Anne sketched briefly all that had happened since the night of the railway accident.

"You poor kid!" sympathized Marx. "I had no idea that I was pitchforking you into the rôle of permanent hostage when I swiped your clothes. At most I thought you would only have to impersonate me for a day or so until I could get outside the range of immediate pursuit."

Anne disregarded the sympathy. "Why did you come back at all?"

"From a sense of the inevitability of an obligation incurred. I thought I could take some of Peter's money and give him nothing in return. But it didn't work out. I felt too much a rotter. I couldn't pay back the money, so I've delivered the goods that he bought. I think I am a good enough actress so that he will never know that I don't love him in quite the way that he does me. Besides, I've got to stay here now, if only to get you out of the scrape that I dragged you into."

ANNE could not explain that she did not want to be rescued from the situation which had become the most interesting part of her life. Neither could she tell Marx that her best hope of safety from arrest lay in maintaining the false identity as Peter's wife. And, all other considerations to one side, the most significant thing that she could do for Peter's happiness was to restore this lovely dream-come-true wife of his to his side.

After all Anne wanted Peter's happiness more than she did her own.

It never occurred to her to doubt Peter's love for Marx. No one could help loving her who could see or who was in any way tuned to sense personality and charm.

"So all you have to do is to walk out of your prison," Marx told her. "No one will stop you, and my chauffeur down at the door will take you anywhere you wish to go."

If there was any alternative to doing what Marx commanded, Anne's wits were not

quick enough to think it up. The other woman was very obviously doing her best to extricate Anne from what she thought was an irksome position and she could not possibly know that the course she proposed was terribly dangerous as well as distasteful. Anne could not explain to anyone why it was not safe for her to go unless she revealed her identity and then it would not be safe to stay.

Almost hypnotized by the inevitability of the situation, Anne changed to a dark blue street dress while Marx, coolly in possession, sat at the *escritoire* and wrote a note of instructions to her chauffeur. "His name is Mike," she told Anne, "and the car is a gray phaeton with the top down. There's only one there. You can't miss it."

She escorted Anne past the doubtful Watkins—who nevertheless did not attempt to gainsay Marx' will any more than any other man ever did—and saw her to the elevator.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "You've done me a tremendous favor and I don't know if I can ever return it. But I will try if I should ever be given the opportunity."

IT seemed strange to be going this way without saying good-by to Peter. To be a wife, even if only a pretend-wife, one moment, and then to be out of the picture entirely the next, was almost too bewildering. Anne was like a football player who has been suddenly replaced in the very crisis of the game by a substitute. There didn't seem to be anything to do.

She easily found the chauffeur and the car. Mike read the note and opened the door. "Where to, miss?"

Anne had not thought. She would have to go somewhere. Suddenly an instinctive homesickness made her lips form the words of the address where she had lived in that remote childhood which had preceded her translation to the field of adventure. But when they got there she knew she should not have come. It was not a place that she could stay.

So she told the chauffeur: "Wait here for me. I shall be only a moment."

Her mother was bending over an ironing-board when Anne came in. Anne had to speak twice before Mrs. Harkness heard her.

"Anne Harkness!" she exclaimed. Even halfway through the pronouncing of the name, her tone changed from welcoming relief to censure. "And you in them kind of clothes! Here I've been hoping that you was innocent, but now I know I was wrong."

"What have my clothes to do with it?" Anne asked patiently. They had never understood each other, these two, but now since Anne had been away the gulf between them had widened immeasurably.

"No girl could be decent with a hat like that—and furs! What did you come back for?"

Anne was too taken aback to reply for a moment, and then, suddenly, it was too late.

The door was flung open unceremoniously and a man equipped with an unlighted cigar, a gray derby and other symbols of his trade came into the kitchen.

"I've been waiting quite a while for your daughter to come home, Mrs. Harkness," he announced, stepping toward Anne and grabbing her arm with inescapable firmness.

"My daughter?" retorted Mrs. Harkness. "If you mean that lady there, she's no daughter of mine!"

The detective regarded her speculatively. "If I hadn't heard what you said before I came in I might believe you. But no woman ever talks that way to another woman unless she is related to her. I'll take a chance. Come along, lady."

Anne never knew exactly what mental processes, if any, guided her mother in what she did during the next few minutes. Perhaps Mrs. Harkness was sorry for having contributed to the danger of the position in

which Anne was entangled. Perhaps it was merely the awakening of a belated mother-instinct to fight for her cub.

At any rate, Mrs. Harkness thought quickly and she thought well.

"Don't you go!" she commanded. "You leave that girl be!"

The detective laughed and started to drag Anne toward the door.

But only a short way—for Mrs. Harkness seized two flat-irons from the stove, pushed one of them in his face and brought the other down on the hand that grasped Anne's arm.

"Why, you—!" The rest of the officer's exclamation was an unintelligible howl of pain.

Mrs. Harkness made herself heard above it. "Run! I'll keep him back a minute or two."

And Anne did run. On the stairs she encountered another man coming up, doubtless a second detective on the way to investigate the cries from the Harkness flat. He made as if to detain Anne but she eluded him in the semi-dark stairway and passed on down. For a second he stood undecided, and then clattered after her.

Anne had no course save to gain the sanctuary of the car. "Hurry!" she said.

"O. K." countered Mike, and the car jumped into the middle of the slow-moving truck traffic that crowded that particular one-way side street.

The delay in getting to the next corner gave the detective a chance to see which way they turned and a little later Anne, looking back, observed a taxicab which hung suspiciously close to their heels. There was not much doubt that she was being followed.

"Do you think you could go a little faster?"

Mike's grin was so wide that it could be imagined from the back of his head by the movement of his ears.

"Hang on and watch me," he told her.

WHEN he slowed down—"Now where shall we go?"

Anne had been thinking about that very question with half of her mind ever since she had left her mother's flat. Quite evidently New York City was going to be too hot to hold her, especially now since she had been actually seen by a member of the police force. The hue and cry would be doubled.

First of all it seemed imperative to get rid of the clothes which she was wearing.

Anne resolved to risk a return visit to the Bernaberry apartment for other attire. Surely Marqua would not mind and there was no prospect of running into Peter at all until dinner-time.

So she gave Mike the address.

Chapter Thirteen

BUT as Anne entered the front door of the apartment, she encountered Marqua, dressed and hatted as if about to leave.

"It must be fate that drove you back here," Marqua said in her detached good humor that never allowed her any greater enthusiasm than she was exhibiting right then.

"Not fate—the police," Anne laughed.

The high pace of adventure made her oblivious of incongruities. Besides, men always laugh in the bright face of danger—and nowadays where is the distinction between women and men?

Anne herself was leading the way to the boudoir which she uncertainly shared with this more perfect woman, taking off her hat and jacket as she went.

Marx followed.

"What has happened?" she asked.

Anne was on the point of telling her. Why not, after all?

But Julie came in just as she was in the

DETECTION of the Most Sensational Crimes often turns upon HANDWRITING



Photo by Kemp
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The first sensational story appears in the next, the February, issue of

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preliminaries of her story and the final stages of disrobing.

"Please, madam," said Julie uncertainly, "there is one strange man *là bas*, down the stairs, who say that he is from the bureau of the police and that he have come for the lady in the dark blue suit and the red hat who have just entered this apartment."

"What?"

It was Marx who asked the question, but Anne stopped Julie from repeating her story.

"I quite understand what it is all about," she said. "Tell him that I will be down in a moment."

Julie left.

MARX stared at Anne in fascinated amazement. "My dear, don't tell me that you are about to be arrested! Do you think that I, who have always longed for every new sensation, am going to sit idly by and let you have all the fun?"

She threw her hat one way and her coat another. In a moment she stood stripped to a couple of lace bands that covered her in two supposedly vulnerable zones, a pair of flesh-colored hose and black slippers—a fine slim boyish figure, with nothing of boyishness about it except a sort of defiant daring.

"Hand me the blue dress," she directed.

Anne hesitated.

"Hand it over!" Marx repeated and then quoted: "That which I am about to do is a better thing than I have ever done," and besides I wasn't going to stay anyhow. Read the letter that I found on Peter's desk. It's still there. It was addressed to me, so I opened it and I give you permission to read it, too. It will explain to you why I'm not doing so much for you, after all."

Marx was half-dressed. She continued the brave banter of her monologue. "Once you took my place—and now I'm taking yours. I told you that if ever I could do anything I would. This is very little." She jammed on the red hat and drifted off downstairs.

Anne heard her greet the detective, rather

casually and hospitably—as one might meet a stranger who has brought a letter of introduction from a friend.

A little later the front door closed and the clatter of voices ceased. . . .

Anne looked about her. It was strange to be in the shelter of this nest again—especially so after finding how harsh and inhospitable the world outside could be.

As she dressed once more she remembered what Marx had said about the letter which Peter had written and which, she had explained, would partly account for her own quixotic actions.

She went to Peter's room.

Sure enough, an opened letter lay carelessly on his desk—not as Peter would have left it, but as Marx would have.

Anne picked it up and read:

"My dear Marqua:

"There has been a curious aftermath to our marriage. Until today I did not know any possible way of reaching you. Neither did I know the circumstances which forced you to marry me, whom I find you do not love. Your brother Roger has explained a great deal to me and I understand.

"The fact that I understand and accept the situation cheerfully is due to the effect of knowing the girl whom you sent to me as your proxy. I don't exactly understand why you did it or whether you expected it to have any particular influence on the situation between us.

"But the result, whether you expected it or not, has been that I have come to anchor for all time in a haven surrounded by gentle hills that all belong to me.

"My wife, for she is that really, no matter if the legal tie is between you and me, is not like you—in fact, not a bit like what I thought I wanted. Instead of the compelling beauty that I thought I desired she has gentle bravery; instead of a vivid allure she has winsome charm. She would never try to rule me and yet she could influence my actions more than any empress. She is, in short, what a woman should be to a man,

but few seem to care to try to be. Between her and myself there exists an unspoken understanding and a trust that I am sure must be the foundation of real love and marriage. It would not occur to me to doubt her, nor to be jealous of anything she did. She knows I love her, though I have never said so, and I have never put my fortune to the test of asking her if she cares.

"This sounds curious, doesn't it? And it may sound more strange when I say that it has not in any way lessened the admiration that I have for you. I still think you are the most fascinating woman I have ever known.

"But she is the woman without whom I do not care to live. I might possess you for a time—she could never be possessed. She is a part of me.

"Peter."

Anne folded the letter up with the feeling of a woman who is forever closing behind her the gates of paradise. It thrilled her to know in black and white the thing that for some time she had been falteringly reading in Peter's eyes. She would take the knowledge with her that he had cared and it would help her through. But for his sake she could almost find it in her heart to wish that they had never met. It would be the last blow at his faith in humankind to find that she was, to all appearance, unworthy. First he had been humiliated by finding that the woman he had married loved some one else, and now he was destined to be further cast down by the imminent discovery that she, Anne, was not only not a part of him, as he had written, but on the contrary was in the eyes of the law the arch-enemy of his house!

"Dear God," said Anne, "help Peter—I can't!"

The bell downstairs had rung. Watkins found her.

"It's Inspector Lavin," he announced.

Anne composed herself. "Very well," she said. "Tell him I shall be right down."

(A climax of the deepest interest marks the ensuing chapters of Mr. Adams' fine novel—in the next, the February, issue.)

FORTY-FIVES DON'T ROAR

(Continued from page 79)

see? We'll be good sports. Get the idea, Johnny?"

"Yeh. I tumble to the play, all right, Boss," I told him. "But when the boys get here with the lulus, they'll sure wreck this dump. It aint made for our kind of parties."

Manfred whirled on me real hard.

"There aint gonna be no rough stuff tonight," he snarls at me. "I told all the boys to leave their broads in town. There's been too much hell-raisin' in this outfit lately, anyway. I'm going to show you blankety-blanks that we gotta have dis-cipe-lin'. Get me?"

Master-mind stuff. See?

THAT sure was a hot party! This Julia Blythe and Manfred sat together at one end of the table, and us boys sat around the sides and the other end. Right at the start she says to the reporter who had come with her: "Why, they don't look like criminals. They look like a bunch of college boys." The reporter hadn't never been to the Shack before, so he was surprised too. He'd expected to see just another roadhouse with everybody cock-eyed.

The Blythe Jane says to Manfred behind her hand, but loud enough for me to hear: "I suppose each of your men is an expert in his line, Mr. Connealey." The Boss had been careful to put the reporter at the other end of the table. He give me a look to see if I was listening, but I kept my nose in the soup.

"Yes," says the Boss. "I pick tried and trusted men. In a high-class outfit like mine, I can't take chances."

She give a look behind her at the regular office in the other end of the dance-hall, and sort of shivered, but she seemed to be right pleased.

"It is just as I pictured a master criminal's lair, Mr. Connealey," she says, real serious and romantic-like. "I—I often have pictured them, but I never really visited one before. Tell me—you do have sliding panels and passageways for a quick escape, don't you?"

I didn't know a guy who hadn't practiced lying to women could pick it up so quick and smooth as Manfred done.

"Sure," he says.

"And do you plan everything out right here? And dispatch your men to their—their posts?"

"Sure," says the Boss.

"I was sure you did," she says. "People have told me that what I—what I thought wasn't true. But it is! I've never been so really thrilled. Just to think that I am dining with a famous gang-leader and his men!"

Well, you know what effect that sort of talk from a good-lookin' dame has on a red-headed Irisher who's still young! Sa-ay! The Boss was a push-over. He fell for that dame hard. He figured she wanted a pack of lies told her, so he delivered. And how!

The rest of us didn't do much talkin', though some of the younger ones bragged a little on how tough they was. But most of the boys weren't accustomed to eatin' with a lady and a newspaper reporter, an' they didn't let their foot slip. There wasn't no drinks served, either. I heard the Boss tellin' the Blythe frail that he didn't allow none

of his men to drink when there was a big job on.

"Oh, a big job?" she squealed. "Wont you please tell me about it? Just inkle? So I can follow your exploits in the papers?"

I got a coughin' fit just then, and the Boss tumbled to my play. He kept his trap closed, but in another minute of looking into that dame's big blue eyes he'd of spilled. Just before dinner was over, she found out that Manfred's favorite magazine was *Dead Shot Tales*, and DeCourtney Link was his favorite author.

It seemed to tickle her pink. Her and Manfred and the reporter went into the office to talk. The rest of us went out and cussed.

NEXT day one of our best tip-offs came in with a swell job at a bank upstate. Ninety miles on a hard road from the big town, no vigilantes like they have in Illinois, twenty grand in the cash drawers, shoe factory pay-day. The tip-off had all the dope, floor plan, car changes and everything. But I and Joe and Ricardo couldn't get the Boss interested. He kept sayin', "Wait until I finish this yarn."

When he got it finished, he looked sad out a window and shook his head.

"The Purple Phantom's met a good woman," he says, talkin' at the window. "I bet he goes straight for her in the next installment."

"Sure, Boss, sure," I razzes him. "They all do in the story-books. What about this bank? Do we make it next Saturday or don't we?"

"That DeCourtney Link guy sure is a swell writer," says the Boss. "He's got imagination, that guy has. I bet some of his lay-outs would work, too."

Us boys talked it over again durin' the afternoon. Manfred had drove off somewhere. I had a hunch he'd gone to chin-chin some more with Julia Blythe. At first we figured on pulling the stick-up ourselves. But we'd sort of got used to following Manfred's lead. I never saw a cooler hand on the spot than him. Stick-up, hi-jackin' or bumpin' off, it was all the same to him when he was right. But he wasn't right any more.

Fin'lly Joe Haley says: "We gotta start something with the Jellyrolls. That'll snap the Boss outta it."

WE got a break. Before we cooked up a play from our side, the Jellyrolls started it. They done two things that meant trouble *pronto*.

Jellyroll Malone, the boss of their mob, had a agreement with the dicks under which they let him run five booze trucks through a week in return for him turnin' up an occasional petty larceny stiff and promisin' that his men would never plug a policeman. That was all right by us, just so Jellyroll was careful who he turned up. But early one morning we got a telephone call that Jellyroll had snatched on Hophead Tibbets. Hophead belonged to our outfit—well, he didn't belong exactly either, but Manfred felt sorry for him and let him hang around the Shack and give him a snifter of coke now and then when he was flat and had the shakes. It seemed Hophead had lifted a leather off'n a big politician, an' the politician had squawked, so the bulls had to make a pinch.

Well, that was Dirty Trick Number One. The next happened a few hours later. Two Jellyrolls pulled a chain-store job on the edge of town and called an Oriole cab for the get-away. Manfred and some of us boys owned the Oriole franchise. The dicks knew that, and they started picking us up. They even come out to the Shack and made Manfred go to Headquarters for questioning. Manfred told Bill Schumake—he's chief of detectives now, in case you've forgot—that his boys knowed better'n to use one of his cabs for a get-away—it must be the Jellyrolls.

Well, Schumake got Jellyroll Malone into his office while I and Manfred was there. Jellyroll looked fat and innocent like he always does, and he says: "I give you my word, Chief, none of my boys done it."

Manfred jumps up, red in the face.

"You're a liar," he yells. "Your boys did pull that job!"

"You're another liar, Carrots," says Jelly-roll, not gettin' mad—damn him! "Don't front like that right to my face."

I and Schumake had to catch hold of Manfred. He was sore.

"And another thing you done, Jellyroll," says the Boss when he stopped gasping for breath, "you turned up Hophead Tibbets, and that poor kid will get the shakes in stir. He'll do hard time, and you know it. So we've got two things to settle with you."

Then Manfred cussed Jellyroll out until the Chief made the Boss set down. Manfred and Jellyroll looked hard at each other. I couldn't help grinning to myself. We'd got a break, see? The gang row was on!

SCUMAKE warned Manfred and Jellyroll there'd better not be any shooting, but he didn't put much force in it. He let I and Manfred leave first and told us to keep moving.

"Well, Boss," I says, tickled pink, "I guess we knock us off a few Jellyrolls this trip. Hey?"

Now get this:

"The war is on," says the Boss, "if I can get the proper newspaper support."



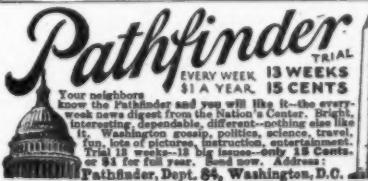
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Can you tie that? 'Newspaper support! "Newspaper support, hell!" I says, cold turkey. "What's the newspapers got to do with this? Except to make their usual bum guesses' and identify the bodies, maybe. You're kidding, aint you?"

"No, I aint," says Manfred. "I got to consult Miss Blythe about this. She's my public-relations counsel."

I almost burned up.

Manfred went off to the West End to call on the Blythe dame, and I rolled out to the Shack real fast to bust the sad news to the mob. There was plenty of cussin' when I told them.

"We got to get this row started before Manfred has time to give any orders," Joe Haley says.

So that night two of our boys jumped a carload of Jellyrolls and their women on the hard road across the river. The Jellyrolls was so cock-eyed drunk they didn't know what was happening. Our boys got Paulo Scalesi and Wally Underhill, who was ridin' in the front seat, and accidentally wounded a moll that was settin' between 'em. The car run off the road into a ditch and piled two other Jellyrolls and two more molls into a stone wall, but none of 'em croaked.

Manfred pretty near hit the ceiling when the papers come out next morning. The headlines says, "Connealey Gang Aggressors in New War with Jellyrolls." There was the usual hop about the war being started over a split in booze-running profits.

"Who done this?" Manfred yells. "Who done it? Just look at these write-ups! Aint they a fine reflection on us? Just aint they, now? What kind of a rep am I gonna have in this town with the newspapers callin' my outfit aggressors?"

I tried to calm him down. I looked up *aggressors* in the dictionary, and it just means the guys who start the quarrel. Manfred kept bawling for us to tell him who did the shooting, but we kept shut, not wanting two good boys manhandled. We got Manfred to admit that aggressors wasn't much of a reflection, but he yelled: "They shot into a bunch of women! Think I want the rep for shooting at women?"

That afternoon he brought the Blythe dame out to the Shack and lined us all up like we was a pack of school kids. The Blythe dame had all the afternoon papers. They didn't help any. The reporters had interviewed Jellyroll, and he had squawked like he always does about him bein' a man of peace and not wanting to start no more gang wars. The four-flushin' blankety-blankety-blank!

"Now, boys," says the Blythe dame, makin' her voice real sweet for Manfred's benefit, "your thoughtlessness has seriously embarrassed Mr. Connealey just when he was making real progress toward a respectable position in the community. Because you opened hostilities, this terrible Jellyroll Malone has been able to place himself in a favorable light with the public, to the detriment of Mr. Connealey and you."

We said, "Yes'm."

So she gives us a long spiel about the value of favorable publicity nowadays, and ends up by askin' us, please not to do any more shooting.

Mary Hastings Bradley

who with her husband has explored previously unknown regions of Africa, will offer in our next issue a thrilling story of a time when the blacks turned upon the small party of whites.

"DRUMS in the DARK"

To which Manfred puts on: "The next guy that starts any gunplay with the Jellyrolls until I say the word will find hisself sittin' on the business end of a machine-gun. We got to get public opinion on our side."

Well, the mob laid low for a week while Manfred and the Blythe dame carries on a war with Jellyroll in the newspapers. The pieces the Blythe dame put in the paper for Manfred read right good, and Jellyroll couldn't answer 'em because he didn't know enough big words. But the newspaper boys got next to the fact that Manfred had himself a press-agent, and they started coming to him direct. Right off Manfred puts his foot in it. He gets sore and calls Jellyroll a double-crossing blankety-blank, not bein' used to givin' interviews. So Jellyroll comes back with a song and dance about Manfred having murder in his heart, an' bein' unfit to reside in a civilized city.

Some newspaper editor read what Manfred and Jellyroll had been sayin' and wrote a long piece in his paper demanding that Manfred leave town. He called Manfred a "swaggering bully and braggart who deems himself bigger than the law," while he was strong for Jellyroll Malone. "Mr. Malone," says he, "in all his public utterances has shown a desire for peace and a laudable determination to redeem himself by good citizenship."

The Blythe dame come out to the Shack all tearful. Her and Manfred had a long pow-wow. When it was over Manfred comes into the room where some of us boys was workin' on a machine-gun that had developed a jam in the middle of every burst.

"Johnny," he says to me, "call the city editors of all the papers and tell them to have reporters out here right off. I'm leaving town tonight."

"Leaving town?" I said, silly-like.

"Yep," Manfred told us. "I aint appreciated in this city. I been misunderstood. Press and public is persecuting me. I'm going away for a while to convince everybody I aint a guy with murder in his heart."

He said he was going to Southampton, a swell sassity dump in New York or some place. By the time I quit cussing he had left.

BUT Manfred wasn't gone only a week. While he was out of town, the Jellyrolls caught Manny Miske at a roller-skating rink. He was one of our best gun-fighters, but the damn' fool actually believed what Jellyroll had been saying in the papers. He thought the war was off, so he checked his cannon at the door. The Jellyrolls caught him in the right spot. They took him for a ride and put plenty lead into him.

The reporters went to Jellyroll, and he denied his boys had knocked Manny off. He blamed it on the East Side dagoes. So the reporters come out to the Shack for a statement. It was all I could do to keep the mob from pistol-whipping about five bright young lads. We'd had enough of the papers.

"Did you see this story about Mr. Connealey?" one of them ast me, while I was guardin' them back to their cars.

"I aint gonna look at another paper as long as I live," I says, real short.

But the reporter shoved the paper at me, and after they had gone I opened the paper quick. I wanted to see what happened to the Boss. Sa-ay, I guess you read that story, didn't you? It was a pip. No foolin'. I like to bust laughing.

Yeh, Manfred! Wasn't he a hot sketch, though? The idee of him tryin' to turn himself into a sassity man. Did you see that picture with the piece that went: "Notorious Gangster on the Sands at Southampton"? Yeh. It showed him surrounded by a lot of sassity dames in swimming suits. But, boy, wasn't there a big reck afterwards! Some buddies of mine in New York says the papers there was full of it. You see the sassity

dames didn't know who Manfred was. As soon as they found out, they squawked, and the chief of police invited him to leave town.

THE mob had just about got their pans straight when we went to the station to welcome Manfred home. I felt like a million dollars. I says to Joe Haley while we was waitin' for the train to pull in, I says: "I guess the Boss is cured and cured right by now." Joe says: "It's about time. I hear Jellyroll is hirin' torpedoes from the East Side to help him clean us up."

Then, in walks this Julia Blythe Jane. I thought we had shook her for good. But there she was, all dolled up, the cheaters shinin' and everything. She pushed ahead of us when Manfred got off the train.

"Oh, Mr. Connealey," she ga-ga's, takin' both his hands, "I'm so sorry our plan failed. But it proves my point. Now, doesn't it? The only way is reformation."

The Boss nods gloomy-like.

"As long as them papers can call me a notorious gangster without fear of a libel suit, I aint never gonna be respected," he says.

But he snarled at some reporters who tried to interview him, and that looked to me like a good sign.

When Manfred had got through palaverin' with the Blythe dame, us boys took him out to the car. While we was ridin' home he kept twisting his hands on a magazine. It was the latest copy of *Dead Shot Tales*.

"The Purple Phantom has reformed, Johnny," he says, sighing-like, out the window. "The Purple Phantom is gonna go straight. His career winds up in this issue with a truce between him and the Green Ones."

Joe Haley and Mike Sebruso and Pete Oberstrander gives me the eye. It is up to me to try to make the Boss snap out of it.

"Listen, Boss," I told him, cold turkey. "The Jellyrolls knocked off Manny Miske the other night. They've hired Dago torpedoes from the East Side. If I was you, I'd pitch that magazine outta the window and listen to reason."

"We'll have to arrange a truce, then, like the Purple Phantom," says Manfred.

"Jellyroll wont keep no truce," I told him.

The Boss grins. "The Purple Phantom's enemies weren't going to keep the truce, either. But he made 'em."

"How?" I ask him.

He shoves the magazine to me.

"This DeCourtney Link is sure a swell writer," he says. "In the concluding installment he's described a proposition just like we're up against."

MANFRED wouldn't give me no rest when we got out to the Shack until I had set down and read DeCourtney Link's hooey.

"Swell writer, hell!" I says. "He talks in here about forty-five automatics roaring. Forty-fives don't roar! The only gun I ever seen that roared was an old 32.20 model that shot black-powder rifle cartridges."

"That's just a little slip," the Boss said. "Keep on reading."

Well, I'll admit it. I had to admit it. This DeCourtney Link for the first time in his life had thought up a pretty slick scheme. The Purple Phantom's mob was at war with the Green Ones. The Purple Phantom wanted a truce so's he could reform. A priest was to act as go-between, and the gang-leaders was to meet at his house. Of course the dicks was to be waiting outside the house and frisk all the redhats that went in to the pow-wow. Well, just before the pow-wow starts, the Purple Phantom gets the tip that the Green Ones don't mean to keep the truce. So before his boys arrive, the Purple Phantom sends a guy dressed up like a priest in to visit the other priest. The dicks let him by without a frisk. The fake

"Miss Blythe," he says, "I got to play square with you. This aint gonna be a real truce meeting. We're up against the same proposition DeCourtney Link wrote about in the last installment of the Purple Phantom. Jellyroll don't mean to keep a truce, so I got to make him like it. We're going to use the plan the Purple Phantom used."

All of a sudden the Blythe frail lets out a squawk. She jumps to her feet.

"Oh—Mr. Connealey, you can't do that! You can't do that!" she yells. "You can't use the plan described in 'The Purple Phantom's Farewell.' It was my plan."

"Your—your plan?" stammers Manfred, sort of dumb.

"Yes. Don't you understand? I am DeCourtney Link. That is my pen name. The Purple Phantom is my creation. If you used my plan, I would feel like a murderer. It must not be. I will not permit it."

Manfred stands there lookin' like a farm kid that's been spanked by teacher. Fin'ly he turns to us and says, weak: "Boys, I can't go. You heard what she said. We got to call it off."

Joe and Stanley and Jim was too surprised to say anything, but I tried to smooth it over for the Boss.

I says: "O. K., Boss, O. K. We'll postpone knockin' off them Jellyrolls until you feel more like yourself. Hey?"

THE Blythe dame puts her hand on the Boss' arm and says, "Manfred!" Just like that. She rolls her eyes and flashes a lot of sex appeal.

Manfred backs away from her.

"I'm sorry, M—Julia," he says, "but I can't do no more than to call this off."

"Yes, you can," she says. "You can reform. You can walk the straight path from this day on."

The Boss shakes his head.

"How—See here, I just can't see my way clear to reforming. I mean—well, financially. I got my future to think of, and if you well, I just can't see my way clear."

"You mean it wouldn't pay financially to go straight, Manfred?"

"I guess that's it," he says.

"Oh, how wrong you are, Manfred!" she says. "The newspapers would pay thousands for the story of your criminal career and final reformation. The syndicate rights to your life-story would bring in many more thousands. Besides, I have a play in mind you could help me write, and maybe play the leading rôle. It will be called 'The Roar of Forty-fives.' There's a hundred thousand in it, besides nation-wide acclaim and the world's respect, Manfred."

Manfred blinked. He walked up and down like a great light had suddenly penetrated his conk. You know, like in the movies.

He turns back to the Blythe dame.

"I never thought of that," he said. "Why didn't you tell me, before, Julia?"

"I had been meaning to, Manfred, but I was saving my plan until I found the time was ripe for me to reveal myself as DeCourtney Link," she answered.

"A hundred grand for a play!" says the Boss, looking up to the sky. "What a racket! What a racket!" He slaps his leg. "Julia," he says, "I can see my way clear now. I'm gonna go straight!"

"Oh, Manfred!" she squeals, and throws her arms around him.

Us boys did a slow fade-out. As I left the Shack, I heard him saying: "This will make a swell yarn for the Sunday editions, won't it? And what about the movies? Don't they buy a lot of crook stories nowadays? And say—you might bring the Purple Phantom back—I've got a lot of swell ideas. Nifty plots for you, hon. With you to write 'em and me to think 'em up, we ought to drag down plenty of honest dough and make a big name for ourselves. I guess they'll respect me plenty after that."

I felt so bad about it I staggered over the line an' let a dumb probationary patrolman put the finger on me for a ten-dollar drug-store stick-up. And here I am doin' my twenty hours. An' I don't even feel like makin' a statement to the press.

WHEN I MARRY

(Continued from page 73)

immaculate, but torn and dirty in several places, their thin young faces hard, their eyes also.

They both bowed to Aunt Mary, who had risen, as did the rest. "We beg your pardon for coming into your presence this way, Mother," Buck said, "but we reckoned we didn't have time to—"

"The fact that you thought it necessary makes it pardonable, honey," answered Aunt Mary. "Tell us what the matter is."

ANN MARTHA saw that in some strange way the faces of the three women, the two young lovely ones and the still beautiful older one, had become like that of the men. It was the instantaneous reaction of the slow, drawing, flirting, easy-going, laughter-loving Southerner into the cold, utterly fearless men and women of action.

"Bud Johnston was bringing down some prisoners from the hills with Bill Porter," Buck explained. "And one of the Braggs, when he got near his pappy's old place, got him Bill Porter's gun in some way and killed him. Bud shot it out with him and got him. He's wounded, though, and is up there near Wes Stone's plant. The rest of the prisoners have got 'em guns somewhere, and they're aimin' on gettin' Bud. Wes, he phoned down to Richmond to the United States marshal that Bud was standin' 'em off, and the marshal he said he'd send up some men right away. Wes heard that Doc was heading for Wythes', and he phoned Sally, trying to get him, and Johnny and I were just goin', so we came back as far as we could with the car and come over the comb to get our guns. We can make it over from here long before they can get up from Richmond."

Sally stood as silent as the rest while Buck was talking, her exquisite body rigid, her head up, her eyes on Buck and as cold as

his. When he said, "He's wounded, though," one lovely hand flew to her heart for an instant; that was all.

After he stopped talking, she drew a long breath. "I reckon my men-folks better go and get Bud for me, right away."

"We will," answered Doctor Randolph curtly. "Just as soon as we can get guns. What you got around here, Buck?"

Frances Taliaferro Garrett, who had gone out of the dining-room as Buck had said, "They're aimin' on getting Bud," came back into the room, followed by Deacon Mears. She had two thirty-thirty repeating rifles in her arms, and the Deacon was carrying a double-barreled shotgun and two heavy belts full of cartridges from which swung holsters, the polished wooden butts of heavy revolvers showing from them.

"These are all I could find," she announced. "I reckon you'll have to get the thirty-thirty shells yourself, Buck."

"That's the girl!" said Johnny. "I'll get 'em, Buck. You go get a bandage on your foot, boy, before we start."

"What's the matter with your foot?" demanded Doctor Randolph, buckling on one of the belts.

"Doggone him!" said Buck. "Nothin' the matter with it! I fell halfway down Runnin' Deer and scraped it. Come on, let's go."

"I'll fix you up when we get back. Ann Martha, how much gas you got in that crate of yours?"

"Why, plenty. Are we—do you—is there a landing-place up there? I can—"

"You can?" said Doctor Randolph. "You're not in this! I'll have to take your plane, Ann Martha. Come on, you birds." And before Ann Martha could draw a breath to ask a question or protest, the three men were gone, running toward the church.

"But he can't fly it," protested Ann Martha. "He'll be killed, and Johnny and Buck with him! It isn't like an automobile and—I'm not afraid to make a forced landing. I think—"

"Willy Randolph can't fly?" said Aunt Mary. "Darlin', he was in the Lafayette Escadrille, and before then he flew for England. Honey, don't you see—he couldn't take you with him?"

"No, I don't," flared Ann Martha. "Of course, they had to go and get Bud right

away, but why couldn't I fly them over and—"

"Land on the side of a mountain where they'll shoot at the plane the minute it's in range," interrupted Sally just as hotly. "Do you reckon they'd take their women-folks into danger that way? Ann Martha Putney, honest and truly, I don't believe you've got a right smart lot of sense. I—"

Ann Martha came of fighting stock herself. Some one said once that Massachusetts and Virginia were very close together. She promptly cleared decks for action.

"I know very little of the customs of Southern men," she began coldly, "but it is quite evident that some of them at least have no respect for the prop—" Then she remembered that the man that Sally loved was lying wounded in the hills, and Sally was—well, she was Sally Wythe, whom she loved.

"Your Bud will be all right, Sally dear," she added. "He's just wounded, darling, and if he is fighting them off, it can't be bad."

Sally came up to her and laid her head on Ann Martha's shoulder, and her arms went around Ann Martha's neck for a moment. "Sugar," she whispered, "I'm sorry—I reckon you know how I'm feelin' right now."

"I think," said Frances calmly, to Aunt Mary, "that we had better be getting some bandages and things ready, and send Deacon or one of the other boys over to Tarney for Doctor Webb, so that in case Doctor Billy Randolph is hurt himself, Doctor Webb can take care of them."

Ann Martha felt a sudden tightening of her own heart. Up to the moment that Frances spoke, she had not thought of the actual danger Randolph ran. It had seemed as if he were a doctor going on a hurry call—and she had made up her mind to talk very severely to him about his using her plane and especially about not telling her that he was a flyer.

"Let's go down by the church," said Ann Martha. "They'll have to land there, if they do land," she added, thinking of her new Ryan B-I cracked up on the side of some hill. That thought naturally brought one following—in that case, what would happen to Doctor William Randolph? And Ann Martha tried at once not even to think of airplanes.

If you read "Take Carrier Pigeons" in this number, you will agree that Guy Gilpatrick is an interesting and "different" writer. He has a real novelty next month, which you won't want to miss:
"SCOTCH AND WATER"

IT was late in the afternoon when the little party came back, not in a plane, but from over the hills, walking slowly down the steep path. Sally saw them first from the gallery where she and Ann Martha were sitting watching the sky. "Why!" she gasped, rising. "Look! Ann Martha—up the hill! Oh, they're walking! I—I see Bud. He—he's walking, Ann Martha!" And Sally was off the gallery and running to meet them.

Ann Martha sat on the gallery and watched them come toward her. Sally's "Bud" was a young man who looked enough like Johnny and Buck to be a brother—he was, in fact, a cousin. There was a bandage around his head, and another on his left arm near his shoulder. Buck had one around his right leg near the calf. He was limping as if it hurt him a good deal, much to Johnny's envy and disgust. Johnny afterward confided to Ann Martha that "all that doggone Buck got was a graze along his leg. That scoundrel's been hurt worse a hundred times out huntin', but he had to have it bound up and everything." And Ann Martha soothed him with: "Never mind, Johnny, perhaps the next time you'll be the one to get hit, and it may be a real wound, like Bud's."

Sally, her hand in the uninjured right one of the smiling—but rather white—Mr. Bud-long Johnston, stopped long enough to say: "Ann Martha, this is my Bud—he's not hurt hardly at all—are you, Bud? This is Ann Martha Putney, Bud. You just say howdy—Doctor Billy said for you to go to bed right away."

Bud smiled at Ann Martha. "I reckon I better obey orders, Miss Ann Martha. But I'm going to stay long enough to say that Sally sure told the truth when she said that you were a right pretty girl, and—"

"Bud Johnston," said Sally sternly, "you heard me tell you to come to bed. Are you comin'?"

"Right now, darlin'," answered United States Deputy Marshal Johnston meekly, and he was led away.

Ann Martha sat on the gallery alone for a little while, the rest having gone in with Doctor Randolph. Buck was the first to come out.

"Boy, howdy!" he said as he sat down beside her. "You ought to have seen that scoundrel land us on the side—"

"You're wounded, Buck," said Ann Martha. "You ought to be in bed."

"Only a graze," said Buck truthfully. "I'm just wearing this bandage and limping to get Johnny fussy. Ann Martha, he took us down darn' near on top of Wes Stone's moonshine plant, then up a little ways and around to see if he could find him a landin' place bigger than a pocket-handkerchief—it was all trees and rocks. Doggone, that baby is a flyer, no foolin'! All of a sudden he comes straight at the side of the hill, and the darn' thing tilts over, and then he jumps her over a big rock—honest, he did, just like taking a fence on a horse. Then he tilts her again away from the hill, then back, and Johnny and me, we hear the wing go *carumpt—carumpt!* Then we hears a crash underneath, and dog my cats, Ann Martha, if that no-'count Doctor don't take that old plane of yours around two trees just like rubber and stop her with one wing lyin' straight up the side and us inside not even touched. We piled out, and we run those blame houn' pups that had Bud holed up, plumb off the hills. Most of 'em got away, I reckon," Buck added regretfully. "The brush was too thick to do any right good shootin'. I'm goin' to get me somethin' to eat, if you'll pardon me!"—remembering his manners.

"Go right ahead," said Ann Martha, smiling. "And you better get Doctor Randolph to look at that graze, Buck. It might start blood—"

"He did, up yonder," answered Buck over his shoulder.

Sally was with Bud, as were also Aunt Mary and Frances, all three acting as trained nurses. Johnny had disappeared on some private business of his own, which was the telling to Deacon Mears, Ellen and the rest of the Montgomery colored folks every detail of the flight and the fight that followed, interrupted now and then with: "Oh, mah Lord, aint dat somepin'!" "Misto Johnny, dat aint so—quit funnin' wid us." "Lordy me—swing low, sweet chariot!" As Ellen, sitting up in bed, said that, Johnny digressed for a moment from the main narrative to say, sternly: "Woman, when you gets into that sweet chariot you're always singing about, you sure better hang on tight. Wait till you get nine million miles in the air and she hits an air-pocket like Doctor Billy Randolph explained to us. You'll wish you went up to heaven in some other kind of a thing than a chariot."

ON the gallery sat Ann Martha, gazing at the hills over which her plane had disappeared, when Doctor Randolph sank down in the next chair, his face looking drawn and tired. Ann Martha remembered that he had said that he hadn't had a rest, at Wytheville. She had never made a forced landing, but she knew the strain of making a landing, even on a regular field. She had been more or less planning just what she was going to say to this man that came along and took her plane and cracked it up and everything, but when she saw the tired lines in his thin young face and how he relaxed in the chair, she promptly forgot all about it.

"I'm right sorry about your bus, Ann Martha," he said, looking out over the hills as she had been doing. Her lovely eyes, soft and a darker brown, were now looking at his face. He added:

"It was the only thing that I could do, of course. I figured the side of the hill would give me a chance. I had Buck and Johnny along; if I'd have been alone, I'd have taken a chance to pancake her down, but—how much did it cost you, Ann Martha? I've been out of touch with that sort of doin's for so long and so darn' busy. Do you reckon twelve thousand would get you one? If it will, I'll wire in an order right away—if it's more, you may have to wait a little. No, you won't—I can borrow the rest in Richmond and—"

He felt Ann Martha's hand touch his.

"Never mind about the darned old plane," said Ann Martha. "I never liked it, anyway. Just rest and—"

Young Doctor William Randolph's hand closed on Ann Martha's and his eyes transferred from the hills to her face. She sighed, a happy little sigh; the smile had come back in his black eyes.

"Honey," he said, "you're a doggone little story-teller. You do care about the darned old plane, and I'm going to get you another one right away, and you're also the prettiest girl in the world and the best one. If I weren't a right poor country doctor, I'd go ahead and tell you a lot more about how I loved you when you smiled at me on Sally Wythe's porch yester—"

"What?" said Ann Martha, slipping her slim little body into the big chair as close to his side as she could. "You didn't pay attention to me, and you didn't look at me, William Randolph. And you—"

"I didn't pay attention to what you were saying," she was interrupted, "because I was trying to figure what my income might be in a couple of years. If it would be enough to—and I didn't look at you, because—how the dickens could any man look at you, Ann Martha, and figure anything but what a darlin' you are? I better had quit thinking about—"

"William Randolph," commanded Ann Martha, "you look right at me and you start and figure out loud. I—I'll help you figure—if you want me to."

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BLIND DATE

(Continued from page 41)

Mother had a heart-attack on an evening when Sylvie was very tired and a little peevish. She suspected that her peevishness had brought on the attack. One always came on the heels of Mother's pet remark: "You'll miss me when I'm dead and gone, and you have nobody to guide you and think for you."

Sylvie was really penitent when Mother began to evince all the textbook symptoms of a heart-attack. After all, everybody has his own way of enjoying himself.

"Shall I call Dr. Caton, Mother?"

"No, he doesn't do me any good. I want to try a doctor Mrs. Lahn told me about. Over on the Concourse. Dr. Corlan. You'll find him in the phone-book."

Sylvie knew this story well. Mother always canned a doctor who didn't take her very seriously. As she looked for Dr. Corlan's name, she hoped that he would treat Mother as though she were very ill, and that he wouldn't charge more than three dollars for the call.

"He'll be right over, Mother," Sylvie said as she left the phone. "Can I get you anything?"

"No," Mother gasped. "Just let me be."

Sylvie put Mother's favorite detective-story magazine within easy reach and was amused to see Mother seize it eagerly and thumb the pages till she found the one which she had turned down.

There was a tradition in Sylvie's not-too-tidy house that things must be always straightened up when a doctor was coming. So Sylvie fussed about a bit, changed her dress and came back to the living-room. The bell rang.

"There he is," said Mother with a note of eagerness in her voice.

Sylvie opened the door. For a second she stood spellbound upon the threshold, regarding the tall, dark person. A little glad pulse leaped in her throat, and then she saw the black bag. He had come because he was Dr. Corlan.

For a second utter silence hung between them. Then: "You're the doctor," said Sylvie weakly.

He smiled pleasantly. Sylvie knew that smile. "Yes," he said, "are you the young lady who phoned about your mother? Where is Mother? What seems to be her trouble?"

Dumbly Sylvie followed him down the hall. Good God, he wasn't going to recognize her! He was Dr. Corlan and this was business.

He asked many questions about Mother. In some mysterious fashion Mother had suddenly become too ill to answer for herself. She only spoke when Sylvie's answers weren't of the sort that would make this seem a serious case.

"I see," Dr. Corlan kept saying.

Presently he went away. He left a prescription on the table and a parting injunction that he was to be called if anything unusual developed in Mother's case. Sylvie saw him to the door. He said good-night in a friendly fashion. He was indeed a pleasant, charming young doctor.

SYLVIE returned to her mother. She felt a little stunned. There was the sense of having gotten a God-awful crack on the jaw.

"He's awfully young," Mother said. "I wonder if he can be a good doctor. Mrs. Lahn said that he saved her Charmian from mastoids. Maybe he's all right. What did you think of him?"

"I guess he's all right. Go to sleep, Mother. I don't feel like talking."

Mother's feelings were very plainly hurt, but Sylvie couldn't do anything about it.

She was sunk. She felt that if she wasn't too sensible a girl for that sort of thing, she'd cry. But what was there to cry about? After all, tears are foolish. Presently she went to the bedroom and stayed there for a while. When she came out again, Mother said: "You shouldn't read in the bedroom. The bulb in there is only fifteen watts. You have your eyes all red."

"Oh, 'tend to your heart trouble," said Sylvie cruelly. . . .

After Mother had fallen asleep, Sylvie went for a little walk. The apartment stifled her, but somehow Fordham Road didn't have the same kick tonight that it usually had for her. Felt hats marked down to one-ninety-eight awakened not the slightest interest. The movies seemed stupid places, and the little knots of boys and girls on the street-corners were vapid, silly-looking things. Why not go to bed? No point in strolling around. The first thing she knew she'd be meeting some one who'd want to take her to see some vaudeville.

The next morning she found a note in her mail-box from Dr. Bernard Corlan. It was an impersonal little message asking her to call during his evening office-hours—seven to nine.

Who the devil did he think he was, asking her to call on him? If he wanted to see her, he knew where she lived. Sylvie said, "I'll be damned!" several times to herself.

HE lived in one of the swellest apartments on the Concourse; on the first floor, of course. Sylvie saw his neat little sign, and a strange thrill set her to trembling. He had achieved something. A pale yellow girl opened the door for her and led her to the waiting-room. Sylvie waited along with two other people.

Dr. Corlan's nurse came out and signaled to one of the patients. He was disposed of in five minutes. Then the second one went in, and next it was Sylvie's chance. She felt herself quivering with nervousness.

Dr. Corlan greeted her with a pleasant good evening. The nurse faded out of the picture, and Bernard was explaining:

"I'm in a silly position. My parents are strict, you know. They expect lots of me. I'm supposed to be dignified and ethical and reserved. Once in a while I get away with Paul Reiselbach as I did the other night. I didn't dare speak to you last night."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm crazy about you, Sylvie. I've been trying to forget you. I've been tempted a thousand times to go see Miriam and get your address. Then last night I tried to ignore you and forget you, and then I had to write that note."

"Why all the heavy forgetting business?"

"Well, my parents, you see."

"Don't they expect you to know any girls?"

"Yes, but not little provocative girls with very red lips who keep blind dates."

"Oh, I see." Sylvie drew herself away from him. Her eyes wandered to the heavy mahogany furniture and the Oriental rug. "You're the uptown society one tries so hard not to hear about, aren't you?"

He laughed. "I suppose so. Now, are you going to be a real nice little thing and pop in now and then to see me?"

"No."

Dr. Bernard Corlan was very plainly taken aback. He looked to see if she were fooling. "Why not? Honestly, Sylvie, I'm crazy about you."

"Listen: I'm home between six and eight every night in the week. Drop in and see me if you care to. If you don't, it's O. K. with me."

"You're an independent little thing, aren't

you? Please, Sylvie, be reasonable. My parents would throw a fit if I suddenly developed an interest other than medical over on Morris Avenue."

"Well, suit yourself."

She went, then, leaving behind a bewildered young doctor who in what remained of his office-hours prescribed some very unique remedies. Such is love, even up-town.

Half of Sylvie was very sorry that he hadn't remained Mr. Richards. Mr. Richards was the perfect man, a gentleman. Dr. Bernard Corlan was just a man to be managed, coped with, and very much like other men she had known. The only difference between him and the buyer for Keskey, Engel and Woolf was that Sylvie happened to love Dr. Corlan. Half of her had a strong suspicion that he would come back on her terms—something Mr. Richards would never have done. Funny how a good-looking chap with a soft voice can be perfect in the moonlight—and just a man when seen in an office!

Bernard seemed very anxious to prove to Sylvie that he was merely human. He dropped around the next evening while Sylvie was having her delicatessen. He came ostensibly to see Mother, but he never looked at her once.

He asked Sylvie if she would go riding with him at ten o'clock. That was the earliest that he could get around, he explained.

"What about your parents?" Sylvie asked. "Remember they expect more of you than a Morris Avenue mamma."

"I won't tell them," he announced bravely.

Sylvie shook her head. That wasn't the kind of an answer she had wanted at all. But she went riding with him and made up for her weakness by saying things insulting to the pride of the Corlans.

A WEEK of heavy figuring on Bernard's part and of hopeless wonderment on Sylvie's part. He came for her every night and together they rode through Westchester while he talked about himself. He told her how clever he was, and how important he was going to be in the medical profession. Somehow Sylvie never seemed impressed. She never once offered to be his permanent recreation in a nice, safe way. He feared that she never would. He feared that she didn't care much about him. This proves that Sylvie had missed her vocation. She should have been an actress.

Then one night Bernard came to her, looking white but exultant.

"I told my father," he said. "I told him, Sylvie, and it seems that he's a pretty worldly chap, after all. He says he'll make it right with my mother. He saw that I had to have you, Sylvie. He says we can be married with his full consent."

"Whoa, big boy! What about my consent?"

"Sylvie!"

"Well, look here. I have to have a man who'll look out for my mother."

"Oh, that's nothing, Sylvie. I can manage that."

"But will you?"

"Gladly."

"All right, then. I guess you're about as good as I can get in the way of a husband."

And Dr. Bernard Corlan, who had always dreamed of bestowing his name upon a grateful, adoring maiden, took into his arms his promised bride—Sylvie, a hard-boiled little egg.

He couldn't know, of course, that she looked over his shoulder out at the night sky and said to herself: "Gee, I guess there is somebody up there after all!"

Now, a wedding on the Concourse is no light thing, I assure you—especially when the

bridegroom is the only son of a man who has made half a million in pearl buttons. If the only son is also a doctor, the wedding is still more elaborate. You can figure on the Hoskinesses being there and the Sterns, and quite possibly the Gordons.

Sylvie was a little bewildered by the things that happened and the things that were expected of her. Bernard's father gave her a check to cover her expenses for a wedding dress and accessories.

"I'm funny like that," Sylvie said. "I'd like to buy my own wedding-dress."

Mr. Corlan was a little worried about the outcome of such an undertaking. He had invited his sister all the way from Chicago, and he wanted Sylvie to have good material in her wedding gown. His sister's husband was very apt to appraise it for the benefit of the guests.

Sylvie's boss promised to get her the veil and dress wholesale, but at the last minute he got big-hearted and charged her nothing for it.

"You should be a happy bride, Sylvie. That outfit retails at three hundred dollars." The boss sighed heavily. "I can't afford to make gifts like this, but I like you. You were a good girl, Sylvie. I'm sorry to see you leave."

Mother was all taken care of. It had been arranged that she was to stay in her apartment. Bernard had promised to be in on every heart-attack. Mother wasn't quite sure that she liked having a son-in-law who was a doctor. Still, Bernard did seem to realize that she was a very sick woman.

On the night before the wedding Sylvie and Bernard sat alone in the living-room of the Corlan apartment. There was a long table before them gleaming with silver and glass. Wedding presents. Sylvie was amused to think that the olive dish was the only thing sent by a person she knew. Miriam had sent it. That was a chilling thought. All these people Bernard knew were strangers to her. She turned and looked at him. The amber lamp threw its light upon them both as they sat on the divan. Sylvie felt humble and afraid of her good fortune. She loved him so

"Well, precious, tomorrow this time we'll be married," he said.

"Yes, nice thought, huh?"

"Love me a lot?"

"Enough."

"Is that all?"

"That's all. You've got your bad points. You're conceited, you know."

"That's only because I know you love me. That would make anybody conceited."

"Slush," said Sylvie.

WEDDING day. Sylvie in Mrs. Corlan's yellow-taffeta boudoir being dressed by two very nervous ladies. Mother wasn't there. She had gone to Mrs. Lahn's to spend the day. Sylvie had suggested it, because the bower of white roses looked too good a place to throw a heart-attack. Mother had looked hurt, but had brightened perceptibly when Sylvie had said: "Besides, there'll be so much work to do over at the Corlans'."

The wedding guests had gathered. Sylvie could hear their conversation. It came in a loud buzz through the bedroom door.

She looked at herself in the long glass. The dress was a dream. The satin glimmered with a curious hint of yellowness. Keskey Brothers were so smart they could even make wedding dresses that looked as though they'd been handed down for a couple of generations. The headdress was a little extreme. It was Russian. The band came to a peak, and the veil, filmy and gloriously alive, did nothing that a conventional veil should do.

"You're a beautiful bride," one of the ladies said.

Sylvie thanked her prettily. She was quite pleased with herself. They led her to the

dining-room and deposited her carefully upon a sofa. Nobody must see her till the last minute.

Bernard came in.

"Oh, beautiful!" he cried. "You look like a dream."

"You're not so disgusting-looking yourself," said Sylvie.

"I wish they'd hurry things," he said. "I know that I'll be called any second now to officiate at a baby-having."

Sylvie laughed and reached for Bernard's hand. They sat so in silence for many seconds. Then he said: "You're so beautiful, Sylvie, and I love you so much. Sometimes I nearly go crazy when I get thinking about things."

"What things?"

"Oh, you know a man is a worrisome devil. I often wanted to ask you, but I never dared."

"Ask me what?"

"How many dates you went out on before you met me."

"Millions," said Sylvie complacently.

"But I mean dates that were—like ours."

"Oh," said Sylvie. Her teeth cut into her lower lip. "I never was out on a date like ours, Bernard, before I met you."

He turned his head, and she saw his profile, dissatisfied and a little sad.

"You'd naturally say that," he murmured.

"You don't know me," she replied.

THE conversation in the other room was suddenly stilled. In a minute now—in a minute—

Sylvie stared ahead of her, thinking. Bernard didn't believe her. What would it be like to live with a man who on his wedding day was doubtful, uncertain? What would it be a year, five years hence? His world, his friends, his never completely routed doubts. And she, loving him—loving him all the time.

But without him—what? The unknown. Where would there ever be another man whom she loved who could take care of Mother? What was her future without Bernard? There was no job now, but there would have to be one—for always there would be the cry, "Sylvie, the gas-bill! The electric-bill! My heart!" How could she face life without Bernard? And what would that life without him be? She couldn't guess.

But she could guess what life with Bernard would be. When an argument came up in their everyday lives it would be because Dr. Bernard Corlan had married a girl who kept blind dates. Still, she wasn't ashamed of having kept that date. . . . The future without him—mysterious, problematical, hazardous.

The small orchestra in the foyer began to play the familiar Wagner strain. Bernard turned to Sylvie and smiled forgivingly.

"Here comes the bride, sweetheart," he said. "I love you, Sylvie. I don't give a damn whether you're lying or not."

"Don't you, Bernard?" Her eyes were wide and not quite sane as they lingered for what seemed eternities on his dark, boyish face.

Presently she took a slow step away from him. The veil swayed for a moment in the air and then followed her. Like a somnambulist she walked toward the portières and yanked them apart. Past the Hoskinesses and the Sterns she walked, slowly, yet certain of her direction. Straight toward the door she walked.

"Sylvie!" Bernard came after her and caught her hand. "Where are you going?"

Her mind was on the future. That unknown span of years with its problems and dangers. She pulled her hand away from him and in that moment there was something almost regal in the bearing of Sylvie.

"I'm going," she said, "I'm going to keep a blind date."



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A PERFECTLY NATURAL WOMAN

(Continued from page 67)

"My land, hit's purty!" she whispered. "I seen 'em thirty-two's and thirty-eight's, and Jim Coyland had a new Army rifle, come from the wars. My daddy he used a forty-five-ninety, back yonder into the Menard-Valdee war. Hit sure worked good, roarin' in the mountangs! But this'n's a lady's gun, aint hit? That's a purty shoot—could I try a whack with it, suh?"

"Certainly," he assented.

She stepped to the door. At that moment across the river a good one hundred and forty yards distant black beast like a short-legged dog crawled up the bank and twisting over the top of a high, flat boulder began to devour a carp which was flopping in its claws and jaws.

"Sho!" she whispered, throwing up the carbine, resting it against the side of the cabin. The next instant the weapon spoke, and the beast across the river collapsed where it rested, the fish flopping and pitching down the slope to the cobbles.

"I hit him—I killed him," the woman cried. "Hit's an otter—I bet hit's a thirty-dollar one, hit's so big!"

"We'll go across and bring him back!"

She lifted her end of the boat with a strong pair of arms, starting at the handsome oarboard lying under the overturned craft. Down the bank they shoved the bow into the water, and he paddled across with strong sweeps of his paddle.

"Yo-all sho' done that before!" the woman said, and then picked the beast from the boulder-top.

A BEAUTIFUL otter, past thirty pounds in weight, and in full first prime of winter; she appraised the skin at thirty-five dollars. She examined the back of the beast's head.

"I hit him—I drew middling coarse an' landed an inch high, where the backbone hinges to the skull. My lan', suh, that rifle can shoot!"

"Not so bad yourself!" he said gravely in the colloquialism of the Adirondacks, the expression quite pat.

"I've shot right smart," she said. "Never no such rifle as this—but a plenty. That's factory shoots; home-loaded don't drive that-away! I low I'll skin him, if you lend me the bread-knife, theh," she observed.

"I've a knife kit," he assured her, opening up a wildcrafter's leather bag of knives.

It contained three sheath-knives, each blade different, and six jackknives. At her cry of surprise he explained:

"I had a leather-maker sew the case for me; there's a knife for every purpose."

"Yo' must be awful rich!" she said wonderingly, as she worked on the otter skin.

"Not so awful." He shook his head.

"I wonder would you-all lend me the use of that rifle, jus' tonight or so? I'll leave my gun—half the otter hide's yours, course."

"Why, yes!" He replied. She was a frank-faced, comely young woman. Her watchfulness in suspicion had passed; her eyes had softened, and her face around them had lost its squint.

He offered her a handful of shells, in addition to the seven in the carbine magazine. She took twelve or fifteen.

"I don't expect I'll need but one," she remarked. "The way that rifle carries, hit's foolish to waste shoots, missing."

Fondly she stroked the weapon. They walked down the river together, and she shot three mallards, one-two-three, from a flock in a short eddy close to the bank. These, she said, would be good for the next day, a potpie, if he didn't mind.

She cleaned the bore, greased the mechanism, wiped off the barrel and stock with grease. She was very careful.

"I'll be goin'," she said two hours before dark. "I'll sho' come back. I better wear my dress, though, account of it's so wet!"

"That's all right!" he exclaimed. "Those fabrics are waterproof—"

"Those which is what?" she inquired.

"The rain runs off the woolen," he said, and she saw this was so.

"Hit don't come through none!" she laughed. "I aint gitting wet a bit, no indeedy!"

"Better wear my laced boots!" he suggested. "They'll fit—if you put two or three thick pairs of my socks on."

"Hit's friendly of you!" she nodded. "My land—hit's like you, so good thataway to me. You're cleveh—smart, too! Lawse! Maybe I can marry yo' when I get to come back tomorrow!"

"Why—why—uh-huh!" he nodded—for who could refuse a lady a request?

With a smile she darted away in the storm, glancing back to wave her hand at him. When she was gone into the woods surrounding the clearing, he sat down before the fireplace, weak, trembly, amazed. She was a pretty woman—one of those mountain beauties—and in his knickers, gray shirt, waterproof jacket, gray felt hat and laced boots she was fascinating.

He went to look at her shotgun. It was an old English double-barrel twelve-gauge. Five notches were cut in the stock, badly marring it, and the brown stain had been worn smooth, polished over the reach and breach. It was an expensive weapon of fifteen years previous, but built for nitro powder specifications. Only one shell was in the barrel—home-loaded. The weapon was greased with strong-smelling animal oil, probably coon, and was perfectly clean inside.

He wrote the story of her arrival in the cabin, described at length the conversation, episodes, incidents of the day. When night fell, he was still writing, and it was after ten o'clock when he had finished his memories. What a perfectly natural woman! Her naturalness had charmed him. He had felt her unconscious allure. There had been something so artless in her remark that perhaps when she returned she could marry him, that he was fascinated. What a study she was in sociology! Of course she hadn't really meant exactly what she had said—it was just her way of thanking him for the permission to use his carbine. He made note of that expression of gratitude!

So he slept pretty well that night. But occasionally the storm's roaring downpour on the split-puncheon shingles of the roof awakened him. And at last the door opened; he heard a quick greeting and sprang to answer, lending a hand as his quondam guest swayed weakly where she stood.

HE assisted her to the best chair, tore off the fire banking and started a blaze.

"I'm just all spent!" She caught her breath. "I had to come a-climbing, yes, indeed! My lan'! That's sho' an awful good rifle—yes, 'tis!"

"You're tired!" he remarked. "I'll set on coffee. Hungry? I thought so. . . . Sit still! I'll—"

"I want to do something!" she said. "I'll hep! I'm hungry, too! My lan'! Good thing the branch was up an' out hits banks! Cain't no one git 'cross hit, not now! That old Flinch Riveh's up an' roarin', too!"

She was excited, jubilant, beautiful! Her eyes flashed; her head tossed, and there was a swagger in her chin's lift, her shoulders' turn. She made the coffee—twice as strong as usual. She made the corn flapjacks brown, and she slabb'd the bacon thick.

"My lan'!" she cried repeatedly. "That carbine's good!"

"It shot straight?" he inquired.

"I told yo' likely I could marry you when I came back," she laughed. "I could of—but that old Dan Delps was down to the branch an' seen me going by. An' then outa to the footlog 'crost from my clearin', 'count of floating the corn-crib off the blocks, the Marsters saw me going by too. Course, they didn't know me, not in these yeah big small-boy clothes. Hit's all right, though, theh's plenty of time. Lucky thing, though—I hear they was the biggest small boy drappin' down the Flinch into a skiff, that even was. Hadn't been for that, we could git married, an' hit'd be all right. But they seen me. I hear one feller yell:

"'Theth goes that Flinch Riveh tripper! They thought it was you.'"

"Is that so?" he smiled, gratified to think he had attracted attention. "They knew me then—by my clothes?"

"'Yeh!' she nodded, approving him. "I jes' known yo' was a gen'man. Lawse! Some men'd be'n' awful provoked! I wa'n't keeless, honest! I meant to keep out of sight, but the way the fresh was in the branch, an' at the big forks, I had to go thataway. Hadn't been for that, we'd married an' settled down prob'lly for always!"

SHE leaned against him, her head on his shoulder, sighing in a puzzling regret. She gave him her lips to kiss.

"We can hang around heah today," she remarked. "But the storm's due to break. Come tomorrow, they'll find Dan-Ed. Then they'll find the bullet, too, for Sherf Jim Flinch, he's awful smart! Don't no evidence even git by him. . . . If I marry yo', 'twouldn't do no good. You'd git hung—then where'd I be?"

"I'd be hanged?" gasped Perry Dutton. "What in the world for?"

"Why, 'count of killin' Dan-Ed, course!" She gazed at him in surprise. "Didn't I tell yo' when I went by in these yeah rain-shedin' short pants an' them things, they thought hit was yo'—course they'd think you killed him. Specially, they'd think something if me'n you married an' took up together that-away—that stands to reason. Dan-Ed wont beat me up no more, now!"

"Why—uh—who's—who is Dan-Ed?"

"Dan-Ed Cumber, my husband—that-used-to-be! What otheh man'd I be killin', do yo' exapt?"

"Gracious! What did he do?"

"Sho! All them things that kind of a husband does to his wife!" She breathed deeply. "He beat me up with a hickory gad. An' it was my prop'ty, the land, an' he sold the mill-tools—lowed to take in corn-spout grinding grists, which'd bring the Revenues onto us. An' then was another woman, Rip Berry's widow, an' d'yo' know, that scoundrel lowed to drive me out from my own daddy's lands, which I'd got by inheritance? An' so he drove me out into that storm. I come down heah to this cabin—after sleepin' in the limestone caves at the Bear House. An' I hadn't no buckshot for my gun, jes' fine shot.

"Yo' know what happens to a lady when her husband kicks her out? If hit'd been his prop'ty, the mill an' land, I'd not said a word; but he was too mean, goin' to bring in a new wife, drivin' me out to be his widow. Sho! I was mad! Heah's the empty twenty-five-twenty shell, an' yo' can sink hit in the Riveh—in a deep eddy so it wont be evidence. Aint that a mean luck-break—them seein' me in yo' clothes, an' a twenty-five-twenty so uncommon round this-away?"

"Why—uh—perhaps I'd better be going!" Dutton exclaimed.

"Theh aint no hurry till the storm breaks!" She caught his hand. "Likely they wont

find him till morning, anyhow. He's kinda up back, out of clost sight. But Sherf Jim Flinch'll plumb sure find the twenty-five-twenty bullet 'fore another night. They aint anotheth twenty-five-twenty in these mout-tangs, 'sides yourn. Aint that provoking? Hit'll look awful suspicous if you'n' me marry. You see how that'd be, you having a twenty-five-twenty, too, and us friendlying. You see how that'd be!"

"I see—my land!" He blinked on his clarity of mental vision.

"An' I did figure you'd make an awful good next husband, altho what I been through!" She wiped her eye with a joint of her forefinger. "Yo'—yo're so kindly, like a gen'man! My, but that's a pretty trick, that rifle! Light, handy, a reg'lar lady's. An' how straight hit shoots—right where you hold it, candle-snuffing or two hundred yards. Lawse! If we was married, an' Dan-Ed been killed up normal, I jes' bet yo'd give hit to me—wouldn't you? . . . No—no, indeedy! Sho! Why, what'd people—wh'd Jim Flinch say, the way things is? I'd love hit—but hit wouldn't be safe, an' I mustn't have a twenty-five-twenty—they mout think sunthin'!"

THE sun broke through the clouds; the storm scattered and the tide of the Flinch rose to the top of the bank, spreading out over the bottoms. Sorrowfully Dan-Ed Cum-

ber's widow assured the student of sociology that it wouldn't do any good to marry him. She wouldn't even dare to accept the incriminating suit of clothes, let alone the deadly and beautiful rifle.

"Hit's a fast fresh current," she observed, gazing at the tawny flood in the channel. "She's rolling, but that skiff'll ride the waves. No right bad water down below. Better keep moving all night. You'll pass the County Court at the wide-span bridge; you'll know the town by the 'lectric lights, and the jail by the high stone wall.

"Yo' know, honey, if hit wa'n't for you gittin' hung, we'd be married. Sho! Hit's awful hard luck! If I'd only had some shotgun shoots—ev'rybody has buckshot. Same time, they aint so dependable. Tain't no use sorryin' 'count of what cain't be helped. Kiss me—an' git a-goin'! I aint never liable to forget how friendly you was—lendin' me yo' purty rifle an' takin' the blame so like a gen'man, too! Good-by, suh! If I'm called to witness, I don't even know yo' name. Aint that funny, an' us so near married? I don't want to know, but I'm Posie-Jane—Dan-Ed's widow-woman. Yo' wont forget?"

"No!" He shook his head decidedly. "Never!"

And he dipped deep his paddle-blade, started the outboard motor and took the thread of the swiftest river-current for his get-away.

THE POOR RICH!

(Continued from page 85)

drew it back. "Can't you forgive me?" he begged. "Darling girl, this has all been so dreadful!"

"It must have been quite a bother," she replied.

He did not see the sarcasm. "I never had anything happen that tore me up so. And the way Dad's gone for me—I've not had a moment's peace. We were such idiots to have a child, Lucia—I knew it all the time. That's what's caused the trouble."

"Do you mean that, Alden—do you think the child's to blame for all this?"

"Why, what else?" he asked, amazed. "We were getting on perfectly before; nobody was ever any happier than we were. We had such good times together. You were happy, weren't you, Lucia?"

She looked at him in silence. There was nothing she could say to pierce such selfish sophistry. "You look beautiful," he went on, "only so fragile, and weak. When you're stronger, I don't believe you'll find your looks gone off a bit. And I'll do my best to make up to you for the dull time you've had, and the suffering. I told Tommy we'd both have to get busy and think up some gorgeous parties."

"Alden," she said at last, "have you seen our son?"

"I met the nurse one day with him, out in the corridor, but she didn't stop, so I can't say I've actually seen him. The glimpse I had, he was terribly red and squirmy. I dare say he's all right or will be when he gets to look less like a worm and more like a human being, but you can't expect me to be very enthusiastic about him when he's made so much trouble for both of us." He looked at her hands. "Why, you're not wearing the ring I sent you!"

She lifted wasted fingers. "It slipped off; it's put away," she said. "Even my wedding ring has slipped off."

A nurse entered. "I'm afraid Mr. Osgood's outstaying his time," she said, crisply professional. "The next time you come you can have five minutes longer, Mr. Osgood."

Alden stooped to kiss his wife, but she moved her head so that the caress came to her cheek, and not to her lips. "Darling girl, isn't there something more I can do for you, something I can get for you? Isn't there anything you want?" he asked.

"No, nothing," she told him.

He went out cockily. He'd made everything all right; he had nothing more to worry about. Her eyes did not follow him. She was looking at her hand from which the wedding ring had slipped.

Chapter Twenty-five

YOUNG James Thayer Osgood was a hearty baby who grew and thrived and gave no trouble except for yelling like a Sioux on the warpath when he was hungry. "I don't know what a welkin may be," Lucia told her mother, "but he certainly makes it ring."

It was her first attempt at a joke, and Annie Thayer welcomed it with laughter far beyond its due considered purely as humor. They had at last left the hospital, and in a pageant of motors filled with nurses and impedimenta had gone out to the old house on Long Island. Annie Thayer had stayed on because Lucia was so alone. True, Kane was ever-present, and she and the baby each had two nurses, the four being decreed by Quincy D. himself, who was still in a ferment of anxiety for his daughter-in-law and his grandson. And there was Alden. But as to him, his father's vigilance had relaxed, and he was very busy in his usual diversions, since, as he truly said, there was nothing he could do for Lucia.

In spite of so many people about her, Annie Thayer knew that Lucia was steeped in a solitude where even her mother could not accompany her. But her mother could wait and watch and long for her to come back again, and hold her arms and her heart forever open wide. That was why Annie Thayer stayed. She was more at ease in the old country-house, and daily she thanked heaven that she was where she had something useful to do. This was no hotel where meals arrived by the mere mention to a servant of what you'd fancy to eat. Here there was a cook, a temperamental cook, who distrusted the kitchen maid and must be dealt with tactfully. Food-supplies must be ordered, and sometimes there were difficulties about ice. It was, clearly, a normal country home, and like all normal country homes it got an occasional creak in the

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joints of its mechanism. These Annie Thayer was delighted to ease and tend and erase. And though she had never had more than one servant of her own, and that one an occasional factotum, she managed the eight of Lucia's as skillfully as if she'd done it all her life long—and enjoyed it hugely.

LUCIA for the most part sat out under the trees in one of the cushioned chairs she had bought in the spring. She was not, now, so transparently thin. There was a lovely color in her cheeks, and her slight flesh was healthy. But some spring of vigor was lacking. She stayed very quiet, indifferent, remote to all that went on about her, remote to everyone save the child: Of young James she was intensely aware, every second of the twenty-four hours, and unsatisfied unless he was where she could see him, touch him. A rolling bassinet followed her outdoors and in, with young James as occupant. It was even put into her room at night, though the nurses grumbled, and her mother and Doctor Pearson both protested. Lucia did not make the effort to reply, but had her way.

Quincy D. praised this. "It's much the best thing to do," he said confidentially to Lucia. "Of course with the strong-arm squad I keep on the job, there's no great danger of kidnaping, but a mother's always keener to protect her child than the most careful nurse in the world."

"Kidnaping!" Lucia's eyes were wide and stricken.

"Maybe not while he's so very young—they couldn't take care of him, you see; but later, well, any child who's heir to a big fortune is some time or other marked out by the skunks who go in for kidnaping."

"But how awful—I never dreamed—"

"Now, don't be frightened. As soon as he can toddle, I'll have a trustworthy man, a real husky, right with him every minute, beside the outside guards. He's going to be taken care of, you better believe. I'll see to that. Lord, what a good-looking kid he is!" Quincy D.'s rare smile flickered across his gray mask.

"How many men have you got here now?" asked Lucia nervously.

"Twelve, I think. Clyne looks after them. And every man around the stables is investigated before Alden takes him on—yes, and watched. I'm taking no chances."

After he had gone, Lucia sat for a long time holding young James in her arms, and thinking of this new and ghastly extortion in the price of money. Her child in danger—her child! At any moment he might be stolen, held for ransom, abused, tortured, perhaps killed! Terror caught her heart and squeezed it until the pain became nearly unbearable. Annie Thayer came out and took the chair beside her. She had household gossip to tell.

"The cook's so funny, Lucia, I'm always having to laugh at her. She says the kitchen-maid puts salt into her dishes while they're cooking, and spoils them. She says she daren't leave the kitchen for a second when she's got anything on the stove. And she's so in earnest about it! I told her we'd get a new kitchen maid if she wanted, but she said a new one would have some other bad trick, and there's no use changing. Aren't they too absurd!"

Lucia did not smile. Her mother regarded her anxiously, hesitated, and then plunged. "There's something on my mind I want to talk to you about," she said. "I've never interfered much with my children after they got old enough to be responsible, and to reason for themselves; but I feel— Lucia, you *must* rouse yourself; you can't go on in this dull, half-awake, half-asleep way any longer! Now and then you seem a little brighter, but you slip back. You had a bad time when the baby was born; but so do many other women, and

you're well enough now. Is there anything the matter? Can I help you? Just as you love that baby in your arms, so do I love you, child, and I'd do as much for you as you would do for him. So, if I can help—"

"You can't help me, Mother," said Lucia. "I'm trying to think things out, to clear them up. I've got to go along like this until I do. It's too important to make any snap judgment, or to move quickly. If I rush, or jerk and pull at things, they'll go crooked."

Annie Thayer looked at her longingly, but said no more. Like all mothers, she yearned to protect and aid her child; but wiser than many, she knew that this protection and this aid could not be given unless it was asked for, and that she would be most kind by doing nothing, and pretending to know and see nothing amiss. She hated the possessive type of parent who hunts down her child's confidence, must have the *a-b-c* and the *x-y-z* of all that is going on in her child's mind, and by much poking and prying and cross-examining succeeds either in alienating her child completely, or robbing him of his power to stand and think alone. She determined to put herself out of the way of temptation.

"I believe I'll plan to go home in a few days," she said. "Your father's like a lost spirit when I'm not there. And I know that he and Jimba have managed to make the house look like a barn. Thank heaven Arthur's away, or there'd be one more destructive male animal on the rampage."

"You've been a great comfort to me, Mother," said Lucia slowly. "I don't see how I can spare you. You've been darling to stay so long. There isn't anybody like you. I feel—with you and Father—that you're like two great wings—to shelter me, and bear me up—never failing me, never tiring—" Her voice faltered. "I need you both, very much," she went on. "I need to think of you, to think all the time of what you are, how beautiful, and serene, and rounded and proud your life is—and it is all you, yourselves—who make it so."

"Lucia, my dear!"

"I don't usually say such things, do I? But I think them, all the time. And I love you."

"I love you, too. Well," went on Annie Thayer briskly, "coming to the more practical, do you think you're going to be able to cope with the cook, or would you like me to hire another before I go?"

"No, leave her alone. She'll be something to rouse me, since you think I need it."

SO presently Annie Thayer packed her bags and left. She was not at ease, but she did not try again to rally Lucia, or to question her. They talked only of nonessentials, kept to the surface, but at the last moment they held each other in a close embrace, silent assurance of affection and confidence.

Lucia found that her mother's absence was grateful to her. Annie Thayer was sensitive to her daughter's mental turmoil, even though she tried not to be. It was better with her away, Lucia found, and was thankful that she had had strength enough not to unload the growing anxiety of her heart upon her. "I didn't even tell her the danger from kidnaping," she thought, "and I'm glad of it. And if I'd told her all the other things that are tearing at me, she'd have worried herself to death. It's right I should see this through alone."

So she lay in her long chair and thought about her child, about herself, her life, and what she must do. She felt herself at a crossroads. If she chose the wrong way at this moment, she would indeed be "bound in shallows and in miseries" forever after. She did not dare move too quickly, for she was in a maze of doubts wherein her inner self battled with expediency. The sheer material difficulty, the personal protests she

must meet and disregard, her own inexperience and ignorance—she must weigh and consider them all, not only for herself but for her son. And this was the hard thing, for all her heart and soul was bound up in him.

There was, however, plenty of time for thinking. Alden was forever on the go, flying off to races with Tommy Driscoll, or chasing here and there to look at promising colts, or to see the equipment and methods of other stables. Tommy was very busy for him, and never let him lack for something to do, for Tommy had realized the danger of letting his patron get away from him—he might pick up another prince or some new hanger-on who could be even more useful and amusing than Tommy. For odd intervals there were always plenty of invitations, and because Lucia could not accept them, Alden saw no reason why he should not, and neither did she. Indeed, except for an occasional breakfast together, Lucia didn't see Alden for days together, and was as well pleased, for he was restless and bored when he must stay at home without guests.

THAT was one of his chief complaints against the Long Island house. It was too small for week-end parties. Eleanor Devlin and Preston Rodman came sometimes, but they were not his friends, and he had little to say to them. The house was, he said, too full just with the servants and themselves. It was almost indecent, the jam they lived in. Another year they must have something larger, something modern, such as he'd wanted from the first.

"With a separate wing for the baby," he added, "where he can yell all he wants to and not bother anybody. Golly, I never would have believed anything so small could make such a racket."

"He can certainly make himself heard," Lucia agreed. "But," she added to herself, "I know he's not been stolen from me when I hear him."

"We can't put up much more than four people here, and that's crowding 'em in," went on Alden. "And four people don't make much of a week-end. We ought to have room for twenty at least. And a swimming-pool. And half a dozen tennis courts—why, there's not enough room here for clock-golf. My idea is that we should let the stable manager take this house, and we'll get what we need somewhere within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles."

"But Alden—"

"What? D'you think that's too far?"

"I wasn't thinking of distance. I was wondering how you could pay for another place. You're spending your money, and the baby's and mine, now."

"Oh, but darling girl, it's investing! This is going to be a model stable, one of the show places in the country. And every horse I buy is valuable—I had an offer just the other day for that filly Oread that I got down in Kentucky for twice what I paid for her. So, you see—"

"Who offered it?"

"I don't know—somebody Tommy knew."

"Even so—it doesn't leave you any margin to buy another place with, does it?"

"No, but Dad'll come across. I'll tell him you and the baby aren't comfortable here. We really can't live like this, Lucia—you must see that. We're cramped, we're shabby. Why, honestly, every time I come in here it makes me think of your father and mother's awful little house."

"Alden!" Her face went scarlet.

"Well, it is like it, in a way." He had no suspicion of his offense. "And you know, while it's all very well for a professor in a college town to live like that, it's just silly for people like us."

With a mighty effort she controlled her resentment, crushed it down. "One reason

I like it because it's something like home. It's not so ostentatious and showy, nor so wasteful as the way we live in town, though there's plenty of waste here."

"But why do you bother so about waste, Lucia? I do wish you'd try to forget all that."

"You wish I'd try to forget—"

"I mean, I wish you'd try to forget that you always didn't have plenty of money, and that your people aren't accustomed to anything. Don't misunderstand me, darling girl—I think your father and mother are great; but there's no use talking, they haven't got much of an income, and never did have. Not that it matters, of course, only—it makes such a difference in the point of view."

"Yes, it makes a difference; I've noticed that, too."

"There you are," he went on. "There's no reason to pretend that these things don't make a difference. We can't live as if we were nobody at all. It's too dull. I don't see how you've stood it these last months; before the baby was born you didn't go anywhere to speak of, and you've been nowhere since. It's been rotten for you. But there's no reason why he shouldn't be left now, and you get out and have a good time."

"I can't leave him while he's so little, Alden."

"That's foolishness. Haven't you got good nurses? If you haven't, hire some more. Get half a dozen—make sure they're the best. Then you can go off and not worry. Why, Lucia, they'll take better care of him than you can—they're trained to it." "It's no use—I can't leave him while he's so little," she repeated.

"But what about me? You don't expect that I'm going to tie myself down by the cradle, do you? Or in this dull little dump of a house?"

Lucia's control was slipping. "You haven't been tied down! You've been away most of the time. Alden, we're arguing and arguing, and we get nowhere. You say you want a big house, and you know you haven't got money enough to buy it. You propose to pretend to your father that I want the house too. Well, I don't want it. I hate the idea of it. I hate the people you want to fill it with. I don't care if you spend the money that was settled on me, or on the baby—it all comes from your father anyway, and you've more claim to it than I. But I won't have you misrepresent to your father how I feel about this new house scheme. I'll tell him myself that I don't want it, and I don't think we ought to have it. We've done nothing to earn it. I'm sick and tired of spending money, and seeing you spend money that isn't earned. Why don't you go to work and do something real, or at least make a try of it? Then it would be time enough to talk about getting a big house—"

"That'll be about all!" said Alden furiously. "When I want to be bawled out, I'll let Dad do it. I'm sick and tired of some things, too—your friends bore me as much as mine bore you, let me tell you! And I think it's nothing short of disloyal of you to go behind my back and queer my game with Dad."

"And I think it's disloyal to me for you to lie to him about my wishes so that you can get your own." She heard herself saying this, and was amazed. A long, long time ago, it seemed, she had been madly in love with a glittering young prince who could do no wrong. And he had changed into a wonderful playfellow who had given her all the diversions, the pleasures, the gayeties, the luxuries she had longed for. And now he had changed again, and below the glitter and charm and easy generosity—which cost him nothing—she found a callous, careless, undeveloped boy who had no rule in life but his own ease, his own desire.

They stood looking defiance at one another, enemies as only one-time lovers can be enemies. At last Alden rose and went out of the room. "We can't go on like this," he flung back at her sullenly.

Chapter Twenty-six

IT was high time, everyone told her, that she should be going back to town. October was over, and the days had a sharp sting of cold as a warning of what November would bring. But Lucia lingered in the old house, with young James, who grew each day into more pinkness and roundness and strength and good looks. His amiability had increased also, and he did not cry so loudly, nor so often, even when he was hungry, but consoled himself with an artful little whimper designed to melt the heart of the stoniest nurse. Lucia was stronger too; she felt amazingly well, and though her eyes were still puzzled and seeking, she was far more calm and balanced. She had stayed on because she could not yet decide what was the right thing for her to do, but she knew that she must soon act. Quincy D. kept urging her to come home. And the servants were frankly restive and grumbled constantly. They didn't relish the prospect of early winter in the country, and it was impossible for her to stay there alone.

Alden had been away ever since their quarrel. He had gone that day and had not come back. From the newspapers and from his father Lucia learned of his presence at Tia Juana, New Orleans and Havana, but she had had no direct word from him. She had not written to him, nor communicated with him otherwise. She had held her tongue to Quincy D. when he had tried to get her to tell him what was the matter between herself and Alden, though she had not denied the rift. "I've got to think it out before I talk to you," she said frankly. "I've got to make up my mind, and it's very hard. I used to believe you could choose right or wrong as easily as you could pick out a hat, but that was only one of the many things I didn't know."

"If it was this matter of a new house," said Quincy D., "you were perfectly right about it. I'm not going to buy anything like that."

"It's not only the new house," said Lucia, and resolutely said no more.

She had completed another piece of translation for Preston Rodman, and her bank account contained more than a thousand dollars. The amount would not, as she noted with a wry smile, signing checks for her October house bills, pay the servants for a month, let alone the grocer and the butcher. The Braviere essays had been followed by the other book she had worked on for Rodman, and the charm and exactness of her translation had brought new praise from the more knowing critics. On the strength of these encomiums "Lucia Thayer" had received letters from two other publishers asking her to undertake translations for them.

She showed these letters to Rodman, making a special trip to the city to see him.

"It would not prevent me doing more work for you—you wouldn't mind if I took these on, would you?" she asked.

Rodman looked at her quizzically. "Why, no. But am I to understand that you are going in for this sort of thing seriously?"

"I like to do it; I have time," she replied. "I—yes—I want very much to go on with it. That is, if you believe that I do it well enough. I want my work judged by professional, not amateur standards."

"Don't worry about that—you'd never have got those offers if your work wasn't all right. But it seems so queer."

"Good heavens," she said, "don't rich people ever work?"

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"Then I'll ask you a question. Could a woman, do you think, live on what she might make from translations, provided she got plenty of work, and went at it steadily?"

"Not according to Osgood standards, she couldn't. She might make two or three thousand a year, maybe a little more—and in this town that would give her a thin enough existence. My secretary, who has the desk in the little office next to mine—you've seen her, I'm sure—earns three thousand a year. She shares a three-room flat with another girl—they pay a hundred and twenty-five for it. They do their own cooking—have a woman to clean. They're sensible; neither of them is extravagant; but when they're through paying for rent and food and service and laundry and clothing and insurance, and incidentals like the dentist and doctor, and get a few theater- and concert-tickets and have a vacation trip, believe me, there's only a very small margin left for savings for old age. Why don't some of you rich women look into the matter of economical and better living for girls of that type? Precious little is being done for them at the present time, and there's a big field for it."

"I may be able to look into it shortly," said Lucia. "Thank you very much. And don't forget that I want more work whenever you have it."

As she went out, she glanced again about the main office and noticed the quiet busyness. Several of the girls looked up at her and she imagined she saw envy in their faces for her air of leisure, her smart frock, her grooming. "I'd have felt the same two years ago," she thought, "but not now."

All the way home she considered what Rodman had told her. She had endless doubts, endless fears, but these did not shake her determination. When she reached the house, she told the servants that she was going back to town in a few days and would need them only for that short time. They were pleased—they wanted the bright lights, the movies, the shops. They made a cheerful feeling of anticipation all about her.

Lucia sat down beside the baby's bed and looked at him as he slept. He lay with his tiny plump hands stretched toward her, as if he knew she was there, and he wanted her. Now and then his lips moved in little restless, aimless grimaces and smiles, as a sleeping baby's lips so often do, and she wondered if he was dreaming. After a while she rose and went to the telephone and called her father-in-law.

"When can you come out and see me?" she asked. "I'd like to talk to you. Or would you rather I'd come in town?"

"I'd been thinking I'd come out anyhow tomorrow," said Quincy D. "How are you—how's young James?"

"We're both all right," said Lucia. "Be sure to come. This is important."

"I hope you've set a date for moving—we're due for a cold snap. You ought not to be out there in bad weather."

"And good weather," said Lucia, "is something which cannot be purchased. Never mind; I'm leaving here in a very few days. I've told the servants I'm preparing to go."

"That's fine," said Quincy D. "That's great. I'm glad to hear that. Want me to send Clyne out to help you? Need any money?"

"No—I'm perfectly all right. Thank you just as much."

Now the first irrevocable move had been made. She put down the telephone, trembling. "I'm in for it now," she told herself. "I can't turn back. And it's going to be terribly hard."

MOST of the night and all of the next day she worked at her desk, making lists, figuring accounts, and she was there in the afternoon when Quincy D.'s great car rolled up to the door. He came in shivering.

"It's fully ten degrees colder in the country than in town," he declared. "I'm chilled through."

"Come over by the fire," said Lucia. They sat down before the hearth, and she gripped her hands nervously. How was she going to tell him? How begin it? She drew a long breath and plunged.

"I asked you to come here because I've something important to say to you. It seemed better to tell you first, even before Alden. Anyway, I don't know when he'll be back, and I don't want to write it to him. Mr. Osgood, I'm going home to my own people, and I'm going to take the baby."

She waited for him to speak, but he did not. Only his eyes sharpened, became fiercely intent.

"It's not the way Alden's acted, though that's part of it. The main thing is—the money."

Now Quincy D. leaned forward. "Money—why, Lucia, you should have told me! I'd have increased your allowance—"

"Oh, no, that's not what I meant. I'm stifled in money now. I'm smothered by it. I'm sick of it. It taints everything. It's kept Alden from growing up into a real man; it's ruined Zoë; it's warped and frozen Rhoda; it's spoiled Irene. Every one of you make it your only standard, your only motive. Money, more money, more money—if you've got that, you don't need anything else. Your lives are all warped and twisted and calloused and bound down by it. Everything but money's worth nothing. Well, I tell you, it's the money that's worth nothing. And I've thought about it and thought about it, and I don't intend that my child shall grow up to be ruined by a big fortune. I'm going to bring him up to work for what he gets, to have honor and dignity and self-respect, to put as much into the world as he takes out of it." She stopped, pale with excitement.

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Quincy D. calmly. "You've been reading a lot of socialist and bolshevik stuff, I guess—I wish you young folks would leave that kind of thing alone till you're old enough to see what bunk it is. Now, Lucia—God knows I don't hold with the way Alden is behaving, but he's always been unsteady and unreliable, and yet he's not a bad youngster, and in the long run he'll come round. He's never been rightly fond of the baby—I know that; and that must be a pretty hard thing for you to bear, but it's not enough to leave him for—"

"You don't understand. I'm not leaving Alden because he's not fond of the baby—though that makes it easier. I'm leaving Alden, and you, and this life, because it's not right, and I won't bring up my child to live it. Life without effort is wrong; it's not life at all. It's the money that puts everything out of focus, that twists and perverts everything."

"Am I to understand that you don't intend for me to keep on with your allowance or young James?" asked Quincy D. ironically. Beneath his calm he was sincerely troubled, but it was his custom in any deal to find out everything his opponent had in mind, and the habit persisted.

"You can understand exactly that. I can't return what you've already given me; but anyway, Alden's spent the most of it,

not I—so it isn't as much as it seems. All the jewelry you and he have given me is in the safe in town. Give Rhoda back her pearls—I've enjoyed them, but they've been a constant anxiety. I don't care what you do with the rest of the things. I'll only take the simplest of my clothes with me—"

"Good God, child, hush! Are you trying to shame and humiliate me? Look here—this won't do. If you want to go home and stay awhile with your father and mother, very well. Maybe they'll talk this nonsense out of your head. But I won't permit my grandson to be brought up like a—like a—"

"The way I was, I suppose you mean," said Lucia. "Mr. Osgood, you have nothing to do with it. You can't permit, or not permit. Let's have this perfectly clear—I shall do what I think is best for my child, and you can't stop me. And you'd better not try."

"What does that mean, that last?" He had caught the threat in her words.

"You have a lot of power," Lucia said. "I've seen it used before now. Don't use it against me, that's all."

Quincy D.'s eyes probed and menaced. "Speak out what's in your mind," he ordered.

It was a challenge, and Lucia knew it. And it was her crucial moment. She must be as hard and ruthless as he, or she could never go on. "I know what you did about Gadget," she said. "You had him killed. And I know—about Zoë. People who don't do what you want must be forced, and you've the power to do it. But don't try to force me. I know too much about you. There, that's what is in my mind."

Quincy D. sat back in his chair. "You've got your nerve with you," he said. "There's not a man in any of my companies would dare talk like that to me."

"I didn't mean to talk like that; you asked for it," said Lucia. "Oh, why don't you help me? Let me go, and get out of Alden's life, and yours and everybody's. I don't belong—you know it. Alden only wants somebody to play with and help him spend money; he doesn't want a real wife. He's so dear in so many ways,"—her voice shook,—"and I loved him so much, and believed in him. But I can't pretend that he's what he isn't, and I won't. He just wants to jazz along and do nothing with his brain or his hands—but I might stick with him if it wasn't for the baby. But my child's not going to be brought up that way. He's got to have a chance."

"But what makes you think you can give him a chance by cutting off all his opportunities? And what, may I ask, do you intend to live on, if you won't take any money from me? If your father and mother, instead of me, support you and your child you're not gaining much in honor and dignity and self-respect—I believe you mentioned those; you're only transferring the burden to people less able to take it on. Lucia, use your common-sense."

"I can support him and myself, too. I'll not ask anyone for help."

"You! Oh, you mean that translation stuff? Why, you're crazy!"

LUCIA realized that she had beaten him. He was in panic. Her courage rose. "No, I'm not crazy, and I'm going to do it. And the kindest thing you can do for both of us is to make it clear to the public that you've cut us off without a penny, like the cruel parent in fiction. Then I won't have to worry about the baby's being kidnaped and held for ransom, for it'll be worth no one's while."

"Well—good God—well—but look here, Lucia—look here—you know I'm fond of you! I've always been fond of you. You've suited me a lot better than either of my own girls. Don't do this to me, child! You hurt me—by God, you hurt me in a way I wouldn't have believed I could be hurt."

"I'm fond of you too," said Lucia bluntly. "You're a sort of medieval robber baron, but you've got good points. I want to ask you, though—what has your money done for you? Are you any happier for it? Are you a happy man? Has it made your children happy? Or contented? Or good? Or even intelligent? You know perfectly well it hasn't done one of those things. Before I married Alden, I thought it would be heaven to be rich. I was wild for pretty frocks, and jewelry and automobiles and a fine house and servants—and yet, I didn't marry Alden only because he could give them to me. You grant me that?"

"Yes, I grant you that. You're no gold-digger, Lucia. But still—what will your boy say to you when he grows up and knows you've done him out of his inheritance?"

"I don't know," said Lucia, "and I don't care. But if he regrets not having a chance to be a waster, and a jazz-hound, and a loafer—or a murderer—then I'll have made another ghastly mistake. But he won't regret it—not my son, with my father's name, and my father's example."

"You can hit hard," said Quincy D.

"Where would I be against you if I couldn't? We might as well get it all out of our systems, you and I—we'll both feel better afterward."

"But we're not getting anywhere. I'm going back to town. I'm going to send for Alden."

"It won't make any difference," said Lucia. "You know—I'd be willing to stay with Alden if he'd go to work and earn a living—really work, I mean, not just go down and sit in your office when the notion strikes him. Even if he didn't make much, it wouldn't matter. I'd live on it. You can tell him that, if you want to, but you know perfectly well that it's no use: he can't do it, he won't do it. If he tried it, it would only be a gesture, not because he felt the need of doing it, in himself. You know that too. Your money has cheated him out of that. And your money's cheated you too—do you see—by giving you a son who isn't, who'll never be, a real man. But my son's going to be a real man, and do a man's work in the world."

Quincy D. shook his head. He looked shrunken and forlorn. "I don't know but you're right," he said. "I don't seem to have much—except money."

"And it doesn't buy you what you want?" pursued Lucia relentlessly.

And then she saw an amazing thing. She saw one of the world's richest men fling up his hands helplessly and heard him say, with bitter vehemence: "No—no—no! It's as worthless as dirt in the streets!"

Chapter Twenty-seven

IT seemed strange that so soon she would leave this house of which she was so fond, and never enter it again. It was her own, her home, as the great apartment in town had never been, could not be. She walked from one room to another, considering this trifling and that, wondering what would become of the furnishings she had chosen with such care and delight. She looked wistfully at the little foolish ornaments she had set upon the maple shelves; her fingers itched to take them down and pack them and carry them away to amuse young James in this dim and doubtful future which was coming. This temptation she resisted successfully save for the brown china dog with a hole in his head and another in his back. If you put your lips to the hole in his head and blew, a fine loud shrill whistle resulted. The dog would never be missed, Lucia thought—and in a year or so young James would adore it. She put it into her empty jewel-box.

So far she had told her father and mother

nothing but that she was coming to visit them with the baby and would not bring a nurse. Lucia was thankful to be rid of the baby's nurses; they were too capable—they resented any criticism of or interference with their methods; they tried to rule young James and his mother both with absolute tyranny. When Lucia brushed their iron-clad statutes and decrees aside, they gloomed like thunderclouds on the horizon, and she could not be sure but that in spite they might do something mildly harmful to the child. So she looked forward to the moment when they would disappear and she could take entire charge of her son, feed him, bathe him and dress him, rock him and sing to him, and ride him out in his carriage. All of her love, all of her thought was for him. And she had many fears, too: fears that she might not, in spite of her long travail of spirit, have done wisely and well for him; fears lest she had been a coward, and that she should have been able to fight and master her environment, and get from it what she needed—and yet remain as sensitive, as honest and as simple as Mrs. Grendall.

This was one of her constant points of self-argument. "But I can't be another Mrs. Grendall, because she's had help and understanding all along from her husband," she decided, "while Alden and I only fight. He fights what I like, and I fight what he likes. We can neither of us change our natures. And even if I could make up my mind to endure his friends and live his life,—and I might do it for myself,—I can't do it for my child."

SHE wondered what James and Annie Thayer would say when she told them what she had done. They'd be sorry in some ways—but they would uphold and shelter her. Even if they didn't, it wouldn't change her. "If they don't approve, if they feel they're putting up with me when I've been foolish and headstrong and obstinate—well, I'll have to leave them, too. I'll take a little apartment somewhere near them and live there and do my work. I dare say I can get back my classes at Miss Tolliver's. How the old faculty cats will purr and meow and claw my reputation! And when the report gets out that Alden and I have parted, there'll be the usual army of reporters. I'll ask Quincy D. to soft-pedal it, if he can. He'll be willing, for his own sake."

She had decided that it would be more fair, more just and open, to wait and see Alden before she went away. But the days wore along, and the servants grew more and more restive. Lucia paid them for the last time and told them to go. No one was left but Kane and the chauffeur and the guards outside, but those she needn't think of.

"We can manage for a day or so, can't we?" Lucia asked Kane. "I'll take care of baby, and you can do the cooking. You can cook, can't you, Kane?"

It appeared that Kane could cook, and would gladly do so. But her ingenuous face betrayed a troubled wonder at these strange doings. "I'm glad to do anything, I'm sure, madam," she said—she was mastering her aspires slowly. "But I don't like to see you turning your hands to such work. It's not fit. Begging your pardon, but wouldn't we be better back in the city?"

Lucia wondered if she ought to tell Kane the truth. She was fond of her, depended on her for so much. She had been imperturbable before the other servants, but Kane was different. It seemed hardly fair to set her adrift with only a reference and three months' wages, as Lucia had intended to do, and let her hear the story from Hapgood, or read it in the more sensational papers. Kane deserved more friendly dealing. Finally she decided to explain.

"I'm going home to my father and mother, Kane, and take the baby with me," she said.

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"I don't know how long I shall stay. It is not likely that I will ever come back. I've only a very few more days here, and I don't want to have more servants sent for that little time."

"Oh, but—you're not coming back, ma'am—not coming back—at all?" Kane's eyes widened at the stupendous inference of this announcement.

Lucia explained that she would give Kane an excellent reference and enough money to go on until she found another place. "I think Miss Devlin would take you, right away," she said. "She has always wanted you."

Kane burst into loud, agitated sobs. "I wasn't thinking of the money," she wept. "I can get me another place, I know that, ma'am; it's easy over here because there's so few lady's-maids as knows their work—but I don't want to leave you. Tyke me with you, ma'am, oh, please, please tyke me with you!"

"You don't understand. I sha'n't have any money to pay you, Kane. I'm going to earn my own living; I'll be poor—I don't suppose I shall earn as much money as you do—"

"Money's not nothing to me," protested Kane. "I've got plenty saved to keep me for a year or two. Don't mind my saying it, ma'am, but you know I've no family of my own, and you've been so good to me that I've got in the way of thinking I belong to you. I cawn't leave you, ma'am! I'll go with you and look awfiter you, and tyke care of Mawster James. I don't awsk wages, only to stay with you."

Lucia was having hard enough work to keep back her own tears. "Oh, Kane," she said, "don't cry. I can't let you come to me for nothing, of course. But if I find I can afford to pay you something,—maybe not as much as you could get somewhere else,—I'll send for you. I promise. You'd be such a comfort to me."

"I'll come for sixpence a month, ma'am, or tuppenny, for that matter," said Kane. She looked up at Lucia timidly; she didn't dare say how sorry she was that this beautiful glittering marriage had failed. "It's all that Mr. Alden's fault, I'm sure," she thought. "He's nought but a careless lad!"

"You'll truly keep your promise to send for me, ma'am?" she asked aloud, anxiously. "You didn't say it just to put me off?"

"Kane, I'll really and truly cross-my-heart send for you if I can pay your board and keep and a little bit of wages over. I'd rather have you with me than anyone. Now, that's settled."

"And there's something precious that money didn't buy," she thought, after Kane had gone out. Suddenly she was heartened, encouraged. Kane's generosity gave her an added strength, soothed a little the turmoil of her spirit as she went peacefully about caring for her child.

IT was very quiet in the old house that day with only herself and the child and Kane there. She had a queer certainty that Alden was on his way to her, that he might appear at any moment, and she wondered if his father had forced him, or if he was coming of his own free will. She thought constantly of him. Sometimes she hoped that he would come only because his father made him do it, for if he came of himself, and begged her to stay with him, she might not be able to resist. And she must resist. She was not angry or bitter against Alden any longer. In this separation she thought of him tolerantly, even with pity. "He can't help being what he is," she thought. "He's never had a chance to use his brains for anything worth having. The money's thwarted him, stunted him. And he's got nothing out of our marriage as I have. He hasn't got a son—because he doesn't want one. If he'd only cared a little for the baby, if he'd only—but there's no use

thinking of those things. Poor Alden!" She remembered her mother's words—it seemed a thousand years since she had heard them: "Money buys many things for the body, a few things for the mind, but nothing at all for the heart and soul." She had not believed it, but she had proved its truth. And Alden, poor Alden, had helped to prove it.

She was still thinking of Alden when he came, late in the afternoon. She had not heard his car come up, and was made aware of his presence by his entrance—defiant, frowning, banging the door. The sudden noise startled young James and made him howl, and Lucia caught him up to hush him. She did not speak, but held the child and gazed at her husband across him.

"What's become of the servants?" asked Alden abruptly. "Can't some one take that child while we talk?"

"I've sent them all away, except Kane. The baby'll be quiet." And indeed, young James had subsided as quickly as he had cried out. Lucia put him down in his crib, while Alden waited impatiently.

HE was ruddy and handsome and wind-blown from his long drive, and his hair was engagingly rough. But his face was dark and sulky. He had been constantly with Tommy and others who had flattered him into believing himself wronged and belittled. He was obviously a man with a grievance. He had not come to conciliate, or plead. So much Lucia knew by his first words.

"Dad says," he began, "that you've chosen to get up on your dignity since I've been away, and that you're saying you can't live with me any longer. I don't see that I've done anything—"

"Your father told you to come out here, then? You didn't come of your own accord?" asked Lucia.

"I didn't know all this stuff was going on. Dad sent for me, and we had a talk. He thinks we should come to some agreement."

"Do you think so?"

"I don't know what to think; you've been so unreasonable and acted in such a queer way for so long, even before the child was born. I've stood all any man could be expected to stand, it seems to me."

"And it's been quite a bother, hasn't it? Too tiresome for you!" Then her mood softened. "Oh, Alden, let's be honest. It's mostly my fault, I know, and since it is, I'm going to get out. I can't stand your life; I can't bear to live it; and I can't bear to have my baby grow up in it. There's the whole thing—that's what I told your father. I think he believed me."

"Oh, he believed you all right enough. He swallowed it whole. And when I said I'd like to know who the other man is—"

"You think I'm leaving you because I'm in love with some one else?"

"You're jolly well whistling that's what I think!"

"You're jolly well correct that there's another man mixed up in this—at least he'll be a man some day. And he's right here. I'm talking about young James, Alden. Believe it or not, he's your only rival."

"That's rot. I don't get you at all. You can pull that line with Dad, but it doesn't go down with me." He became constantly more aggrieved. "But why, why! You had everything you wanted, but after the first few months you wouldn't be a good fellow and play along. You had to mix in with the highbrows and give all my friends the hoot. We had a good time at first, you know we did. And you seemed to be awfully fond of me."

"I was awfully fond of you. I loved you dearly. And then I discovered that I loved somebody who didn't exist. I thought you were strong; I thought you were responsible; I thought—oh, well, I thought you were adult, at least. And I loved the Alden who

seemed all those things. I loved him. But you aren't strong; you aren't responsible—you're only a little boy; you chop and change and don't know what to do with yourself; you hate real work; you believe money's the big thing in life. Here's the trouble, Alden—you loved me, thinking I'd be a dance partner and a spending partner and a jazz-baby and a playfellow all your life. And I loved you, believing you were something besides the awfully good-looking outside part of you. And we both got stung. There it is, flat. So the sooner it's over, the better. You don't want the baby; you never wanted him; you think he's spoiled our lives, divided us. And he has divided us, because I won't bring him up, I wouldn't dare try, in the atmosphere you live in. You live in a golden shadow, Alden, that distorts every true color of life."

"That's nothing but a lot of blah. I did everything I could for you; you had everything money could buy—"

"And I tell you once more," cried Lucia desperately, "money won't buy what I want."

"There you go again! For Pete's sake, what do you want?"

"I'm not sure. But I believe I want to be—to be—free—of all that I don't actually need. And I want to be able—to—to earn that much—myself."

Alden shook his head. "More blah. Doesn't mean a thing. But it reminds me of something else Dad said. He said you mustn't go off without a cent and he's perfectly right. I can't see my wife and child living like paupers—"

That detestable word again! This time she took it up. "You live like a pauper yourself, Alden, on the charity of your father. I've done nothing but live like a pauper since I married you, because I too lived on his charity. I'm a bit tired of hearing paupers talked about in your family, for that's what all of you are, except your father, you and Irene and Rhoda and Zoë, none of you willing or able to earn a cent for yourselves. And above all, I'm tired of being your sort of pauper, all prettily gilded with money some one else has made. Believe me, young James isn't going to be a pauper."

"When you're tired of insulting me and my family, maybe you'll tell me what you propose to do. I suppose you'll go back to that dead little town your family lives in, though how you'll ever be able to endure it, after having had what I—or, if you prefer, my father—was able to give you, I can't imagine. Of all the dingy little holes! Full of dingy little people!"

SHE took a fresh hold on her control.

"Oh, Alden, let's stop talking. I don't want to wrangle and bicker and snarl at you. I wish now I'd left without seeing you, only it didn't seem fair when you were away; it seemed sort of sneaking off. Let's remember the dear beautiful time we had together, and forget the rest. It was good while it lasted, but it didn't last; it couldn't. Go your way, and I'll go mine. We've nothing for each other any more."

He dropped his head at the pain in her voice, and then flung it up defiantly, leaped to his feet and pulled his coat about him. She heard him slam the outer door and then the soft roar of his powerful motor. He was gone. She listened a moment longer, then leaned down to the child who had dropped off to sleep. He was warm and rosy, his breathing even and serene. Lucia watched him for a while, then went to call Kane.

"We'll go early tomorrow morning," she said. She felt strangely light, as if there were no weight in her body, as if she could fly by just giving a little push to start. She was free. She was out of the shadow of gold at last. And the long, long way before her was clear and hard to her searching eyes.

THE END.

"TAKE CARRIER PIGEONS"

(Continued from page 61)

"Tell them apart!" Papa Bugeaud spread his hands in protest. "This D'Artagnan, monsieur—I saw him peck his way out of the egg! I trained his father and his grandfather before him. Why, he is directly descended from that immortal D'Artagnan who died for France in the Pigeon Post, in the Siege of Paris in 1871. You can see that one, monsieur, stuffed and with a little golden palm in his beak, in the Musée Carnavalet today."

"My own grandfather was killed on that same job," mused Du Plessis. "He left Paris in a balloon and was never seen again. And so, of course, they weren't able to stuff him."

"But naturally, monsieur," agreed Bugeaud with polite sympathy. "Oh—and there is one more thing about D'Artagnan. He is shortly to become a father. Thus, monsieur, his homing instinct is more acute than ever. Each day, at noon, he will yearn for the nest."

"Then don't bring him. I don't like the idea of dragging away an expectant father just before Christmas." And as the young officer said it, his eyes turned toward a photograph on his desk.

Bugeaud snorted respectfully. "But, monsieur, it is his duty!"

"Very well, then," said the Lieutenant. "Report in flying-clothes at two A.M., bring your Monsieur D'Artagnan, and fetch three days' supply of sausages or caviar, or whatever it is you feed him. Good night, Quartermaster Bugeaud."

IT was just getting light when the *Dixmude*—massive as France's mightiest battleship—thundered into a threatening sky and headed out over the Mediterranean toward Africa. The tricolor flapped from her rudder, and trails of black smoke hung for miles behind her to mark her passage through the air.

D'Artagnan and Père Bugeaud were quartered to one side of what was technically known as the cat-walk—the gloomy runway which extended within the keel of the ship from bow to stern, and which reminded Père Bugeaud of the shaft-tunnel of a battleship. The interior of the dirigible was a maze of duralumin girders, wires and tanks. Overhead were the bladder-like balloons—twenty of them in a row—which contained the hydrogen gas. The noise in the keel was deafening. The rear motor-gondolas were slung on either side of the pigeon station; the unmuffled Maybachs gave forth an ear-splitting roar, and the thirteen-foot propellers ripped the air into savage snarls of sound. The stiffened fabric of the envelope, and the aluminum fairing of the keel, rattled and slatted against the girders with each variation of wind-pressure.

D'Artagnan found it trying—terribly trying. He had flown on blimps and airplanes, but never on a giant rigid like the *Dixmude*. The noises, the smells, upset him; and when he thought of Snow White, back there alone in the nest, his heart was heavy. Cooped up in his tiny service cage, he ruffled out his feathers and grieved. Papa Bugeaud whispered words of sympathy, but the whisper was drowned in the tumult that surrounded them. Even the special training ration of maize, millet and tobacco—usually so stimulating—did not decrease his dejection.

Papa Bugeaud, too, was supremely uncomfortable. The space allotted the old fellow was so small that he had to sit huddled and cramped. If he straightened out his legs on the cat-walk, the men who were constantly scurrying back and forth tripped over them and swore. After a miserable day of it, he went out to stretch himself, but the keel officer amidships shouted something through a megaphone and ordered him back to his

station. From time to time there was coffee, but he had no stomach for it.

There was nothing to see—no porthole, no opening, from which he could look. From the pitching of the ship, he judged that they were running into bad weather. He didn't like it, and for the first time in his life it occurred to him that he was getting old. Putting his face close to the cage, he discussed with D'Artagnan the prospect of retiring. They would start a pigeon farm, he and D'Artagnan and Snow White, and be through with this foolishness which called itself a navy!

The man brought another canteen of steaming coffee. Yes, he said, they were in a storm—a bad one. The forward starboard motor had broken itself to pieces, and something from it had carried away the wireless generator. They were over the sea.

Papa Bugeaud forced down some coffee. He even ate some chocolate and hardtack from his ration can. He wished that he might smoke; but glancing up at the gas-filled balloonet which almost touched his head, he shuddered. Then, he dozed off into a troubled sleep.

When he awoke, the storm had increased in violence, and the *Dixmude* was yawning, rolling, pitching. The keel officer kept pacing up and down the cat-walk, looking at the balloonets, and playing his flashlight over the girders of the structure. Once he stopped and picked up a handful of little pieces of metal from an angle between two braces. Examining them under his light, he cast them from him and cursed. When he had gone, Bugeaud picked one of them up. It was a duralumin rivet, with its head snapped off. He wondered how many rivets could drop out before the slim and stately *Dixmude* became a spineless caterpillar—and broke to pieces altogether.

Suddenly there was a sound like that of a cannon, and the great ship shuddered at a stunning shock. A propeller had broken, and a blade had plowed clear through the ship, cutting numerous girders and controls. Three balloonets wilted soggily as the explosive hydrogen gasped out through jagged punctures. All motors were stopped, and the ship rode the storm while the extent of the damage was ascertained.

It was serious—Papa Bugeaud could tell that by the language. But there was nothing he could do about it; and though the wind howled and the *Dixmude* swallowed, it was a relief to have those motors silent. Papa Bugeaud went to sleep again, and had nightmares—curious but realistic nightmares which lasted for hours and hours. Even when he awoke, the nightmares still seemed to be going on in parts of his brain. Or was it, after all, the reality of what was taking place around him? He had a raging fever, and his throat was sore.

HE lost all track of time. It seemed to him they had been drifting in the storm for weeks. Once he heard them say that they were over Biskra; again—hours or days later—the man who brought the coffee said they were drifting, helpless, above the Sahara. At another time, they started one of the forward motors, and somebody said the wind had shifted and was blowing them northward over the Tyrrhenian Sea toward Sicily. And always the wind was getting stronger.

Papa Bugeaud wished that he were D'Artagnan—wished that he had wings to fly away from this horrible hull of metal and fabric, this stench of petrol, hydrogen and oil. The girders were groaning, screeching, now, and if you looked along the cat-walk, you could see it twist and sag. Al-



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ways, always, those little rivets kept dropping down. They struck Papa Bugeaud in the face when he tried to go to sleep. But he slept . . .

Some one was shaking him. As he opened his eyes, there was a flash of lightning, and he saw the oil-spattered face of Lieutenant du Plessis de Grénadan close to his own. The ship was writhing soggily like a dying worm. The gale was howling into a great rip in the envelope, through which, in the lightning flashes, Bugeaud could see the storm-lashed ocean three thousand feet below.

"Quick—the message-pad!" shouted Du Plessis, switching on his flashlight.

From his pocket Papa Bugeaud produced the tiny block of tissue sheets. The Lieutenant scribbled something and handed him the message.

"Send it at once," he ordered.

Slipping his hands into the cage, Papa Bugeaud inserted the paper in D'Artagnan's message-capsule. Then gently holding the bird, caressing him, whispering to him, he thrust him through the rip in the fabric—into the storm.

"Monsieur," he said, saluting, "D'Artagnan will do his duty."

There came a blinding flash, a shattering concussion; and the *Dixmude*, a flaming torch, plunged down into the sea.

IT was a pleasant afternoon, and the Bay of Monaco was even bluer than usual. White yachts, like swans, lay at anchor, and inshore swung a French destroyer. From the water you could see tier upon tier of white buildings with red roofs, and the casino all aflutter with flags. Somewhere, in the gardens, a band was playing, and from the roads came the sound of many motor

horns. And constantly there was the *whack, whack* of shotguns at the *Tir aux Pigeons*, where bored gentlemen in Norfolk jackets were whiling away the hours until it would be fashionable to return once more to the purring wheel and the smooth green baize.

The bored gentlemen, slightly puffy under the eyes, were not particularly good shots. This was why Pini the halfwit was having such a busy afternoon. For while the messieurs hit practically all the pigeons—no difficult feat when the bird is dazed and blinded by the sunlight as it flies out of the trap and you loose off at him with a scattering charge of shot—they killed comparatively few. Most of the wounded birds plunged into the wire fence along the sea-wall and lay fluttering until the dogs came out and finished the business; but not a few cleared the barrier and fell quivering and struggling into the water. Then Pini in his rowboat would bend to the oar, retrieve the bird, deftly wring its neck, and toss it into the stern. Pigeons, mark you, bring three francs apiece at the restaurants.

Pini had salvaged four in a row, and chuckled to himself as he rinsed his hands in the water. A wild pigeon circled thrice above the *stade de tir* and seemed about to settle. Just then they released a bird from the trap, and the newcomer glided down to join it. The gentleman, seeing two targets in the air, playfully fired at them both. There were two bursts of feathers, and the birds spiraled down in helpless agony into the water not ten feet apart.

A few strokes of the oars, and Pini had the first one. It was really very neat—

The second bird lay on the water with his wings outstretched, and he dipped his head and drank to quench the fires that tor-

tured him within. There was a fierce look in his eyes, and when Pini picked him up, he pecked savagely at the clutching fingers.

Pini was about to administer that familiar quick twist when he paused. This pigeon had a tricolored band on its leg, and fastened to it was a tiny aluminum cylinder. Pini had never seen anything like this before.

Laying the pigeon on the thwart, he opened the cylinder, and took out a rice-paper sheet. There was writing upon it. Wrinkling his brow, he deciphered the scrawl. There were half a dozen meaningless numerals, and below them, boldly: "*We of the Dixmude have died for France!*"

Pini's head sank into his shoulders, and his eyes narrowed. There was trouble, here! He had done something wrong—broken a law. Hastily he returned the message to the capsule, and seized his oars. The French destroyer was a scant hundred meters distant. As he neared it, he shouted to the deck officer.

"Monsieur!" he panted, as his boat bumped the companion. "Here—here is a wounded French carrier pigeon I have saved! Only his wing is broken, monsieur, only his wing, but it was not I who—"

Eager but tender hands took the pigeon from him. On the deck above was the sound of excited voices, and from the mast came the sudden crackle of a wireless. A bugle blew; orders were shouted, and the funnels belched black as the destroyer started to the rescue. And as Pini stood in his boat, his mouth half open in dull wonderment, the destroyer slid by him—faster, faster, until at full speed it headed for the open sea.

Pini watched it as it rounded the cape. D'Artagnan, a gentleman of France, had gained his goal.

MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 51)

can pay a woman. Better feel sorry for yourself and take her out of that poorhouse she's in."

Jason did not know how to answer such impudent benevolence. Fortunately he had reached a rise of ground where he could look down on his farm.

He stopped the car and gestured broadly. "That's my place."

"Which?"

"Most of what you can see."

"Good Lord! Whyn't you tell me you was a billionaire?"

HE laughed at that. "Did you ever hear of a man gettin' rich off a farm—or on one, I mean?"

"But look what you get for your trouble."

"We get the trouble, all right."

"But who don't?"

"I suppose even the carnival life has some moments that are sort of unpleasant."

"Moments? Nothin' else but. It's a dog's life. Seems to me I know a little about nearly everything except farms. I know a lot about farmers—in town. But all I know about farms is from the train windows or goin' through 'em with a wagon show, usually at night in the rain. Funny how much it rains on farms—and on carnivals."

"It don't rain when we want it to, though," Jason retorted.

"We never want it to! But take a place like yours, now. I'd call it a slice of heaven. Lord, but that's pretty down there. Those orchards in bloom, they look like the tents of a carnival—if the tents were pretty. And the fields. See that lad off there on the hill, against the sky there—the one plowing. Always seems to me a horse is never so grand as when he's pullin' a plow along a hilltop like that. But what a big house you got! A regular hotel!"

"That's the barn. You can't see the house.

It's hid under those big trees. My father built it and set out the trees when they were saplings. They've growed and growed, but houses don't grow."

"You said it. If they did, I'd have one. I think I could afford a seed—just about. You got a big lake there too—and how blue it is!"

"It's blue when the sky is."

"Susanne sees the lake—she sniffs it. Don't you, Susanne?"

The seal was erect, weaving and inhaling. When she was spoken to, she nuzzled against Zarna, gazed up into her eyes with eyes of pleading, and begged for the lake that meant liberty to her.

"Poor thing!" said Zarna. "She hasn't seen anything bigger than the tank since she was taken out of the ocean."

"Did you get her in the ocean?"

"I didn't, but there's a man in Santa Barbara catches 'em with a big net at sunrise when they come out of the caves. I used to have six when I was rich, but they all died on me, except Susanne."

"If you put her in our pond, you'd never get her back, I suppose."

"Oh, she'd come to me when I called her. Wouldn't you, darlin'?"

Susanne said yes to the tone and caress at least, but she was hard to hold. Zarna shook her head with a sorrowful lust of beauty over the realm of spring and sighed:

"It's certainly one grand place you got."

"It's nice in the spring," Jason admitted.

"I'm certainly glad you brought me out to see your sister."

"My sister—I ought to tell you about her before you see her. I been puttin' it off and puttin' it off."

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I hate to tell anybody what a dirty deal she got. I hate to think of it. Other folks don't know her like I do,

and they can't see how beautiful she is—her soul, I mean. I hate to talk about her."

"Well, don't, then."

"But you've got to see her, and—"

Zarna's voice was strangely deep with tenderness:

"Is the baby awful sick—not goin' to get well?"

"Well, she's not a baby—not in years, anyway. And she's not exactly sick. She's worse than that—she never was well. She—"

"I guess I understand. Leave it to me."

"But—"

"Please!"

He looked in her eyes. They were full of pity and of command, too. She put her finger to her lips and shook her head:

"It's givin' things names that hurts."

His eyes seemed to drink deep of the sympathy in hers, and a little of their agony left them. He set the clutch impatiently.

Chapter Six

THE car slipped down the hill and turned in at the gate. Then came a time of embarrassment, for Jason had forgotten one that never forgot him, the lonely one-man Airedale that always sat for hours on the porch watching the hill for Jason's return when he went to town.

Rip had never been allowed to go to town with Jason since the first journey, when he was out of the car a dozen times, and fighting every dog he met. He had been brought home slashed and bloody but rapturous, and still wore his scars in bald streaks where the kinky hair would never grow again.

Since then the limits of the farm were his horizons. He had learned to know the fences and the boundary walls and the Bradford animals. Any alien dog or tramp was safe from worse than a barking-at so long as he

remained outside the pale. But human intruders had to look respectable or be escorted in. Visiting dogs of whatever size had to remain outside.

Rip had grown frantic with the delay of the car on the hilltop. He had yelled in vain for it to hurry. He had been to the gate and back to the porch a hundred times.

Long before his eyes made out the strange beast inside the car, his long-distance nose had told him that something unfamiliar, therefore unholy, was in the car—a strange woman, of course, but something else—an animal.

For an animal to ride in the car forbidden to him since that one magnificent excursion was an outrage to his moral code, his sense of justice. He kept inside the boundary line where it crossed the open entrance for motors, but he was having spasms of mingled rage and welcome as the car turned in.

Susanne was having spasms too, and Zarna was clinging to her slippery form with all her might as the seal floundered, shrieked and yipped and gnashed her long keen teeth.

In vain Jason yelled orders at Rip. He had to jam the brakes down to keep from running over the dancing maniac. When he stopped the car he had to lean out and seize the leaping fury by the collar, and Zarna had to throw herself backward with Susanne to keep those two fanged muzzles from meeting. If anyone but Zarna had tried to hold Susanne, or anyone but Jason to hold Rip, there would have been mangled hands for the peacemaker's reward.

Delia came running to the door and Moe around the house, and the plowman and his horse stopped on the hill and stared at the noise of the bloodthirsty feud. Jason could hear Rita screaming in fright in her room.

Holding fast to Rip, he slid from his place and dragged the dog across the yard to the barn and shut him in the harness-room, where he could still be heard howling and leaping against the high and cobwebbed windowpanes.

It took a deal of fish from Zarna's sack to restore Susanne to calm and convince her that she had scored a glorious victory over the four-legged ruffian. And now she was all for breaking out to reach the pond, which was doubtless full of living fish and, better yet, of opportunities to expend the long reserves of swimming energy that made her flippers ache with yearning.

JASON, flushed and angry at Rip's mutiny and his crass inhospitality, returned to the car and drove it to the porch, commanding Delia and Moe to restrain their noisy wonder at the seal. Then he remarked to Zarna: "I better go in and break the news to Rita. Would you wait a minute?"

Zarna nodded and tried to answer the whispered questions of Delia and Moe and keep their hands from caressing Susanne's tempting surfaces lest they feel her teeth.

Jason found Rita trembling and wringing her little hands.

"Oh, what's happened? I heard a terrible barking. Rip was awful mad, and then I heard a dog that barked worse than I ever heard any dog bark. And I was so afraid for poor Rip. What's happened? What kind of a dog was it that barked so horrible? Did he hurt Rip?"

Jason had planned to enter her room with smiles and lead the conversation round gradually to the seal. He would say that he could not get the photograph she had asked for, but he had fetched something better. By degrees he would step up her nerves to the full shock of the lightning, that the seal itself was waiting to be received. But now Rita was in a state of such shattering alarm that any news was sedative. So he laughed:

"Rip ain't hurt a scratch. He was just mad because I locked him up in the barn."

"Why'd you do that to the poor thing?"

"His manners were so bad. I brought distinguished visitors and he didn't behave right." "Who's the visitors?"

"Do you remember me telling you about the carnival?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"And Zarna?"

"Zarna with the seal! Yes."

"Well, Zarna's here."

"Then you did fall in love with her! Did you marry her already? Is she coming here to live?"

"Shucks, no! Gosh, such a notion!"

"Well, what's she doing 'way out here?"

"Do you 'member saying you'd like a photograph of—"

"Oh, the seal, yes! Did she bring me one?"

"She didn't have any photograph."

"Oh."

"So she thought maybe instead of the photograph, you wouldn't mind if—"

"If she came and told me about the seal?"

"Well, since you know so much more'n I do, you go on and—"

"Oh, Jason, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to int'rupt. Tell me!"

"So Zarna thought maybe you wouldn't mind if—" He went to her, bent over, put his arms about her and laid his lips to her cheek, to hold her against any destroying leap of emotion through her delicate frame. And he whispered:

"She wondered if you'd permit her to bring into your room the—the seal itself?"

"Oh, Jason!"

She fainted under the stroke of a joy too great for a soul unused to great joys.

Jason fell to his knees in terror and cursed himself for a brute, but in a moment he felt her tiny hand fluttering, he heard her saying, "Ooh! Ooh!" and he felt her tears on his cheek. She was sobbing with laughter, beating her hands and quivering with a happiness that would have made death hardly too high a price.

She could not speak, but he said:

"Hold tight to yourself now, honey, and I'll bring her in."

HE went out, and she heard strange noises from a curious throat, thumps and thuds and scrapings that shook the house. First she saw above her cradle-rim the high head of Jason in the door, then beneath that the head of a very pretty lady with bright black eyes over the most liberally and beautifully painted cheeks she had ever seen. That must be Zarna.

There was a lumbering racket as something crossed the sill, something that Jason and Zarna looked down at, but Rita could not see. Then Jason brought Zarna to the cradle and watched her narrowly while he said:

"Miss Zarna, this is my sister Rita."

Zarna's hand came out and took Rita's as if she were shaking hands with anybody, and she said:

"How do you do, Miss Brafford?"

That "Miss Brafford" set Rita up immensely. It was the first time any stranger had ever called her by her rightful name, or met her eyes without a start or a look of pity or a struggle for cheerfulness. Zarna simply said: "How do you do, Miss Brafford?"

What a wonderful woman Zarna was!

So Rita tried to be for the first time the gracious hostess. And she repeated the phrase, which, if it pleased Zarna as much as it pleased her, would be welcome enough for anyone.

"How do you do, Miss Zarna?" said Rita.

"I'm fine as silk. Who wouldn't be, in as swell a place as this after that dirty, stuffy carnival? I feel as if I was let out of jail. So does Susanne. Did you hear her singing at the gate?"

Rita shrieked at this, but with divine laughter:

"Do you call that singing?"

"I don't and you don't, but Susanne thinks

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it's swell. She was serenading your beautiful dog Rip. They had quite a duet."

"A duet!" Rita was suffocated with delight at the delicious humor of this beautiful creature. Zarna went on:

"If you'll stuff your ears with cotton, Susanne will sing for you."

"Oh, would she?" cried Rita. "I don't want any cotton. I'd love to hear her. Is she down there on the floor?"

"She is, but she says she'd take a chair, if you don't mind."

Rita could not answer that. She beat her hands together, and when Zarna pulled forward a plush-covered chair Susanne leaped on it, sat erect and, assuming that Rita was applauding her, applauded Rita by beating her forefingers together.

THEN the two wondered at each other in silence, Rita shuddering with ecstasy like a little homey kettle on the back of a stove, Susanne turning her head this way and that, gazing at Rita with her incredibly gentle eyes, and making noises in her throat that a dove might have rivaled only if he were very deeply in love.

Jason stared from Rita to Zarna and the seal. His eyes were so streaming with tears that he saw them through a mist gleaming in unearthly aureoles.

But Zarna and Susanne were comforting themselves as if nothing unusual were astir. Zarna judged from Susanne's manner and her delight in the plush on which she sat that her mood was amiable. She shoved the chair close to the crib and, while Jason waited in anxious terror, Zarna kept her hand on Susanne's muzzle and talked to her about Rita.

Then Rita, with much timidity and more yearning, put forth a little hand and stroked the smoothest pelt God ever made. And Susanne, cooing, arched her lissome throat, leaned down across the cradle-bar and rubbed her soft cheeks against Rita's.

And now Rita could embrace the slender neck with both her little arms. Her tiny bosom swelled, and she felt as if she held a baby to her breast. She closed her eyes and sighed mystically.

Susanne, feeling the silken coverlet and licking it better even than the plush on the chair, horrified Jason, startled Zarna and enraptured Rita by simply flopping over into the cradle, stretching out alongside Rita. Her aft flippers flared over the cradle end as she laid her head beneath Rita's cheek, nuzzling there as if she had reached the haven of her life's desire.

The sight of his helpless sister in the power of an uncouth stiletto-toothed beast that had lately struggled to fight his Airedale frightened Jason motionless. Even Zarna was uncertain of Susanne. She commanded:

"Come out of that! This minute!"

The monster replied with the whimperings of a sick infant, and drew closer to Rita for protection, spread one flipper like a soft wing around her and kissed her in the Eskimo fashion of rubbing noses.

Rita had never known till now even the beggar's pride, the blind man's luxury, of having an animal come out of its kingdom and attach itself to her with love—and such an animal, whose grotesqueries forbade criticism and whose beauties were beyond praise!

She hugged the seal with all the might of her arms and gazed down into the liquid orbs of the adoring Susanne, who closed her eyes as if in sleep. And that was sweetest of all. Zarna said the marvelously right thing once more:

"Looks like I'd have to leave her there! She loves you better'n she likes me, Miss Bradford."

Rita could not quite believe that, but everything was so unbelievable in this moment that it might be true. She looked into paradise with such rapt wonder that Jason had to mutter something about the farm and stumble out of the room.

He closed the door after him, crossed the hall to the parlor, closed that door and, sinking on an old haircloth sofa, buried his face in the tidy his mother had crocheted, muffling his head in his long arms and wept.

Zarna watched over Rita, who closed her eyes that she might see happiness better. When she opened them again, sparkling, she found Susanne still real, still there, still breathing deeply as a slumbering babe. When she saw that Zarna was about to speak, Rita put her fingers to her lips with the royal privilege mothers have of silencing those who might recall angels to cradles.

When Susanne had pretended to be asleep as long as she wanted to, she opened her eyes, shifted herself a little, made more quaint throaty noises, and gazed up at Rita with a superhuman affection from superhuman eyes. Now Zarna felt that she might say a word. She said:

"That's one grand brother you got, you lucky lady! And he sure loves you."

"He does that!" said Rita. "I don't know why, but he's always proving it. Think of him bringin' you out here—and Susanne! Think of you bein' sweet enough to come!"

"The pleasure's all mine," Zarna insisted. "I wouldn't have missed the farm for worlds. Neither would Susanne."

"I'm sorry I missed the carnival."

"You didn't miss much."

"Oh, don't say that! I never was to a carnival, but I can imagine."

"And I never was to a farm."

"Honesty?"

"Honesty."

"I wish you'd come and live on this one."

"I wish I could. But I got to go and do my act, and travel from town to town."

"Maybe—"

BUT Rita stopped there. Even she could see that her thought was premature, was probably impossible. She dealt little in maybe's, having enough to do to extract some comfort from things as they came. She had learned that blessings must be enjoyed while they poise, and not asked to stay more than their moment. Happiness to her were wild roses, so fragile that the flower can hardly be plucked without ceasing to be a flower. If one lasted till Jason brought it home, its petals were soon on the carpet, never to be renewed upon that stem.

She had wept once or twice in her earlier years over the frailty of roses and the impossibility of repairing their porcelain beauty. She would not weep again. Out of the undreamed-of impossible a seal and a beautiful lady from another planet had come to visit her. For politeness' sake she must ask them not to hurry away and to come again soon. But she must not expect them to.

When Jason came back after a time, mumbling some lie about business, he found Susanne content apparently to remain forever and Rita making no objections.

Time meant little to both of them. Neither of them had any important engagements elsewhere. About three o'clock Susanne would begin to grow frantic for her public appearance, but three o'clock was far away.

So was Midfield, as Zarna remembered. It had taken longer to reach the farm than she had expected. There was much to do on her return, before she could step out to make the first of the long series of her daily appearances, her exploitations of Susanne and her countless plunges into the tank.

SHE did not speak of this, of course. What she said was:

"I'm afraid Susanne is tiring you, Miss Bradford."

"Tiring me!" gasped Rita, with the irony of a mother asked to surrender her firstborn.

Seeing that this ruse had failed, Zarna was frank:

"She has her work to do. She has to earn my bread and butter and her own fish."

"Oh!" That was different, and Rita pressed a good-by kiss on Susanne's babyish forehead and said, "Good-by, darling."

Zarna snapped her fingers and invited Susanne to get up carefully. Susanne moaned and wriggled closer to Rita. Zarna spoke harshly. Susanne wept and sobbed and tried to hide inside Rita's embrace. Which, of course, did not in the least displease Rita.

Zarna displayed fish. Susanne was tormented between comfort and appetite. At last she rose with a singular strength and suppleness and, without crushing or disturbing Rita, flowed like a brown billow over the cradle-bar into the chair, where she demanded her fish.

ZARNA then put the quaint beast through as much of her performance as she could on so small a stage. Susanne sang songs; she delivered orations in sealese. She caught a rubber ball that Zarna had not forgotten to bring along; she tossed it in air, bounced it on her nose and juggled it, then tossed it back to Zarna.

At Zarna's behest Jason cleared a large table and on this platform Susanne displayed other accomplishments. She rolled over this way and that. She played dead and rose again; she said her prayers, refusing to be tempted either by the promise or the presence of fish until the "Amen" had been uttered. And with an artist's recognition of an artist's merits, she herself applauded every one of her feats.

Rita watched her with reverence for Susanne's genius and with exaltation in the queenly privilege of a private performance at the palace by command.

Her ability to endure bliss was exhausted with Susanne's repertory. Seeing this, Zarna had Susanne mount the plush chair for a final word with Rita. Susanne put out a flipper and shook hands. She accepted a few last feeble caresses and a kiss upon her silken throat.

Then she flopped to the floor and waddled out. Zarna shook hands with Rita and volunteered a request to be allowed to call again. Rita did not know how to respond to such meekness, but her eyes answered. Jason lingered to tell Rita that he must take the visitors back to town, and she fell asleep as she kissed him, murmuring her ineffable delight.

WHEN Jason reached the porch where Zarna and Susanne waited for him, he was so overcome with gratitude to the woman and the animal that he bent down to caress Susanne, who was restless, perhaps with the artistic fatigue of a prima donna, perhaps with the remembrance of Rip, whose muffled yowls were heard again from the harness-room.

"Watch out!" gasped Zarna as she snatched Jason's hand away, and flung him aside just in time to save his hand, but not his trousers, from the slash of Susanne's teeth.

Incredulous and stunned, Jason looked down at his calf bared by the rip in the cloth. But he put out his hand in protest as Zarna gave the seal a sharp smack in the face and ordered her into the car. Susanne wiggled in, heart-broken, humiliated, repentant, and crying like a spanked baby.

"She's nervous," Zarna explained. "And she's tired. Us artists are like that."

"She don't like me," Jason sighed.

"Oh, yes, she does," Zarna answered, not quite convinced or convincing.

"No, she don't, but after what she did for Rita, she can chew my whole leg off and I won't complain."

Since he had to go to town, he had to go first to his room to change his clothes. He was afraid that Rita would have been alarmed by the noise of the altercation on the porch, but when he opened her door softly, she was sound asleep.

He judged from her posture that the seal was asleep in her arms, in her dreams.

Chapter Seven

ON the way to Midfield, Susanne slept and Zarna listened to Jason made voluble with homage.

"What I can't get over," he said, "is how you met Rita the first time just like she might have been anybody at all. Your voice didn't change. Your eyes didn't change. There wasn't even anything in the back of your eyes. You didn't clear your throat. Rita knew the difference, too. There never was anybody acted the way you did."

Zarna was modest before this onslaught of praise.

"Other people haven't had my experience, I guess. You see, I've spent most of my life with—unusual people. We've all of us got a little too much of this or a little too much of that, and some of us have got a lot too much or a lot too little. That's all."

"It's all in the hand that's dealt to you. You got to play what you hold. One fellow hasn't even got a pair of treys, and another one has a royal straight flush. One hand is no more credit than another, and I've seen a pair of deuces bluff out a full house. The deck is stacked, anyway."

"Our people don't think any more of the difference between a dwarf and a giant than you do of the difference between a blonde and a brunette."

"I'm sorry as hell about your sister—but look what a brother she's got! What couldn't I have done, or been kept from doing, if I'd had a brother to look after me?"

"Well, you've done a great thing for me today. And I wish to the Lord I knew how to pay off the debt. About the money—"

"I hope you won't speak of that, Mr. Bradford."

"Don't get mad, for God's sake! That was the understanding. I got no right to take your time and your trouble without—"

"Well, I got a right to spend my spare time my own way, haven't I?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, nothing I've ever done in my whole life has made me feel so glad I'm alive or so proud of being only a woman with a trained seal. That's pay enough for me."

"But—"

"Please don't speak of it again, Mr. Bradford."

Zarna had never met so haughty or so huffy a personage. He did not know what to say or do next. So he drove on in silence.

HIS embarrassment was aggravated immensely when he drove into the carnival grounds and found Captain Querl waiting at the gate. He was in a mood of vicious irritation and jealous suspicion.

"Oh, you came back, did you?" he sneered.

"Yeah," said Zarna, with a scowl of preparedness. "We had a grand time."

"I'll say you did. But in spite o' that you changed your mind and decided to come back to the show, did you?"

Zarna ignored his clumsy sarcasm, climbed out of the car, ordered Susanne out and turned to shake hands with Jason.

"Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Bradford, for a wonderful morning."

"It's me that thanks you," said Jason, wringing her fingers and trying to talk with his eyes. But Querl's cynicism compromised them both and made them feel a guilt they had not enjoyed.

"I hope to see you again soon," said Zarna, and turned away. Jason watched her till she disappeared among the tents, with Susanne hunching along after her and Querl plainly wrangling at her.

It was not easy for Jason to keep from striding after them and wringing Querl's neck for heaping abuse on a saint of such charity. But he realized that he had no right to intervene in her behalf. And that gave him a sense of loneliness.

He drove back to the farm, realizing that people were pointing at him and ridiculing him for his conspicuous folly in taking the seal and the diving girl for a ride. He vented his rage on the tasks of the farm and took his dinner with Rita, who could talk of nothing but her love of the seal and her almost greater love for Zarna.

She fell asleep again before Delia had taken away the dishes, and Jason was alone with his thoughts of Zarna.

Suddenly it seemed that she called to him to come and see her again. After a vain wrestle with his impulse, he yielded to it, rushed to his car, invited nobody to accompany him, and rattled away at full speed to the carnival.

It was a new carnival. All the spirit was gone out of it. Only half a crowd was there dispersed among the booths. The barkers barked with redoubled ferocity at indifferent little groups unable to work up resolution enough to hoist a dime. The gamblers could not excite an adventurer. The rifle galleries were silent. The inverted jars of tinted beverages were undisturbed.

When Captain Querl came forth to sing his song, only a handful heard him. He called Zarna and Susanne forth, and most of the few walked away.

The throng was not large enough to give itself entity, to transmit vibrations of interest, to excite emulation.

So small a number went into the tent that Jason felt as if he ought to apologize to Captain Querl. He could not resent the man's insolence. To atone for Midfield's neglect of these gifted visitors Jason listened to the rhymes the night before. He pretended never to have seen so fat a woman, so lean a man, so bearded a lady, so dog-faced a boy, so wild a Borneo-man. He heard the tattooed girl praise her father's artistry and preach herself as a sacred text, and wore the mien of one to whom it was all news and marvelous news.

When Zarna came forth with Susanne, Jason was alone in the front row. He felt a family interest in them, but when Zarna flung off her shawl, he was no longer only an atom in an impersonal multitude. He was a lone man staring at a woman in hardly any clothing.

But now that he had forgiven Zarna his resentment of the night before, now that he did not begrudge her the beauty she had stolen from Rita, and the agility that mocked Rita's immobility, now that he knew how kind she was, how tactful and how generous, he was stripped of all insulation against her beauty and her skill.

Her lines burned themselves upon his consciousness. Her postures melted into one another as blaze streams into blaze. His long arms reached toward her with such urgency that he had to clasp his knees tight to restrain his hands and his feet from rushing to Zarna.

He gazed up at her, writhing in her own loveliness, and every attitude she struck was a new appeal to his arms to enfold her. When she stole into the water and the jeweled spray reveled about her, he had to fight himself still.

An anguish of desire was twisting his face when he turned away from her unbearable spell and saw Captain Querl glaring at him from behind a canvas screen.

He knew that Querl was reading his emotions and hating him for them. He hated Querl for being in his way, and for having some claim upon Zarna. Whatever claim it might be, he despised it and defied it, feeling that the supreme intensity of his need of Zarna gave him a supreme right to her.

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(Continued from page 52)

thought. Man became a starch-eater as well as a flesh-eater. And there he fested for countless ages. Even today many millions of mankind are resting on that stage of progress, the stage of the crooked-stick plow. In my own time I have known old American farmers who believed that the iron plow, in some mysterious way, poisoned the soil!

In all that immense period of time between the dawn of agriculture and the middle of the Nineteenth Century, twenty thousand years certainly, perhaps much longer, nobody predicted, nobody dreamed of the "combine" harvester of today. Now we pull a machine through the standing wheat with oil-fed tractors, a huge machine which reaps, threshes and winnows the wheat at one operation, sacks the grain and bran and disposes of the straw. In less than a hundred years agriculture has climbed a higher flight than in all the twenty thousand years which went before.

WE have come a long way. Here, on this stage, we may rest as concerns food production for another twenty thousand years. But we no longer laugh at prophets. Listen to this:

"Conceivably, some future race of men, instead of sitting down to dinner, will attach themselves to something akin to an electric-light socket, and draw thence from the public mains the supply of pure physical energy required for the day's work, without any necessity of absorbing at the same time the useless husks—the material wrappings in which this energy is done up—that constitute our present food."

What imaginative romancer dreaming of Utopia said that? His name is Frederick Soddy; he holds the chair of inorganic and physical chemistry at Oxford University and for his research in radioactivity he was awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1921! There are heights ahead of us greater than all which we have scaled so far.

Since the time the first intelligent anthropoid lengthened his arm and added to his physical power by wielding a club, man has been seeking power and yet-more power. It was a marvelous spurt upward when he first put a yoke upon the ox; another immense flight when, ages later, he tamed the horse. It must have been almost countless centuries after that before he learned to harness the wind, to turn his mill and drive his ship. Then there were long dark ages, ages in which all mankind, except an occasional futile dreamer, rested content in the belief that humanity could go no farther. Today—

"Mechanical power has been increased until it is equivalent to the work of *three billion* additional employees in our industries, or more than three hundred and fifty helpers for each wage-earner!"

The man who said that is Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, in his Spot-sylvania Battlefield speech last October. That enormous stairway, from man-plus-horse-power to the lengthened, strengthened electro-mechanical arm of the worker of today, has been negotiated almost in a single leap; instantly, as a century or so counts in the cosmic calendar. We are still climbing this latest flight, getting closer to the goal of a thousand-fold multiplication of manpower. There again it is conceivable, probable, we may rest for further eons, content that we have achieved the summit of human powers. But the seers are already dreaming. Listen:

"In the smallest atoms of matter all around us there exist stores of energy a million times greater than any so far harnessed. *Limitless physical power awaits humanity* so soon as the knowledge that shall lead to its control and application shall have been obtained. How many unrecorded ages elapsed before

the energy of fuel was controlled, and in how short a space of subsequent time has it altered the whole mode of life of the world!"

That is Professor Soddy speaking again. But what does a professor know about practical things? Listen, then, to Owen Young, Chairman of the General Electric Company. A dreamer? Decidedly a very practical man.

"What blessings may not the electron and the cosmic rays some day confer on a perishing race when their incredible hidden energy is tapped and brought under control?" So Owen Young. What a wonderful stairway that will be to climb, when we reach it!

A climb, then a rest. Above some of the earliest flights gained by man we have never climbed, never shall. Lost in the mists of unrecorded time is the date of the great leap upward when man first tamed other animals to his use. The wolf-cub trained to guard and to hunt food for his master, progenitor of every breed of dog; the jungle fowl and its cousins, the wild goose and the duck, penned and bred to yield food the year around; the wild ass and the sheep, the neat cattle and the reindeer, the sly wildcat and the timid rabbit—how long ago were these brought under human thrall? What wild rider of the desert first dared to saddle the camel? How was named the son of the Peruvian sun who first eased his own burden over the Andean trails by packing it upon the llama's back? The slant-eyed Tibetan who tamed the first yak, the stout-hearted Dravidian who first yoked the elephant—the names of those pioneers of progress, did we but know them, should be graven with those of Franklin and Morse, Edison and Bell, Ford and Ericsson on the scroll of human achievement for the common good. How many thousand years ago was it that some venturesome outrider of the mounted hordes of Turkestan strayed beyond the Caspian barrier to terrify the Caucasian tribesmen and start the age-long myth of the Centaur?

It may have taken tens of thousands of years to climb that one flight of domesticating wild animals. It was not done all at once; nor was it done by all men, everywhere. The wolf-cub was doubtless first. The dog is the only domestic animal found everywhere, among all races. The North American Indian had no other domestic animals before the white man came. But not since history began to be set down have we brought any more of the animals into our domestic economy. We have rested on that stage of progress, and now we are abandoning it, replacing the horse's muscles by more efficient machines.

FROM the time man invented the wheel, which was one of his comparatively recent inventions, probably ten thousand years elapsed before any faster means of transportation overland than the horse-drawn vehicle came into our ken. Ten thousand years or more from the first pair of wheels to the railroad. Now, in a bare century, how swiftly we have climbed upward! Fifteen miles an hour over the rails in Stephenson's primitive "Rocket," now a thousand miles in twenty hours—New York to Chicago! Eight days for the mail from St. Joseph to Frisco in 1860 by the Pony Express; today we post a letter in New York on Saturday morning, and the air mail delivers it in San Francisco Monday afternoon. It took eighty years of railroading to evolve the Twentieth Century Limited; from a standing start in 1905 the airplane has got up to three hundred and eighteen miles an hour in less than twenty-five years. That was the speed at which Major de Bernardi flew his seaplane for the Schneider Trophy last March. Glenn Curtiss won the Gordon Bennett Speed Trophy in

1909 by flying fifty miles an hour. I asked Glenn Curtiss the other day for his idea of the top speed limit. He refused to set a maximum, but said five hundred miles an hour would soon be easy. At that speed, if an aviator could carry gasoline enough for the round trip, he could fly around the world, in the latitude of London, without ever getting away from noon, traveling at the speed of the earth's revolution, always under the sun. Somebody will do that, do it in our time. And there or thereabout we probably shall rest for a few more ages, until atomic energy and terrestrial magnetism are harnessed to the cosmic rays and a week-end trip to Mars or the moon will become as commonplace as a voyage to Europe by air will be in 1949. And that is no idle figment of a dreamer's brain; it is a goal to which serious men of science, practical engineers, believe the world is heading.

The world stood still in the arts and sciences, in invention and discovery, through all that long period between the first launching of a paddled canoe to the discovery of navigation by sails, which is so new that the ancient Phoenicians, the Romans of Caesar's time, even the Byzantines of the era of Constantine, knew no more efficient way of propelling water-craft than by slave-wielded oars; they could spread canvas only to help the rowers run before a favoring wind. Less than two thousand years marks the age of sails; less than a century and a quarter the era of steam navigation.

CONSIDER that Van Leeuwenhoek invented the microscope a bare two hundred years ago, and think how fast and far that discovery has carried us in our knowledge of things hidden from the beginning of time until now. In these three hundred years since Francis Bacon wrote his "*Novum Organum*" and laid the foundations of modern science, our upward pace has been accelerating so swiftly that no one can predict how far our ever-increasing momentum may carry us. Science and invention continue to multiply tools. With every new tool we multiply commodities. A hundred years ago no two objects made by man were ever alike. That is literally true except in the case of the printed book, for printing was the first example of what we term today "mass production," the manufacture of exact duplicates in unlimited number of precisely interchangeable parts, of identical finished products.

They all fit together. A shrewd Yankee watchmaker at Waltham first conceived the idea of building machines that way, and the handmade watch became a back number. But how all that has gone before, in this latest spurt of human ingenuity, contributes to the industrial organization which turns out a million identical automobiles, radio sets, cigar-lighters or typewriters! Van Leeuwenhoek, the Dutchman, invents the microscope; and shortly the world becomes conscious of dimensions minutely inconceivable to the mind gauged to the divisions of the two-foot rule. For a couple of centuries industry clips successive fractions off the inch; a tenth, a fiftieth, a hundredth, a thousandth of an inch become standards for factory-hands to work by! Who is to set the standard of a thousandth of an inch, so that every hole bored in every factory to a specified gauge will be of the same size? Johanssen, the Swede, devises gauges provably accurate to a hundred-thousandth of an inch. American industry discovers that it must measure everything in ten-thousandths. Henry Ford brings Johanssen to Poughkeepsie and proceeds to multiply standards, until the whole world of machinery is geared to a scale of measurement so infinitesimal that no unaided human power can detect a variation from it.

PRIMITIVE man could make his voice heard across the quiet desert a distance of a mile and a third; he could see across the level plain a dozen miles at most, twenty from a tall tree-top. With whistle and drum and horn he extended the range of his hearing two or three miles, in one of his early flights. On that stage we rested until fifty years ago, when we began to climb the flight of stairs toward the extension of our eyes and ears, as we had already begun to extend our arms and legs. The other day President Coolidge called up the King of Spain and talked with him over the telephone. Three men sat in their offices, one in New York, one in Batavia on the Island of Java, and the third in Sydney, Australia. They talked with each other for fifteen minutes, concluded a deal in rubber involving millions of dollars, and went on with the rest of their day's work!

Up that flight of extended sight and hearing we are climbing so swiftly that a very near tomorrow will see us all casually calling up the antipodes on the telephone as occasion demands, seeing face to face those with whom we talk at thousand-mile range, sitting among our own household gods while watching public spectacles occurring halfway around the world.

Very early man learned to use fire, for warmth, for cooking, for light. The oil lamp with fiber wick, and its companion the candle, which is identical except that the oil is a solidified fat, served him then for light for the whole of that vast period of time from the beginning of things to the era which we call now. Oils changed, but that was all. Gas came—and went—in a short century. Until Brush with his arc-light and Edison with his incandescent harnessed the new-found power to the problem of illumination, man was content to rest on the light he already had. Electric lighting was still young when I asked old Mrs. Ewart, a cousin of the great Gladstone, to go with me to see the wonderful illumination at a famous exhibition.

"Nay, laddie," she replied. "I went to London in 1837 when our dear Queen was crowned. No illumination could be grander than that. There was a candle in every windowpane!"

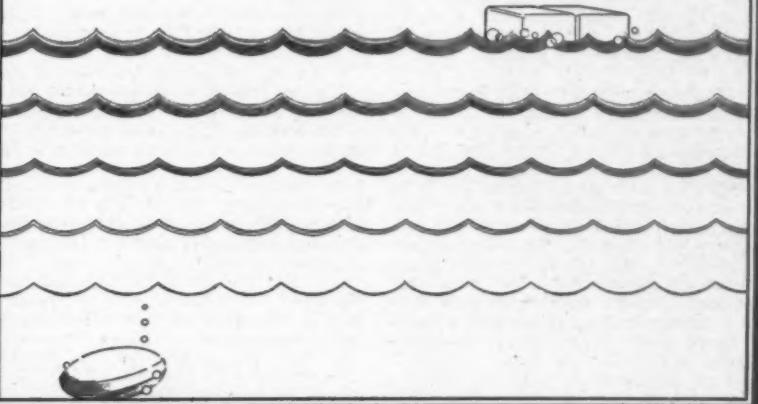
Today night and day are alike. Sperry constructs a searchlight which irradiates literally more light per square inch of reflecting surface than the sun itself! All of our habits and customs, entertainments, business methods, our architecture, even to a high degree our literature, have been revolutionized in fifty years by the single short upward stairway that leads from oil-light to electric-light. Plays are written today to be acted conversationally to intimate small groups instead of being ranted pantomimically to huge audiences most of whose members saw the players only in silhouette. The slightest *nuances* of expression are clear to everybody. Not only the art of the actor but the craft of the playwright have been made subtler, finer, by the new light.

How long shall we continue to climb as we are climbing now, to humanity's next long stage of rest on past achievements? How high shall we climb? We can only say that if nothing happens to change our direction and rate of speed, we shall reach certain points in a given time. But the *ifs* will happen. Wise men were predicting universal peace forever, in 1913. Then a crazy Serb shot an Austrian archduke, and that changed everything. Little things start revolutions. Portland cement turned the world upside down. So did waxed-paper package goods.

Some tendencies are definite, others obscure as yet. In most cases it is unlikely that the present rate of change will continue; in some directions it will be faster, in others slower. Some things, however, we can be reasonably sure of.

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MANNERS and customs. Women smoked with their menfolk for fifty years after Sir Walter Raleigh presented Queen Elizabeth with a tobacco-pipe. Then we had three centuries or so, after King James, when smoking was taboo for women in good society, though back in the country and in the lands of the Latins the taboo never reached. Twenty years ago only one restaurant in New York tolerated the woman smoker, and that only in a secluded balcony! The other day on a New Haven train a man and his wife and their half-grown son got into the smoker; the husband smoked a pipe, the son a cigarette and the mother a cigar! "Nice people," too, by their outward aspect.

Marriage, divorce, the family. Definite tendencies here. Twenty years ago, eleven out of twelve marriages "took." Today only six out of seven are permanent. If the divorce habit grows at the prevailing rate, the newly-weds of 1949 will have less than a three-to-one chance of remaining hitched until death do them part. The if here is in the minds of the babies who are rolling their hoops today. What will they think about marriage and divorce? We have seen one generation of young folk take a radically unexpected new slant on life in our time. What will their children's angle be on these matters? I seem to detect a tendency to a re-

version to older standards; yet statistics show no slackening in the divorce rate.

Look at the birth-rate figures in the tabulations. Fewer and better babies. Not so many, but all with a better chance to grow up, a certainty of living longer lives. Nothing to worry about so long as the birth-rate balances the death-rate—and both are falling in about the same degree. Ten years ago the birth-rate for city and country was about the same. Today it's higher in the city. Young folks are moving off the farms to the towns—the "combine" and other machines have taken their agricultural jobs away from them—and having their babies in town. Three million moved from farm to town last year, says the Secretary of Agriculture.

That's another definite tendency, to stop which no present *if* is apparent. We're crowding into towns, living vertically instead of horizontally. Twenty-five persons to the square mile in 1900; thirty-five today. But in one square mile of New York's East Side there are three thousand persons living. On Manhattan Island there are only seventy-five thousand dwellings of all kinds, but five hundred and seventy-five thousand families live in them.

Crowding into the cities is changing our manners. The civilization of the town is quite a different thing from the civilization

of the country. You have to watch your step to keep from crowding on the other fellow's toes. As long as you do that, he doesn't care what else you do. Your personal affairs are not the concern of anybody but yourself; nobody else knows how you live. Think of the changes in social and moral outlook which this one tendency, to live in crowds, brings about!

Trivial items, those, compared with the great upward sweep, but they are the material of which our progress, for better or worse, is made. We can only tabulate material changes, and touch only a few of the high spots in those. We cannot calculate in advance the growth or the effect of the intangible items which are, after all, what really count. We will know more, twenty years from now, because more of us will have been to school and farther in school; whether the run of people will be any wiser than now is another question. We will surely have more leisure; the five-hour day and the five-day week are coming. We will have more money with which to enjoy our new leisure; but how we will employ it is pure guesswork.

If nothing radically unforeseen occurs, then in the aspects which these sketchy forecasts touch, the world of 1949 will be pretty much as I have pictured it under the heading of "Tomorrow."

WE CAN'T LOSE

(Continued from page 45)

the house there were a lot of buttons that needed shirts sewed onto 'em."

"Did you go short?" asks Emerson.

"I did," I returns.

"Then why worry about those buttons?" says Breeze. "When you get through, you won't have a shirt."

I treats the crack with charming contempt and turns my attention to the post where Anchovy P.'s peddled. There's a great deal of milling about it, and a lot of vulgar shouting in vulgar fractions, but of course, I can't tell from where I sit whether the main ruckus is over buying or selling. The movable tape against the wall with its enlarged figures soon puts me among the well-informed.

"Five hundred at 30¾," reads off Emerson. "That must be your block, feller. Up three points since yesterday's close. Nice day for you bears," he finishes with a malicious grin.

"How does one know," inquires Chérie, "the which is the bull and the which is the bear?"

"The bulls," I explains, pointing to the floor, "are those lads with an ear on each side of their head. The bears are the guys wearing trousers over their legs."

"Be serious," frowns the *Frau*. "How do you distinguish between them?"

"Easily," says I. "You put your finger in a bear's mouth. If he bites you—"

"One of 'em's biting you now," chortles Breeze. "One thousand F. P. at 32½."

"Joseph and his brethren!" I yelps. "Can't you watch a picture-show without reading the titles out loud? There's a rumor around that I can read as well as you."

"Perhaps as well," concedes Emerson, "but hardly as happily."

"I'm going," says I, after a bit. "We can't all be queen bees. Somebody's got to get the honey."

"It had better be you," offers Breeze. "You'll need some soon to sweeten the Anchovy pot."

I MAKES a few business calls that morning, but I couldn't have broken down sales-resistance to a gift of blotters. The old heart's just not in the work. It's ticking like a tape. At noon I gets a phone call from Harry Price.

"I need more margin," says he.

"All right," I comes back, "but why pick on me? Haven't you any other customers?"

"A. P.'s crossed thirty-five," goes on Harry. "That only leaves us five points to work on—"

"That's K. O. by me," I assures him. "Fortunes have been made on less, and football games won by fewer."

"I got to have five grand more quick," says Price. "You don't want to be sold out, do you?"

"Sell and be damned," I growls. "I'm off the bolts and nuts and universal joints."

"Don't talk that way," begs Harry. "A. P.'s bound to slide soon, and you'll get everything you put in back, doubled and redoubled."

"Oh, all right," says I, after some more palaver. "I'll send over a check, but don't you ever darken my telephone again."

Anchovy Products closes at thirty-seven, a mean elevation of practically seven points over my entrance price. Chérie and the Missus are some seventeen points to the gravy, but they're not yet ready to dunk. A suggestion of mine that they take their rubbles and run, meets with the snow and ice.

"What does your friend Boissevain say?" I asks Chérie. "How long does he want you to hang on?"

"I do not know—I do not speak with him," returns Madame Emerson. "Why is it that I should? I am—what you call—acquainted with my onions. Not?"

"Sure you are," bulls along Breeze. "You femmes follow me and you'll be filling up the sink-holes in the back-yard with square-cut emeralds and matched pearls."

"If they follow you long enough," says I, "they wont even have the sink-holes. Just how long do you figure this balloon ride's going to last?"

"Till I pull the rip-cord," comes back Emerson. "Have you seen this?" And he passes over a newspaper open at the financial page. I reads as follows:

"The bullish movement in Anchovy Products is due to the well-authenticated report that a merger with National Nut is imminent. While no statements are available from the officials of either company, every indication points to an early consummation of the deal."

"According to reliable information from Washington, the \$7,500,000 suit for taxes filed against A. P. by the Income Tax Department is to be settled in favor of the corporation. If this is true, the large sum, which has been held in reserve pending the disposition of the litigation, will be available for dividends.

"Insiders predict that the present buying wave will carry A. P. to seventy-five or beyond."

"Well," says Breeze, when I finishes, "what do you think of your bear buy now?"

"Just as much as ever," I yelps. "That's only succotash for the suckers. Poorhouses are paved with 'authenticated reports' and 'reliable information.' If the guy that smokes that hashish believes it, why's he working on a newspaper for fifty dollars a week?"

"Bologna!" scoffs Emerson. "Because a feller writes about an egg-laying record, does he have to lay eggs? You're just whistling in a graveyard."

Which was true.

"WHAT about this A. P. racket?" I demands of Price the next morning. "Am I standing on a burning deck whence all but me had fled?"

"It's still my judgment," comes back Harry, precise, "that the stock'll do a humpty-dumpty, but of course—"

"Your feet have been in a draft, haven't they?" I cuts in, bitter. "See that squib in the Record?"

"I did," says the broker, "and I got to admit that the tax angle's something I'd overlooked. If A. P. wins, it will naturally make a difference. But what do you care? Your wife'll pick it up as fast as you let it drop."

"If you think that makes me the happiest camping girl in America," I scowls, "you're as cuckoo as they come. It just happens that I'm one of these peculiar lads that likes to operate under his own power. I don't care to be towed in behind a skirt."

"Well," shrugs Harry, "if that's the way you feel about it, why not crawl out from under and take a little loss?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I snaps. "I'm going to stick till the last cow comes home to roost."

"Thata bear!" says Price. "Remember you have my moral support—and how about leaving a little margin, in case?"

It takes all the pride and stubbornness I got to stand pat during the hectic hours that follow. At the opening gun Anchovy Products takes the ball on the thirty-seven-yard line and starts hell-bent up the field. Never once during the trading day is it held for downs. The stock closes at fifty-nine and I've almost got writer's cramp from autographing margin checks.

I'm a pretty worried *hombre* when I gets home that evening. I've been treating my business like a stepchild; my balance at the bank is practically below sea-level, and there's every indication that worse is due on a later train.

"Hear anything from Boissevain?" I asks Chérie.

"For why should I?" she comes back, puzzled. "I no need him. When I am ready, I go to him and he gives me moneys. Is it that you are yet a bear?"

"Yeh," I growls. "Want to hear me woof and woof and blow the house down?"

"*Comme vous voulez*," shrugs Chérie. "It is your house."

THE silence of Boissevain and Bradford, I don't mind telling you, is the straw that's breaking this camel's back. When a conservative brokerage house lets a couple of women clients play along with a wild stock like Anchovy Products without a word of advice or caution, it must feel pretty certain that the end of the rise is not in sight.

And apparently it isn't. A. P. opens the next day three points and a fraction up and gains steadily throughout the morning session. At noon it hits seventy-two, and I'm a low and desperate laddie when I joins the *Frau* for lunch. Now that I'm practically through, I'm beginning to worry that Jennie'll overstay the market and complete the family disaster.

"Dearie," says I, "wont you do me a favor and sell out? You have enough profit to buy the whole visible supply of minks."

"I will when it gets to seventy-five," returns Jennie. "You've been foolish, honey, but don't worry. What's mine—"

"But why wait?" I cuts in. "Many a guy's gone broke trying to stretch ninety-nine dollars into an even hundred."

"It wouldn't be fair to Breeze," says the Missus. "I promised him not to sell under seventy-five and—"

"Where is he?" I asks. I've reached the point where I'm even willing to make a request of that fat-head.

"In Jersey," replies the wife, "but he'll be back early this afternoon, and maybe we'll end it all."

I drags myself back to Price's office and grabs for the tape. The quote for A. P. is seventy-three and one-half.

"Another half," says I to Harry, "and you can write me off your books."

For the next hour or so there's little activity in Anchovy. What few sales there are are at seventy-three and a little under, but there's nothing in the situation to make me a little star of hope. Suddenly there's a loud shout from Price, and he frantically motions me over to the news-ticker.

"Read 'em and dry your eyes," bellows the broker, and jams my head down to the strip of blurred bulletins issuing from the machine. I makes out:

"The Supreme Court today upheld the claim of the Income Tax Department against Anchovy Products for seven million five hundred thousand dollars in back Federal taxes.

"The proposed merger with National Nut, which depended on a decision favorable to Anchovy Products, will now not take place."

"What does it mean?" I asks, kind of dully.

"Take a look at the ticker," comes back Harry. "It'll tell you."

We both rushes over to the tape and what I sees almost makes me suffocate. There's a sale of A. P. at sixty-two, another quick at

If I am
ever rich...
Peggy Wood



[PEGGY WOOD—lovely star of *Maytime*, *Clinging Vine*, *Buddies*, *Candida*, *Merchant of Venice*...]

If I am ever rich, I am going to make an endowment. This endowment is going to do more, I believe, to help the cause of the theatre than any university. I'll simply provide enough money to have the ushers distribute a box of Smith Brothers' Cough Drops to everyone before the play.

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The Director Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

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fifty-four, another at forty-eight, still another at forty—

"Good Lord!" I exclaims, tearing myself away from the merry *click-click*. "I got to call the wife."

My luck flops there. I can't raise my house nor Emerson's, but I keeps trying, forgetting all about the lesson I was going to teach the *Frau* in stock-gambling.

"Don't worry," says Price. "Boissevain'll save what he can out of the wreckage. In a case like this he doesn't need instructions."

Anchovy Products closes at twenty, the entire gain of the upward movement having been wiped out in one hour.

"That leaves me even, doesn't it?" I asks.

"Better'n that," replies Harry. "Tomorrow we'll buy in all we want at fifteen or under, but your girl friends'll probably have to stand a pinch in their pin-money. Go on home now, feller, and stage an I-told-you-so fiesta."

Outside I grabs me an "extra" with the crash news littered all over the front page and beats it to the manse. Chérie, Jennie and Breeze are on the Emersons' porch next door, chatting gayly.

"It's all right, dear," smiles the wife. "We've decided to sell the first thing tomorrow morning, even if it isn't seventy-five."

"The girls insist," says Breeze with a deprecatory gesture, "so they might as well. A. P. will go to eighty as sure as God made—"

Without a word I opens up the newspaper and spreads it across Emerson's knees. Both Chérie and the *Frau* lean over his shoulder for a look-see while I stand back for the effect. The first reaction's funny.

"Hell," snarls Breeze, throwing the sheet from him, "you can't do anything in this country without having the Supreme Court upset your apple-cart."

"What happen?" asks Chérie, wide-eyed.

"Nothing much," says I, "except that Anchovy Products is back at its old home, twenty Big Board, and the lives of *beaucoup* minks have been saved."

"If I'd only taken your advice this afternoon!" wails the Missus.

"Well," says I, softening, "it's just possible that Boissevain got you gals out before the crash got real rough. Did you hear from him today?"

"No," sobs Madame Emerson, "and I never trust nobody no more ever!"

Just then the postman climbs up the stairs with a letter for Chérie. She opens and reads it with a puckered brow.

"I do not understand," she says, and passes the communication over to me. It's on the stationery of Boissevain and Bradford, and this is what I get a load of:

"Dear Mrs. Emerson:

"We are writing you with reference to your account opened on the 15th inst., jointly with Mrs. Joseph P. Daley, whom we have not had the pleasure of meeting.

"It is our advice that you dispose of your thousand shares of Almond Preferred. While the company is in an excellent condition, we do not think that the present situation of the market justifies any immediate hope of an accretion in price.

"Almond Preferred is now selling at thirty-one and since it was purchased for you at twenty-three there is a nice profit to your

credit. Will you kindly let me know your wishes at once?

"Sincerely,
"Réné Boissevain."

"When," I demands, "did you buy this other stuff? I mean how did you happen—"

"Other stuff?" mumbles Chérie. "I no buy no other stuff. I buy only one thing—what Breeze he tell me—A. P."

"A. P.," I repeats slowly, and then a dim light penetrates my dome. "What," I asks, "did you say to Boissevain when you called on him?"

"I just say," she replies, "that I got a big jump. He say, 'what you mean, A. P.?' —like he no understand. So I say I do not know all the name of the company, but that it makes the nuts. So he say, ah, *oui*, he understand, and he buy the shares for Jennie and me. . . . For why you laugh?"

"Can you tie this?" I chokes. "Instead of buying the Anchovy Products A. P.—bolts, nuts and universal joints,—Chérie invested in the Almond Preferred A. P.—just plain nuts. No wonder Boissevain never showed any interest in the Anchovy skyrocket!"

"It's not clear to me yet," says Jennie. "Didn't Chérie and I ever have any Anchovy Products?"

"Not a share!" I comes back. "So instead of holding the bag, you're both winners. Perhaps you wont get any mink coats out of the net, but cross-foxes are not to be sneered at."

"And you girls can thank me," horns in Breeze. "Didn't I tell you I'd clean up for you in the stock-market?"

WHAT DO CHEFS EAT?

(Continued from page 75)

Bearnaise or Sauce Hollandaise. As they talked, Le Veau's eyes would wander back toward that great caldron of sauce, waiting to be tasted, and his voice would drop.

"Fifty-three thousand times," he would say, "I have prepared this sauce, and each time it tastes exactly the same."

"Only a great chef could do that," Jacques would say, for he was by way of being Le Veau's assistant, and he knew his sauces.

"There might be one egg-shell thicker than the rest, and I would detect the difference in the taste," Le Veau would add.

"There might be a fish with a broken wing, and you could detect that through the taste of the sauce," his assistant would say. And Jacques would then taste his own *Sauce Hollandaise*, smacking his lips in a loud "zooop."

Le Veau would sigh, give him a pitying look, and go talk to one of the cooks in blue. Cooks in white were the makers of sauces and soups and main dishes. Cooks in blue boiled vegetables.

"Fifty-three thousand times," he would begin. . . .

But finally the dreaded moment could be put off no longer. A sauce untasted was a sauce undone, and a chef would no more think of letting a sauce go untried to the table than an author (the editor tells me) would think of letting his article go unread to the press. So I read the proofs. And so Le Veau would stride up to his pot, shut his eyes, jab his finger in the sauce, lift it to his mouth, make a wry face, and pronounce the solemn benison: "*Parfait!*"

And the Marguery was ready to serve.

If Le Veau had not partaken of his sauce for years and years, I made up for it for him. I hung around his sauce pot from the moment the Marguery was "*parfait*" until I left the kitchen at night. Like the young girl who gets herself a job in a candy factory, I passed my first week eating that sauce by the spoonful. And that cured me for the rest of the weeks I passed in that kitchen.

Le Veau, by the way, was a thin man, rather short—with a solemn face, out of which he always seemed to be looking sideways.

Of course there are fat chefs too, but aside from my friend Rouget, whom I remember rather as having the herculean build of a skyscraper than the spreading girth of a palace, I don't seem to recall any of the fat ones. I worked beside three of the greatest chefs in this devouring world, Hederer, Arnion, and Girod. The latter, who is now the chef of the Café de Paris, is only a few pounds heavier than the great Sande, and his lack of poundage isn't due to riding a horse. Girod succeeded Arnion as chef of the Café de Paris; he is now rounding out his twenty-seventh year in that capacity, but it looks as if the years are the only things he rounds out.

Like most other cooks, Girod enjoys food of the *bourgeoise* type. A good soup—potato soup or onion soup, with grated cheese to protect it from the dust, will begin his meal if he ever sits down to a real meal. He will generally omit, you notice, the *hors-d'œuvres*. After the soup comes a ragout or stew. The plebeian stew is a favorite with chefs. Always a lot of vegetables in the stew; a French cook without his vegetables would be like Eve without an apple.

The one dish that the cook, like any other Frenchman, delights in preparing for himself is the salad. The true gourmet does not even allow the great chefs to prepare his salad, but insists on mixing it himself, at the table, after the various ingredients are brought to him. So the cook doesn't have to waste his salad-making talents on the customers, and can safely enjoy them in his own person.

The salad is prepared, of course, in the sacred salad-bowl, an object about as large as a punch-bowl, which dominates the French dinner-table just as the good old vegetable hat used to dominate the attire of a lady of fashion. The cook, in making his salad, starts in by rubbing a nub of garlic around the tremendous area of the bowl.

I once saw a sculptor friend of mine rubbing grease on the inside of a plaster mold so that the cement wouldn't stick to the mold when he poured the cast. He rubbed every wrinkle and crevice in that mold with a loving thoroughness, with a tenderness of touch that would have been lavished in bathing the skin of a baby. Well, a French cook rubbing garlic on the inside of his salad bowl is no less meticulous.

The usual French dressing is made in the bowl, and then the cook puts in the greens, lettuce, romaine, or escarole, and adds a heaping teaspoonful of chopped tarragon. The greens are thoroughly mixed in with the dressing, and then the bowl is placed in the ice-box for an hour or so. The greens have now absorbed the dressing and the garlic. If this does not seem reasonable, try sitting in an ice-box for an hour next to a button of garlic, and see if it doesn't absorb. Your friends wont have to see.

The salad is ready to serve, or rather to eat. The salad on an ordinary French menu is a complete course; to a cook it may often be a complete meal. The salad-bowl is to the Frenchman, be he cook, carpenter, cobbler, or king, what the candy bar is to the American. Where we have a candy bar or a fruit-bowl around to nibble at while doing indoor work, the Frenchman has his bowl of salad. If the French soldiers hadn't been dubbed frogs on account of their consumption of the legs of that amphibian creature, they might well have been called rabbits, for they are a lettuce-eating race.

I remember once paying a visit to a French journalist named Poulaile, who has since published a few books. That evening he was writing feverishly on some critique of pure reason; he was working on the kitchen table, and it was messed high with papers and books. But from the midst of this heap of confusion there arose the eternal salad-bowl; the rim emerged like the nose of a surprised seal coming up through ice. In one hand the writer held a huge wooden salad fork, in the

other his pencil. Every time he dashed off a leaf of literature, he stabbed up a leaf of lettuce, and he thus consumed leaf for leaf in equal quantities until I became convinced that he was some sort of a machine into whose mouth one fed green sheets that came out of his sleeve white.

AS one of the greatest occasions in my career, I remembered the time when M. Arnion favored me with an invitation to his home for Sunday dinner. Arnion was the father of a school of cooks just as surely as McGraw was the parent of a school of baseball managers. As fast as Arnion's cooks matured, they were nabbed by leading American and English restaurants. The mark of maturity was generally considered as given when Arnion invited an apprentice to Sunday dinner. That meant the youth was ready to be initiated into the mysteries of the Temple.

When he invited me for dinner, I ventured to say, "You will no doubt prepare a marvelous meal?"

"Ah, mais non," said Arnion. "Not I."

I must have stared at him rather stupidly, for he added, "I am not chef in my house. But," he reassured me, "it will be a marvelous meal, that I can say, yes."

"What will we have?" I asked.

A sly grin appeared on his face. "That I do not know."

"You don't know?"

"I am not allowed in the kitchen of my home," said Arnion.

And at that I nearly fell into the onion soup!

However, on Sunday I journeyed out to his little cottage in Chantilly, for Arnion, like all good *bourgeoisie*, lived in the suburbs. It was a delightful little place, with its *jardin* in front and in back. He grew his own vegetables here, and even his own grapes.

I was still wondering what strange combination of circumstances could keep Arnion, the foremost chef in the world, out of his own kitchen.

The table was set in the garden under an umbrella so huge that it might have served to protect the ark from the deluge.

"Monsieur," said Arnion, "here is the chef who does not allow me in my kitchen."

And he presented his wife. She was a very sweet, small woman, and she was being very busy and secretive about the Sunday dinner. It began at one. It ended at five.

During that heavenly four hours we had food flavored with conversation as well as by some of the most skillful cooking I have ever sampled. Everything, from the *hors-d'oeuvres* to the *tarte aux fraise*—which is something in the way of strawberry shortcake—was prepared in madame's own especial way. I suppose if I said the *tarte aux fraise* was better than strawberry shortcake I would be subjecting myself to deportation.

The main event of the afternoon, however, was the *pièce de résistance*, the main course, which was a special dish of Madame Arnion's. She would never give her illustrious husband the recipe for that dish! I secured it from her later, but only by promising I would take it to America without revealing it to the master.

When the recipe was given to me it was, of course, written in French. Translated, it came out as printed on page 75.

That was the *pièce de résistance*—but I didn't offer any resistance; I just surrendered.

But perhaps the best part of that meal was the conversation—something we have so little of in this country. Arnion twitted his wife about the preparation of the sauce, and she teased him about her recipes, and they went into long discussion about the best methods of preparing the *tarte*. I can't help thinking to this day that if American husbands were a little more interested in the actual details of cooking, they would find a great deal more to talk about with their wives across the table!

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Just One Thing

"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"



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THREE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs showing nearly every part of the body.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only sensible explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These per-

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion. It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to take advantage of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be made.

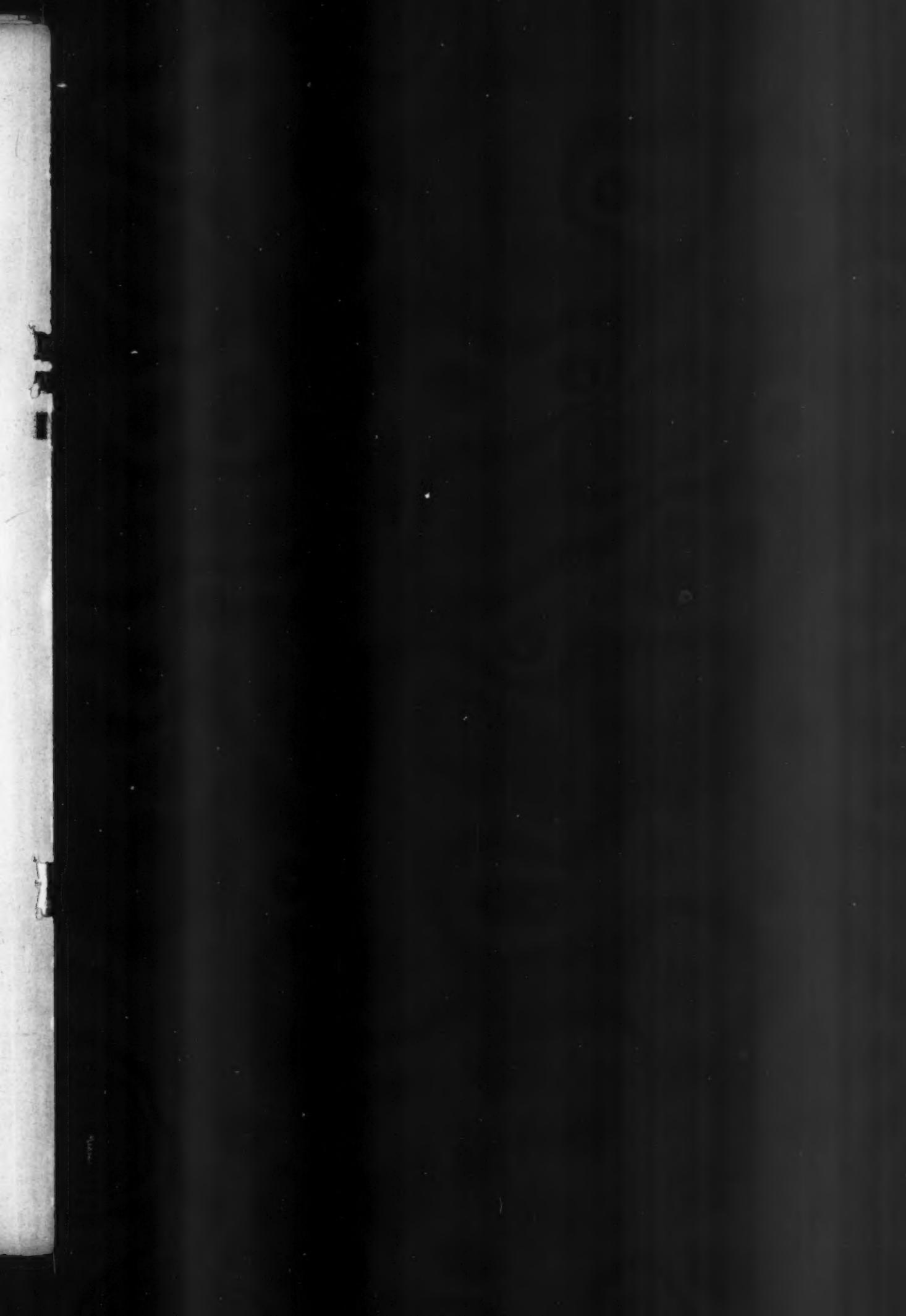


sons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-R. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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Prevent a cold this way?
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Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

Amazing power against germs

YOUR best friend when your throat is really in bad shape is your doctor—because a persistent sore throat usually indicates some deep seated trouble calling for expert attention.

But for ordinary sore throat which may be a symptom of or a sequel to a cold, Listerine full strength is an amazingly effective first aid. Millions rely on it. They have had wonderful results.

The reason for Listerine's success is obvious: Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. And Listerine is powerful against germs—possibly more so than you imagine.

It kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example, in 15 seconds. Repeated tests in laboratories of national repute show it equally powerful against the virulent M. Aureus (pus) germ. Thus science supports a fact we have known for 49 years.

At the first sign of throat irritation, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep it up systematically. If improvement is not rapid, call your physician. He will approve of your first aid measures. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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